AUG 1 0 1993

April 17, 1965

Price 25 cents

THE NEW YORKER

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

You don't tuck a Wildcat V-8 into just any cage.
New Skylark Gran Sport.

Stuffing a hulking engine onto a set of wheels is a long way from making a Skylark Gran Sport. Oh, we have a big-bore engine, all right; 400-cu. in. of Wildcat V-8, to be exact. And it does come on like gangbusters. But you get a lot more for your Gran Sport money. A heavy-duty frame, with suspension to match, for instance. The kind of tough, reliable brakes Buick's been building for years. Steering and handling that keep the reins in your hands. And a ride that makes you think you're driving a big limousine, instead of an eager Skylark. Obviously, Skylark GS is a car designed for fun—and the sort of safety that lets you enjoy it. So wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

One of the new Gran Sports from Buick

BUICK
Gran Sport
Gran Sport

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

Neal Barr

Bergdorf's Exclusive "Jo"* Coat

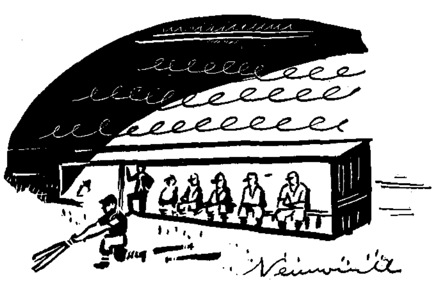
...an annual BG fashion event, gives you this crisp digest of the coat news for 1965: easy slenderness, seams that suggest curves, and tailoring that's precision itself. Of wool hopsacking in white, dove grey, flamingo pink, coffee, light blue, navy, and of course, black. 22-inch short coat, $35. Long coat, $55. Both, sizes 6 to 18. Two chic pluses: a matching skirt, sizes 8 to 18, $18. And a bow-tied linen overblouse in white, beige, navy or black, sizes 8 to 18, $14. Coats, Third Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

On mail or phone orders, add 95¢ beyond delivery area. No C.O.D.'s.

*"Jo" is the Scottish word for sweetheart.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Catch Me If You Can—Something described as a murder-mystery comedy, which is short on the two last ingredients. Dan Dailey, Tom Bosley, and Bethel Leslie give their all in it, but their all, unfortunately, is not enough to save the show. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Luv—Under Mike Nichols' lively direction, Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson make merry as three very confused neurotics in a feathery item by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's utterly beguiling comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Walter Matthau, Art Carney, and all the others in the cast are splendid, and Mike Nichols has directed the business with his customary ability. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff that has its amusing moments as it describes the emotional vagaries of a stiff-necked would-be author (Alan Alda) and a carefree prostitute (Diana Sands) he has fallen in with. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tiny Alice—Edward Albee in a metaphysical mood, and who is to parse him? John Gielgud, Irene Worth, John Heffernan, and Eric Berry are in the cast. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and Don Porter in a farce by Muriel Resnik about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** A man in his sixties learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. Arthur Godfrey and Maureen O'Sullivan play the leading roles. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** An account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bajour—Jolly gypsies whooping it up around Manhattan. The book was written by Ernest Kinoy, and the music and lyrics are by Walter Marks. The choreography was planned by Peter Gennaro, and such ebullient types as Nancy Dussault, Chita Rivera, Herschel Bernardi, and Robert Burr bounce about to good advantage. (Shubert, 44th St., W. ST 7-8100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Baker Street—Moriarty's celebrated rival on the loose in a musical that, alas, is somewhat laggardly. Fritz Weaver is the famous private eye, and Inga Swenson and Martin Gabel portray, respectively, a lady in love with Sherlock and the dread Moriarty himself. There is also a fine interlude in which Victoria's Diamond Jubilee parade is done in trompe-l'oeil by Bil Baird's marionettes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, April 22, at 2:30.)

Ben Franklin in Paris—A splendid performance by Robert Preston makes this variation on a lot of old Shubert operettas fairly tolerable. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge, whose wit custom cannot stale, assisted on this occasion by Leonid Hambro, who is a pretty comical fellow himself. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3; special matinées Sunday, April 18, and Thursday, April 22, both at 3. Closes Saturday, April 24.)

Do I Hear a Waltz?—Arthur Laurents's comedy (originally "The Time of the Cuckoo") about an American spinster trying to hold her virtuous own in wicked old Venice. Although set to music by the redoubtable Richard Rodgers, this version of the play, however gently mellifluous, seems a trifle thin. Elizabeth Allen is the spinster, and Sergio Franchi is the Venetian who scrambles her notions of right and wrong. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

	Page
BOOKS	189
THE CURRENT CINEMA	158
LETTER FROM LONDON	174
LETTER FROM PARIS	182
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON	160
MUSICAL EVENTS	170
THE RACE TRACK	181

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Fade Out – Fade In—Carol Burnett is very good in this musical about Hollywood in the thirties, but the book, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and the music, by Jule Styne, are lesser efforts. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel at his best in a saga based on some Sholom Aleichem tales. The choreography and direction are by Jerome Robbins, and there are nice tunes by Jerry Bock, whose music has lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's play about a highly sensitive boxer. It comes in very aptly and goes out very aptly, but there are many arid areas in between. The boxer on display is Sammy Davis, and the music and lyrics are by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams, respectively. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 22, at 2:30.)

I Had a Ball—Fun and games on Coney Island in a lethargic musical that has music and lyrics by Jack Lawrence and Stan Freeman. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are conspicuously displayed. Reopens Monday, April 19, after a week's vacation. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FUNNY GIRL:** Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice. Reopens Monday, April 19, after a week's vacation. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Carol Channing romping through an adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?** A musical about a no-good who makes it big in Hollywood. With Steve Lawrence, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Amen Corner—Bea Richards and Frank Silvera in James Baldwin's play, which has previously been seen in California. Mr. Silvera is the director. Opens Thursday, April 15. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

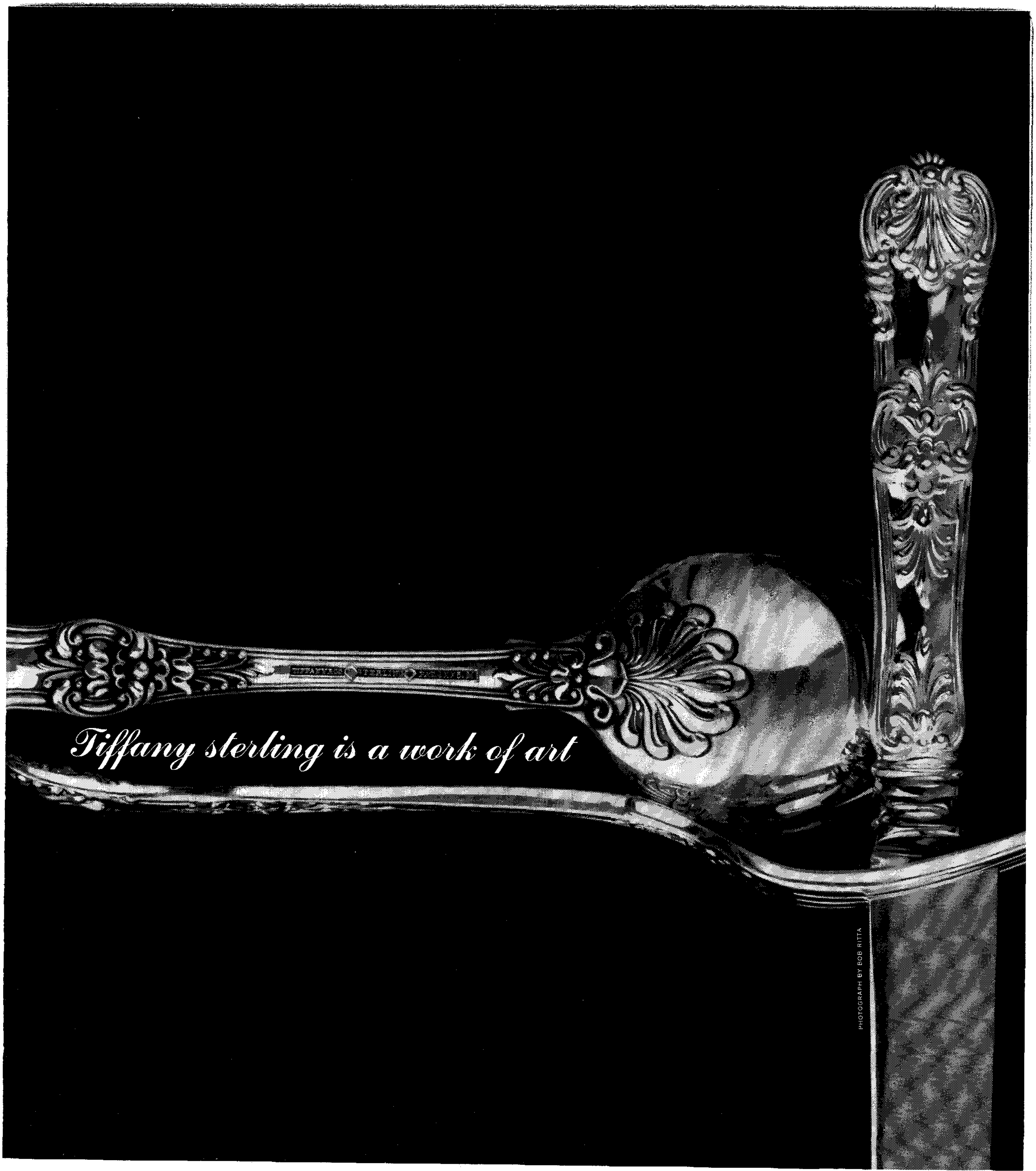
And Things That Go Bump in the Night—A play by Terrence McNally, with Eileen Heckart at the head of a cast directed by Michael Cacoyannis. Previews Monday through Wednesday, April 19-21. Opens officially on Thursday, April 22. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center Gilbert & Sullivan Company—Final performances of a two-week season; matinées are primarily for children—"Patience": Thursday, April 15, at 8:30; Sunday, April 18, at 5:30; and Friday, April 23, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Mikado": Friday, April 16, at

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, Robert S. Ogden, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLI, No. 9, April 17, 1965. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1965 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00. Other foreign, $11.00.



PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB RITTA

SHOWN, ENGLISH KING PATTERN.

TIFFANY STERLING AT THESE STORES:

CALIFORNIA TIFFANY & CO., Beverly Hills, San Francisco **CONNECTICUT** THE PHILIP H. STEVENS CO., INC., Hartford; W. D. WEBB, Greenwich **DELAWARE** J. E. CALDWELL CO., Wilmington **DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA** GALT & BRO. INC., Washington; CHAS. SCHWARTZ & SON, Washington **FLORIDA** CARROLL'S, Coral Gables, Ft. Lauderdale; LEBAR, Sarasota **GEORGIA** CHARLES WILLIS, INC., Atlanta, Sea Island **ILLINOIS** C. D. PEACOCK, Chicago, Oakbrook Center, Hubbard Woods, Old Orchard **INDIANA** L. S. AYRES & CO., Indianapolis **LOUISIANA** COLEMAN E. ADLER & SONS, New Orleans **MARYLAND** A. H. FETTING CO., Baltimore, Towson **MASSACHUSETTS** BIGELOW, KENNARD CO., INC., Boston; THOMAS LONG & CO., Boston, Chestnut Hill, North Shore, South Shore **MICHIGAN** CHARLES W. WARREN & CO., Detroit **MISSOURI** MERMOD-JACCARD-KING, St. Louis, Clayton, Crestwood **NEW HAMPSHIRE** WARD AMIDON, Hanover; DESJARDINS & CO., INC., Manchester **NEW JERSEY** HENKE'S, Montclair; WILBUR'S, Red Bank **NORTH CAROLINA** ELIZABETH BRUNS, INC., Charlotte **OHIO** ARGO & LEHNE, Columbus; CLOSSON'S, Cincinnati; DANFORD-LOWELL, Cleveland; JOHNSON'S GIFTS-INTERIORS, Lima **OKLAHOMA** HIGHTOWER, Oklahoma City **OREGON** ZELL BROTHERS, Portland **PENNSYLVANIA** J. E. CALDWELL CO., Philadelphia, Haverford; WM. H. DILLER, West Reading; P. A. FREEMAN, INC., Allentown; HARDY & HAYES, Pittsburgh, Shadyside, Manor Oak Village; FRED H. STRAUB, Abington **TENNESSEE** FISCHER-EVANS, Chattanooga; HANCOCK HOUSE, Memphis **TEXAS** HALTOM'S, Fort Worth; TIFFANY & CO., Houston **VIRGINIA** SCHWARZSCHILD BROTHERS, INC., Richmond **WASHINGTON** FRIEDLANDER & SONS, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Bremerton, Longview **WISCONSIN** SCHWANKE-KASTEN CO., Milwaukee; GEORGE WATTS & SON, Milwaukee **CANADA** THE ROBERT SIMPSON CO., LTD., Montreal

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

2:30 and 8:30; Saturday, April 17, at 2:30; Tuesday, April 20, at 5:30; Saturday, April 24, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 25, at 1.... ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore": Saturday, April 17, at 8:30; Sunday, April 18, at 1; and Thursday, April 22, at 12:30 and 5:30.... ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance": Tuesday, April 20, at 12:30; Wednesday, April 21, at 5:30; Friday, April 23, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 24, at 2:30.... ¶ "The Yeomen of the Guard": Wednesday, April 21, at 12:30, and Sunday, April 25, at 5:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

LINCOLN CENTER REPERTORY—Arthur Miller's lengthy drama **AFTER THE FALL**, which is apparently autobiographical, deals with intellectual and political difficulties of all sorts. Hal Holbrook has the leading role. Final performances Thursday and Friday, April 15-16, at 8; Saturday, April 17, at 2 and 8; and Saturday, April 24, at 2 and 8.... **INCIDENT AT VICHY**, also by Arthur Miller, is an examination of the processes that sent Jews to slaughter in 1942. With Joseph Wiseman and David Wayne. Performances Sunday, April 18, at 2 and 7:30, and Thursday and Friday, April 22-23, at 8:30.... Richard Wilbur's translation of Molière's **TARTUFFE**, with Michael O'Sullivan, Salome Jens, and Larry Gates. Performances Tuesday and Wednesday, April 20-21, at 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

APA AT THE PHOENIX—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. Tolstoy's **WAR AND PEACE:** Thursday, April 15, at 8:30, and Thursday and Friday, April 22-23, at 8:30. ... Giraudoux's **JUDITH:** Friday, April 16, at 8:30; Saturday, April 17, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, April 18, at 2:30 and 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, April 20-21, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 24, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—"Faust." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, and Thursday through Saturday, April 22-24, all at 8:15.)

L'ANNONCE FAITE À MARIE—Claudel's "The Tidings Brought to Mary," performed in French by Le Tréteau de Paris, with Danièle Delorme. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 765-9772. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3; special matinée Thursday at 2, with Christine Fersen in place of Mlle. Delorme. Closes Sunday, April 18.)

THE CAT AND THE CANARY—A revival of John Willard's good-natured old spook show. Some of the performers appear to be kidding it and others to be playing it straight, which makes the production rather unsettling. Tom Wheatley is an amusing hero and Adale O'Brien a quite appealing heroine. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

CINDY—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE KNACK—This English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. As one of three young men who become involved with a girl bound for the Y.W.C.A., Brian Bedford gives one of the best comedy performances around. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MATTY AND THE MORON AND MADONNA—A dreary and woeful thriller about a boy who cannot quite bring himself to escape from his murderously insane mother, although his father has already deserted the family. The setting is a New York tenement, and most of the other tenants are also in bad shape. Felice Orlandi and Glenn Scimonelli do very well, as father and son. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OTHELLO and **BAAL**—Shakespeare's tragedy has been joined in repertory with an adaptation by Eric Bentley and Martin Esslin of the Brecht play. "Othello": Fridays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 3.... ¶ "Baal": Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056.)

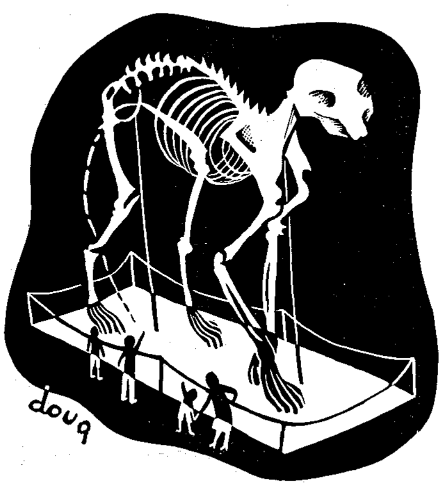
THE ROOM and **A SLIGHT ACHE**—Two early (pre-"Caretaker") one-acters by the remarkable English playwright Harold Pinter. Again Mr. Pinter has combined the elements of menace, suspense, and wild high comedy to produce any number of surprises. The cast, which is fine, is headed by Frances Sternhagen and Henderson Forsythe. (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE SLAVE and **THE TOILET**—These one-act plays by LeRoi Jones constitute an evening of low punches and high-flown or obscene words. Many of the words deal with the antagonism between Negroes and whites, and, valid though they may be, the effect is more numbing than stirring. Settings by Larry Rivers. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A SOUND OF SILENCE—The daughter of a conventional Southern family brings a Negro clergyman home for the weekend. The play is weak but otherwise harmless, and so is the performance. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. LO 4-2298. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

THE TROJAN WOMEN—A production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War that is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE—Robert Duvall in a strong revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



WET PAINT—Among the large number of contributors to this revue are Herbert Hartig, Sheldon Harnick, and Ronny Graham. The cast includes Paul Sand, Isobel Robins, and Bill McCutcheon. (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. AL 4-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

SAN FRANCISCO BALLET—Final performances of a one-week engagement. Thursday evening, April 15: "Shadows," "Fantasma," and "Life."... ¶ Friday evening, April 16: "Lucifer," "The Set," "Fantasma," and "Divertissement d'Auber."... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 17 (primarily for children): "Caprice" and "Beauty and the Beast."... ¶ Saturday evening, April 17: "Lucifer," "The Set," "Shadows," and "Life."... ¶ Sunday matinée, April 18 (primarily for children): "Divertissement d'Auber" and "Beauty and the Beast." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. No seating at any performance after the curtain goes up.)

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, June 13—Tuesday evening, April 20: "Scotch Symphony," "Serenade," "Tarantella," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Wednesday matinée, April 21: "Western Symphony," "Swan Lake," "Tarantella," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Wednesday evening, April 21: "Swan Lake," "Agon," "Interplay," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Thursday matinée, April 22: "Western Symphony," "Swan Lake," "Meditation," and "Firebird."... ¶ Thursday evening, April 22: "Scotch Symphony," "Prodigal Son," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Friday evening, April 23: "Serenade," "Harlequinade," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 24: "Harlequinade," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday evening, April 24: "Serenade," "Agon," "Interplay," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

ROYAL BALLET—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Sunday, May 16—Wednesday, April 21, at 7 (American première), and Thursday and Friday, April 22-23, at 8: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Saturday, April 24, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Giselle." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1554. No seating at any performance after the curtain is up.)

JEAN ERDMAN THEATRE-OF-DANCE—Performances in the round of a program consisting of "Partridge in the Junglegym" (première), "20 Poems by E. E. Cummings" (with Ed Zimmerman reading the poems), "Salutatio," and "Passage," plus on Sunday and Tuesday "Four Portraits from Duke Ellington's Shakespeare Album" and on Monday "Ophelia." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. Sunday through Tuesday, April 18-20, at 8:30. For tickets, call CH 3-3880.)

DANIEL NAGRIN—In a dance recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, April 24, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

MAURICE CHEVALIER AT 77—A solo show of songs and monologues. (Alvin Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Sundays at 3. Final performance Saturday, May 1.)

ANTA PROGRAM—"The Last Days of Lincoln," a play by Mark Van Doren (starring Shepperd Strudwick), offered by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the last in this season's series of matinée programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, April 20, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4564.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting benefit perform-

the fascinating women discover the new ESTÉE LAUDER GLOW

One of the brightest things in life is a radiant woman. Estée Lauder looks at the radiant side of beauty and illuminates *your* life with a make-up that's sheer as a glow can go. Begin with RIVIERA BISQUE, a rosy beige in HYDRO-TONE MAKE-UP. Over it, Estée Lauder's newest GLOW-IN-THE-ROUND, a soufflé'd all-over color with true-to-life sheen. Then, EYESHADOW GLOW—a daub of this luminous pastel powder adds life, light, luster. Over it goes a shining wet-black stroke of JET BLACK EYELINER CAKE. Finally, PINK APRICOT RE-NUTRIV LIPSTICK to seal this glow with a kiss of color.

Estée Lauder

©1965 ESTEE LAUDER, INC.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

ances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Yeomen of the Guard." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday through Saturday, April 21-24, at 8:45, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 24, at 2:30. For tickets, call SA 2-0570, from 1 to 5.)

This Was Burlesque—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip-teasers. (Hudson Theatre, 141 W. 44th St. 757-9570. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey—and for those who like it, there's nothing like it. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday, April 15, at 2 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, at 2 and 8:30; Sunday, April 18, at 1:30 and 6; Monday through Friday, April 19-23, at 10:30 and 3; and Saturday, April 24, at 10:30, 3, and 8:30. Closes Sunday, May 9. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box reopens on Monday, April 19, to make house room for Pearl Bailey, who puts most of her lyrics in the possessive case—she wants what she wants when she wants it. This agreeable exercise in hedonism, available at both dinner and supper, is augmented by the orchestra of Lee Evans, a credit to the profession. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The garden that grows on the walls of the restaurant is filled with flowers that are quite contrary, but everything is normal at dance-floor level. George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen makes sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then getting-up music from ten to one. The musicians are at liberty on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—John Mills of London, now the Governor of this British colony, is trying to give it the Ambassadeurial touch he gives his London town houses. Conversational dance music is rolled forth in the master room by Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. Machinery with the bit and the tape in its teeth does the dance music in the wing called the Garrison; in the Champagne Room, which has no dance floor, a trio (Ernest Schoen's, from the demised Viennese Lantern) provides the sound effects. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The steam calliope (that is to say, Stan Rubin and his Tiger Town Five) is again sounding off all through the week, from dinnertime until twelve-thirty, or one (on Fridays), or two (on Saturdays). Sundays, from one to ten, a can opener is used to provide prepacked music for anyone who wishes to dance.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, a Roman plaza, has no traffic problems more serious than customers navigating the dance floor to the chortlings of the Quintetto di Roma, a set of noble Romans, one of them being Dino Palermo, whose tenor is rapturous. They are on hand from eight to one and until two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's Yale teams is having spring practice on the bandstand of the happy little island called the Café Pierre. Yvette Souviron, who does solo flights at a piano, calls it a day every Monday; the Cutlers never say die.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—John Smolko, a reliable song-and-dance man, checks into the Persian Room at dinner and supper, along with a trio of other hoofers. Their protégée is Juliet Prowse, a ballerina with lovely long legs and a lifetime giggle. The dance tunes for the customers are offered up by the big, rumbling band of Emil Coleman, Jr., and the frisky band of Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty except on Mondays; then, at eight, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the balmiest part of Europe. Gunnar Hansen's violin (every night but Sunday) furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group does another turn, from seven to nine, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests. No music Mondays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—See the pretty smog from the topless towers of Ilium. George Cort's quintet can be heard but not seen on the cocktail deck; it can be danced to on the dining deck. The sound department operates from eight to one. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The ducal Maisonette is the home of Charles Turecamo's cheerful band, in which the rustle of spring in Southampton is already audible. When his crew ceases and desists, Quintero's musicians resume their recitations of classical Latin. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, La Boite, small and cozy and ornate as can be, provides dinner and supper to the strains of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kay's piano. Closed Sundays.

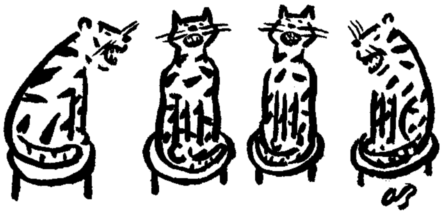
Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—The setting is Egypt in its Ptolomaic heyday, or heynight, but the decathlon that happens on the dance floor is peculiar to the United States. A trio, operating from seven to ten, is the prelude to a deluge of wax-and-wire music that goes on until one Sunday nights, until around dawn the rest of the time.

Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Space cadets will feel at home on the giant floor (a hundred and fifty feet long), though only the social graces and none of the Twist variants are allowable. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. There are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A potpourri of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The nineteenth hole at a country club that does not go in for outdoor sports. Continuous talk is the favorite pastime, and its background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **in boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): It's a reasonable guess that the *mise en scène* is Florence, a supposition fortified by the bill of fare and the wine card. The voices that are now and again raised in song are currently inclined toward "Carmen," but on Tuesday, April 20, they plan to switch over to "Brigadoon." Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, a tiny dance band is apt to be present, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **le caprice,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The night sky as it looks from a terrace of Fontainebleau or Versailles. The lodestar, visible on the dot of ten-thirty, is Bobby Short, the facile fancier of flip songs, hip songs, quip songs. His piano and his merry aides—Dick Sheridan and Beverly Peer—make Short work of the aforesaid night. There's solo piano, too, from five-thirty until nine, by Jules Kuti in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **sheraton-east,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the Café Ambassador, a grandiose assemblage of scenery, every *geste* is *beau*. In the midst of it, Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ Le Palais, which is Viennese (cuisine and all) on its best behavior, serves up dinner, seven to ten, along with the unhurried zither of Hans Hansberg. Closed Sundays. . . . **downstairs at the upstairs,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): True and untrue love run their smoothless courses through the knowing lyrics of Mabel Mercer, the calm counsellor emeritus to the young at heart. Her first-aid courses, which are on a daily-except-Sunday schedule, begin at ten-thirty, and Sam Hamilton's piano is the perfect background. . . . **drake room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Though Cy Walter, a staff of night life, has fifty-eight fingers, none of them get in the way of any others when he sits down to his pianoforte, which he does from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one, in this dream of Empire. Closed Sundays. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The artfulness of this medieval banqueting hall is not Pop or Op but Camp. Through its prankish pomp and circumstance Norbert Faconi and his age-of-chivalry violin are audible with reasonable frequency every evening but Sunday. . . . **king henri iv,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The oldest cottage industry in the Village—one wholly concerned with such handicrafts and footwork as flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **waverly lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are deservedly imperishable. He gets rolling in the bar of the Hotel Earle at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **roma di notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): An ambulatory song fest goes on from six until two every night but Sunday, and so does the chef. . . . **café renaissance 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Seekers of that castle in Spain should find this close-to-home one near to their hearts. In the midst of its restrained majesty, there is handsome guitar music (José Luis Franco) direct from the Spanish Main. The recitals run intermittently from seven to twelve. Closed Sundays. . . . **café renaissance 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A similar reëstablishment of architecture for architecture's sake, providing room for Andalusian guitar (Gustavo Lopez) on the same schedule every night but Sunday. . . . **jamaica arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): One look at this West Indie tells you that out of the woodwork, which would be perfectly at home in Kingston, there is sure to appear a native guitarist who will be singing those cruise-ship Caribbean ditties and who will be named Lord Superior. He, or a faultless facsimile, is on deck from nine to one at the start of the week, from seven-thirty until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven Sundays. . . . **chucks' composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned the room into a weeklong retreat. Three of the hired hands play jazz, new school, through the week; Sundays, a pianist works out. . . . **regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday—Rack Godwin, whose piano combines opulence with



The Peck & Peck Girl lives in Dacron®

Peck & Peck

OLE DE PAPAR

School's out—swimming's next—for happy youngsters on the paradise island of Tahiti.

Loves the fashion rewards of all Dacron polyester with its muss-proof poise, its breezy lightness that's almost indistinguishable from fine silk. The summery sleeveless print with tucked top and swishy skirt of permanent pleats comes with another bonus: a trimmed-to-match cardigan sweater (not shown) of Orlon® acrylic. Pale blue, pastel pink or lime green. 8 to 18. Both, 35^{00}

Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Indianapolis • Atlanta • Minneapolis • St. Paul • Buffalo
Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis • Kansas City • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

a very mild Regency rakishness. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory and a bit of open-air breathing space, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two, except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian rhapsody here involves a mingling of zimbalon, violin, tenor, and soprano, all of them prepared to demonstrate, gently but firmly, that silence is not golden. Béla Babai's band plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., *just* behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The utterly unassuming Marina Fedorovskaya sings those great big heartbreaking Russian ballads in her contained fashion. Likely as not, the customers join in as a mighty Cossack chorus. Betweentimes, a piano and violin collaborate on kindred tunes. Seven-thirty until two is the extent of the operation. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** 65 E. 59th St., in Delmonico's Hotel. (EL 5-2500): Discothèque has become a dubious word around town, but here it is raised to the *n*th power by the fine-fettle feet of Tanya Everett, of "Fiddler on the Roof," and her brother Timmy, the catalysts of an extremely jolly mass-participation and extemporaneous ballet by the house guests. Eight to three is the music; snack is the menu. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Camelot redivivus, and on the fifth floor, which makes the Hudson a very visible front yard. The instrument of choice is the harp, sometimes plucked by Daphne Hellman and sometimes by Gladys Hubner. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A Sunday in this museum piece, with flamboyant examples of the lively arts chockablock on every wall, in every nook, is a continuous parade, from one to nine, of flamenco chanters and careeners. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): There is treacle-and-molasses piano by George Feyer in this counting-house parlor from eight-thirty until one or two every evening but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was brought up to be a really dizzy soubrette, is showing how it's done, in song and sidelong glance, at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. There is casual dance music now and again. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Warm, busy evenings on the Via Veneto, where the American visitors dine among a set of musicians who amble back and forth until late at night. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Opera is fired, point-blank, as soon as the waiters see the whites of their customers' eyes. Closed Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, a living (and dining) room for which "sumptuous" is a fair appraisal, Steven Weltner gives his knowledgeable piano an air that is as much Chopin as it is Gershwin. Five-thirty to midnight is the run of his play. No music Sundays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Bunty Pendleton, whose romping piano and happy-go-lucky songs (like not a few of us civilians) went through the Volstead Act and lived to tell the tale, is quite apparent in this restaurant. Lynn Richards is her alternate at the pianoforte. They take turns from six to three. Closed Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): There is Andalusian guitar, plied by Monte Rodriguez, every so often in a bar that is clearly of noble lineage. The musicale runs from nine-thirty to one, except Mondays. No dining. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Muriel Roberts, who is now in possession of the piano in this colonnaded dining room, has a liberal lacing of jazz in her background, and it flavors whatever she plays. *Dinner until eleven* is her scheme, and she is away Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Galore is the word for the girls, ranging from astounding Amazons to pretty little pony ballerinas who spend their evenings in the world of extravaganza. There is further amusement by François Szony and Nancy Claire, those far-lighter-than-air balletomanes, and by David London, a tenor whose repertory involves a droll surprise ending. Mr. London departs on Saturday, April 17; everyone else stands pat. Dancing. No action Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): This enterprise is *marking time (with* Ray Anthony's band, which gets into vaudeville before the evening is over, and Jackie Mason, who talks for hours without saying anything) until Monday, April 19, when Woody Allen, whose wit gets really backstage in the brain, begins his owl-and-pussycat monologues. Along with him comes Danny Meehan, his artfully contrived ballads, and his leaps and bounds. Closed Sundays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The boys and girls of the 4-H Club known as the New Christy Minstrels are bouncy and bursting with paeans of folk music; Pete Barbutti, up from the minor provinces, is a beginning humorist whose conversation is all his inventive own instead of being sorry hand-me-downs. On Thursday, April 22, they will all be replaced by Leslie Uggams, a sprightly child full of song and probably permanent youth. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which makes one feel that it is perpetually three o'clock in the morning, there is plenty of jive, jingle, and jangle from ten o'clock until very, very late every night of the week.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): No patent has been applied for to protect the special art form that is visible in "Bits & Pieces, XIV," this season's Julius Monk revue, inasmuch as no one but Mr. Monk seems able to do the thing right. His formal but funny view-with-alarm of the world's foibles and frailties is often couched, and even chaise-longued, in Delphic language, which only enhances the spoof. The language is managed by Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason, who turn nuance into a fine art, as well as by Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Barbara Minkus, and Nancy Myers, an excellent set of junior executives. The pit band is the pianos of Robert Colston and Carl Norman. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): As always, the very best of the Latin world of night life, such as Lucho Gatica, whose honeyed words (and honeyed guitar) make an unassailable case for being in love with love, and the troupe of Argentinian gauchos headed by Juan Carlos Copes, whose ballets have the speed of sound. The performers take the floor at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two Saturday nights; Sundays begin with an all-out tea dance and end with a show at ten-thirty. The customers, often equally expert, can dance at any time, too. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): R. G. Brown, gaily mouthing speeches of the gravest inconsequences, is the life of the new version of "The Game Is Up," a vest-pocket revue which holds that flippancy is the best policy. Carol Morley and Marian Mercer, *who go along with him, likewise have moments* of madness. The zero hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A Cuban hacienda that houses a bunch of ballet devotees who believe in flamenco. Since they live in, they are on hand every evening. Graciela Rivera does the singing, which is Latin, too. Dinner and supper are when they go into action. Dancing. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter Revisited" restores to us Porter games with words and music that have been too long in the warehouse. It also restores an absolutely untrammelled Kaye Ballard, who is having herself a terribly good time, and the footwork of Harold Lang. Some of the stage business contains an archness Mr. P. would not have liked, but no matter. This all happens every night at eight-thirty, as well as at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Burning desire gets a big play in the ballads of Felicia Sanders, a soprano who means every word she sings. A young man named Jerry Vernon has some funny things to say, and Irving Joseph, Norene Tate, and Warren Vaughn have a lot of romantic piano at the tips of their fingers. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Jazz Workshop of the mighty (and high-and-mighty) Charlie Mingus, whose speeches are all sermons and whose music is a blend of righteousness and riot, is in residence every evening but Monday, and every Sunday afternoon, as well, at four-thirty. Mondays are given to other earnest talkers (without benefit of music), mostly a panel of precipitate arguers, who have at one another on the stroke of nine-thirty. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): One of the great wise men of the East, Dizzy Gillespie, has his band at work every night but Monday. Fridays and Saturdays, Dick Gregory, a hero of our native cold war, waxes anecdotal and biographical; Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, the foursome of the stalwart Gerry Mulligan joins in, too. The dance floor is in operation every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. Mondays, the play area is occupied by one Latin band or another, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. The dining pavillion, one flight above all this, is open from five to eleven, but is closed Mondays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): *Café noir, café au lait, caffè cappuccino,* in the best of the Greenwich Village coffeehouses, and the one most likely to amuse by virtue of its singers, who at present are two sets of folksters, called the Guild and the Tarriers. Humor comes from the young Dick Cavett. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The Great God Pandemonium reigns here. His levees begin as early as three in the afternoon (sock-and-boil music) and go on into the night (more traditional weaponry, such as Maynard Ferguson's sextet). On Friday, April 16, one band led by Gene Krupa and another involving Red Allen will return to action. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A pizza foundry that runs an extra evening shift to accommodate the querulous

Wear Crêpe de Chine at 80 throbs a minute.

Don't just throw it on.
Use your heart.
Put a little Crêpe de Chine wherever the skin is thinnest and you can feel your pulse. The same spot the doctor holds your wrist. Your hairline at the temples. The base of your throat, the nape of the neck. The inside of your elbows. The back of your knees. And with each throb of your heart . . . a little Crêpe de Chine pulses out in circles. Subtly. You ought to try it. Like so. And rush your way up to 90 throbs.

THE NEW CREPE DE CHINE FASHION MIST $3, PERFUME $4 TO $40, PLUS TAX.

Compare your brand with the Rare one
JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
J&B Rare scotch whisky
PENNIES MORE IN COST • WORLDS APART IN QUALITY

There is a very special quality about J & B Rare that sets it apart . . . a flavour so subtly different and delightful that words simply cannot describe it. So we ask you to try J & B Rare and then to compare it. Prediction: you will make a most rewarding discovery.

"WORLD'S FINEST" 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK 20

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

quintet of Horace Silver. On Tuesday, April 20, Cannonball Adderley's sixsome will succeed the Silvers. Every Sunday, a four-to-seven afternoon run-through is added. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The happy hunting horn of Roy Eldridge, that rare spirit, is abroad in this land. The quartet to which it is attached trades blows with the foursome of Roland Kirk, who plays many instruments, mostly at once. On Mondays, a triad headed by Walter Bishop has the run of the place. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar is the trio of Joe Castro, whose piano is now really warmed-up instead of merely warmed-over. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the piano—gentled music during dinner, up-and-at-them music after the theatre. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): There's no sound barrier that the horn of Wild Bill Davison cannot leap in full stride. He and a set of other traditionalists—Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown—ride shotgun during the week. Don Frye plays piano all by himself on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A very contemporary youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists—or the String Stretchers, as they like to think of themselves—eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): A music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, so ancient are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. Sundays, Dixieland has its say from four-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Such forefathers as Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Dill Jones, Cliff Leeman, and Herb Gardner talk over the old, old days. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): It looks like midsummer on Nantucket, and no one at the tables or on the dance floor, it would seem, is allowed to be over twenty-four. The music goes on from nine-thirty until four through the week. Sundays are hard days: rant-and-rave sound from six until very late.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PIERRE ALECHINSKY—Paintings and drawings by this Belgian artist who works in Paris; through May 8. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILL BARNET—Abstract oils; through May 1. (Grippi & Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GIFFORD BEAL (1879-1956)—Paintings; through May 1. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

LOUIS BOSA—Semi-abstract paintings; through May 1. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRY BOTKIN—Collage paintings; through Saturday, April 17. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

RICHARD BOYCE—Figure bronzes and drawings; through Saturday, April 17. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

DAVID BURLIUK—A farewell exhibition of new paintings by this artist, now in his eighty-third year; through Saturday, April 24. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

GIORGIO CAVALLON—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, April 17. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

JOHN CAVANAUGH—Sculptures in lead and bronze; through Friday, April 23. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

LYNN CHADWICK—Small bronzes; through May 8. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

MARC CHAGALL—Paintings 1955-64; through May 15. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

GEORGE COHEN—Paintings; through Saturday, April 24. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

COROT AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES—Oils, watercolors, and drawings (*many on loan*) by Corot, against a background of works by, among others, Boudin, Courbet, and Rousseau; through Saturday, April 17. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

NOCHE CRIST—Nudes with mirrors, mostly; through May 1. (Smolin, 19 E. 71st St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6.)

NIKI DE SAINT-PHALLE—Sculptures; starting Friday, April 16. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

MICHEL ELIA—Semi-abstract marble sculptures; through May 1. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

CHARLES FRAZIER—Bronze sculptures; through Thursday, April 22. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH GOTO—Welded-metal sculptures; through May 8. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Seascapes and figure paintings; through Saturday, April 17. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

RED GROOMS—Paintings; through Saturday, April 17. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

NANCY GROSSMAN—Metal collages and collaged paintings; through Saturday, April 17. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

WALTER GUTMAN—Figure drawings; through Saturday, April 17. (Bridge, 61 W. 56th St.)

FANNIE HILLSMITH—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 24. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALFRED JENSEN—Four abstract murals; through Saturday, April 24. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN PAUL JONES—Oils, pastels, and charcoal drawings; through Saturday, April 24. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

WOLF KAHN—Paintings; through Saturday, April 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY—Paintings; through May 1. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

FERNAND LÉGER—"The Figure," an exhibition of paintings (1913-54) commemorating the tenth anniversary of his death; through May 15. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER LIPMAN-WULF—Bronzes; through May 1. (Tannenbaum, 19 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE LUKS—Drawings from his sketchbooks, mainly of people and animals, plus several paintings; through May 1. (ACA American Heritage, 63 E. 57th St.)

EINAR LUNDEN—Drawings and watercolors of European scenes; through April 30. (Contemporary Arts, 40 W. 56th St. Open Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30, and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)

SARDIS
SARDI'S
2
tf

AGNES MARTIN—Abstractions; through April 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

MANOLO MILLARES—Oils and gouaches by a Madrid artist; through May 1. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROY MOYER—Still-lifes, figures, and landscapes; through Saturday, April 17. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

NORMAN NAROTZKY—"Indians, Presidents, Sheriffs & Bandits," a show of semi-abstract portraits; through Thursday, April 22. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

BEN NICHOLSON—A joint exhibition of paintings and reliefs (1955-65) by the English artist. (Marlborough-Gerson and Emmerich galleries, both at 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays. The Emmerich show closes May 1, the Marlborough-Gerson show May 15.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI—Abstract stone and marble sculptures; through Saturday, April 24. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

JULES PASCIN (1885-1930)—Etchings, chiefly figures; through Saturday, April 17. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

CAMILLE PISSARRO (1830-1903)—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings; through May 1. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

ARTHUR POLONSKY—Figure paintings and drawings; through Saturday, April 24. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

JESSE REICHEK—Drawings; through May 8. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EGON SCHIELE—An exhibition of watercolors and drawings that is running simultaneously with the showing of his works at the Guggenheim Museum; through Saturday, April 17. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

HYDE SOLOMON—Impressionist landscapes; through May 1. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD STANKIEWICZ—Welded-metal sculptures; through Saturday, April 17. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

JOHN STORRS (1885-1956)—Stone and wood carvings, bronze casts, metals in various combinations, and terra cottas polychromed; through Saturday, April 17. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

WAYNE THIEBAUD—Drawings and small paintings; through April 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT VICKREY—Paintings; through May 8. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

AMERICAN WATERCOLOR SOCIETY—The ninety-eighth annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through April 25. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

AFRICAN ART—"Style Regions in African Tribal Sculpture," an exhibition of masks, statues, and implements in wood, ivory, and bronze; through April 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **LEWISON**, 35 E. 64th St.: Paintings by Thomas Cole, Theodore Robinson, George Inness, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through June 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings by (for instance) August Mosca, Jacques Huizdovsky, and John Sennhauser; through May 1. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 36 E. 61st St.: Paintings by such nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists as Hartley, Maurer, Henri, and Speicher; through Saturday, April 17.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **GRIFFIN**, 32 E. 58th St.: Art Nouveau and *fin-de-siècle* bicycling posters; through April 30. . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Collages and constructions in new materials by Alberto Burri, Louise Nevelson, Antoni Tàpies, and Ernst van Leyden; through May 1. (Closed Mondays.)

FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—Twentieth-century masters, including Bonnard, Utrillo, and Picasso; through April 30. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

LATIN-AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Thirty works (by twenty artists) selected from the II Bienal Americana de Arte, held last fall at

Just for the

Country Clothes Shop

Donald Davies of Dublin
turns Irish linen
into stripes of blue
with white, or pink and
brown with white. 50.00
Mr. Davies' entire
Irish linen collection is
at all Lord & Taylor stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the University of Cordoba, Argentina; through May 8. (American Federation of Arts, 41 E. 65th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Hans Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Responsive Eye," a showing of optical paintings and constructions by artists from eighteen countries: through April 25.... ¶ "John S. Newberry: A Memorial Exhibition," a selection of about forty drawings (by Grosz, Klee, Modigliani, Bontecou, and others) either presented to the Museum by Mr. Newberry or purchased with funds made available by him; through June 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fifty twentieth-century Japanese prints; through May 13. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—"Designed for Theatre," a display of sixteenth- to twentieth-century drawings and prints (stage sets, backdrops, and costume and architectural designs), as well as French puppets, from the Museum's collection; through May 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Still Life Painters, Aertzen to Braque," a loan exhibit covering four hundred years; through April 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Scandinavian painters, including Ernst Josephson, 1851-1906; through April 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6:45; Sundays, noon to 5:45.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by the Austrians Gustav Klimt and Egon Schiele; through April 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to the showing of the Schiele works is his exhibition (ending Saturday) at the Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of landscapes, still-lifes, figures, and portraits by Ben Benn; through May 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions; namely, the Morgan volume of "The Hours of Catherine of Cleves," master drawings, bookbindings, and autograph manuscripts; through June 4.... ¶ "Animals of Fact and Fiction," four centuries of drawings; through June 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Fabric collage, including contemporary hangings and American quilts; through May 23. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Hudson River Steamboat Portraits," a loan show of pictures by the nineteenth-century twin brothers James and John Bard; through May 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Jaguar's Children: Pre-Classic Central Mexico," an exhibition of archaic ceramic figures, effigy forms, bowls, bottles, and other objects; through May 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Newark Museum, 49 Washington St.—"Women Artists of America, 1707-1964," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by more than a hundred and twenty-five artists, among them Jane Stuart, Mary Cassatt, Malvina Hoffman, and Elaine de Kooning; through May 16. (Weekdays, noon to 5:30; Wednesday and Thursday evenings, 7 to 9:30; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Treasures for the Fair," comprising such rare items as the first copy of the Gutenberg Bible brought to America, a 1500 manuscript of Aesop's Fables, and Washington's Farewell Address in his own handwriting; through July 7. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-ninth annual of the American Abstract Artists, containing paintings and sculptures by about seventy members and guests (Richard Anuszkiewicz, Josef Albers, and Ibram Lassaw, to name a few); through April 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Art: USA," the S. C. Johnson & Son collection of paintings by such contemporary American artists as Willem de Kooning, Robert Rauschenberg, and Andrew Wyeth; through Sunday, April 18. (Daily, except Monday and Tuesday, April 19-20, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Thursday, April 15, at 8: "Otello," with Zinka Milanov, Joann Grillo, Dimiter Uzunov, Cornell MacNeil, and Paul Franke.... ¶ Friday, April 16, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Elena Cernei, Jon Vickers, Norman Mittelmann, Justino Diaz, and John Macurdy.... ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 2: "Tosca," with Régine Crespin, Sándor Kónya, Robert Merrill, Norman Scott, and Ezio Flagello.... ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Mignon Dunn, Anselmo Colzani, Barry Morell, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.

Mannes Opera Production Workshop—A double bill: "Edgar and Emily," by Ernest Toch, and the first New York performances of "The Tide," by Boris Blacher. Carl Bamberger is the musical director and James Lucas the stage director. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday and Thursday, April 21-22, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, limited to two per person, call RE 7-4476.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—"Carmen," with Gladys Kriese and Giovanni Consiglio. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 24, at 8:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Lorin Maazel directing performances of Haydn's "The Seasons," in English, on Thursday, April 15, at 8:30; Friday, April 16, at 2:15; Saturday, April 17, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 18, at 3 (all with Laurel Hurley, soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Joseph Rouleau, bass; and the Schola Cantorum of New York).... ¶ William Steinberg conducting an all-Mendelssohn program on Thursday, April 22, at 8:30; Friday, April 23, at 2:15; Saturday, April 24, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 25, at 3 (all with Rudolf Serkin, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Lucine Amara, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; Richard Lewis, tenor; John Macurdy, bass; and the Westminster Choir. The final concert of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, April 20, at 8:30.)

Twentieth-Century Innovations—Gunther Schuller conducting a chamber ensemble in the last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 15, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Jonel Perlea directing a performance of Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia" in concert form, with Montserrat Caballe, soprano; Jane Berbié, mezzo-soprano; Alain Vanzo, tenor; and Kostas Paskalis, baritone. The final concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 20, at 8.)

Munich Bach Chorus and Orchestra—Karl Richter directing an all-Bach series of concerts, in the ensemble's first appearances here, with Ingrid Bjoner, soprano; Hertha Töpper, mezzo-soprano; Ernst Haefliger, tenor; and Kieth Engen, bass. Sunday, April 18: "St. Matthew Passion," also with Lothar Ostenburg, bass.... ¶ Wednesday, April 21:

B-Minor Mass. . . . ¶ Friday, April 23: "Christmas Oratorio." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 25: "St. John Passion." (Carnegie Hall. Evenings at 8.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Bailey Harvey directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 23, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Sviatoslav Richter—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 15, and Monday, April 19, both at 8:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, April 22, at 8:30.)

Marian Anderson—Contralto. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 18, at 3.)

Joseph Wolman—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 19, at 8:30.)

Amiram Rigai—Piano. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Tuesday, April 20, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Collegiate Sound—A joint concert (jazz, *folk music, and so on*) by performers from Yale, Vassar, Trinity, Wesleyan, Smith, Amherst, Cornell, Bates, Brown, Pembroke, and Brandeis. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 17, at 8:30.)

Folk-Song Concert—Pete Seeger, Brownie McGhee, Sonny Terry, and others. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 17, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concerts—Nina Simone with her quartet. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday, April 15, at 8:30. For tickets, call CY 5-4040.) . . . ¶ Al Hirt's sextet and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 22, and Saturday, April 24, both at 8:15.) . . . ¶ The Modern Jazz Quartet. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 23, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Houston, Thursday, April 15, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Saturday, April 17, at 2:15, and Sunday, April 18, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Minnesota (first league games here), Wednesday and Thursday, April 21-22, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, at 2.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Harlem River. Saturday, April 24.)

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 24-25.)

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 17.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 17.) . . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 24.)

Indoor Polo—The last two games of the season. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Saturday, April 17, at 8:30.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 17; the Toboggan Handicap, Wednesday, April 21; and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, April 24. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays (and Monday, May 31) at 2, from Saturday, April 24, through Monday, May 31. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Daily, except Good Friday, at 1:30; through Saturday, April 17. The Laurel Handicap, Saturday, April 17.

Soccer—International Easter Soccer Tournament—Thursday, April 15, at 7: Fiorentina vs. New York Ukrainians and Eintracht vs. Aris. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 18, at 2: Eintracht vs. New York Ukrainians and Fiorentina vs. Aris. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 21, at 7: Aris vs. New York Ukrainians and Fiorentina vs. Eintracht. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, April 17, at 1.

Track—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Monday, April 19.) . . . ¶ Penn Relays. (Franklin Field, Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 23-24.)

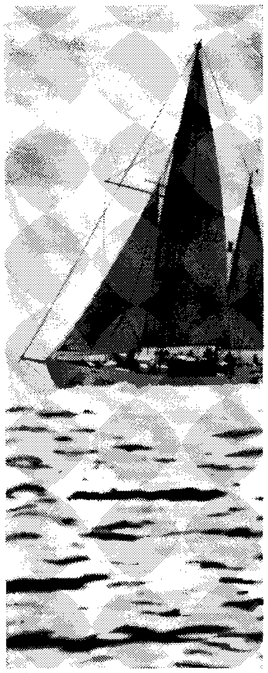
Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:05; through Wednesday, May 12.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera and Operettas—By the **city center gilbert & sullivan company** (programs primarily for

We take steel seriously

The first eight-place service of stainless steel we ever sold has been around the world three times. A day after we introduced Canute, our first steel pattern, one of our customers, the owner of an ocean-going yacht, ordered the service. In all the years since then, he tells us, the steel is still as smooth—as perfect as when he bought it—sea spray, salt and sun notwithstanding.



After 75,000 miles on the high seas—the bright-work needed polish, but not the steel

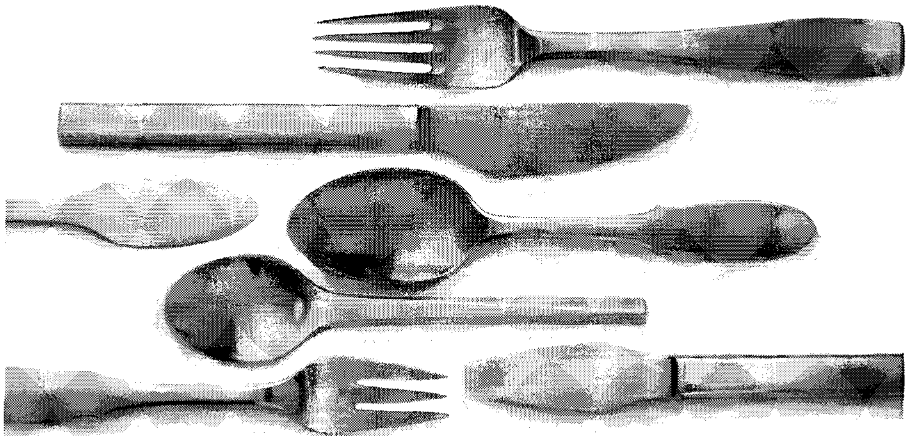
Our stainless steel was made in response to our customers' way of life. They wanted flatware for country homes and boats; and our younger customers wanted handsome services that would adapt to their easy style of living. We determined to make the finest steel in the world.

We pioneered the concept that steel is a beautiful man-made material that can be crafted and designed with elegance and originality.

Our patterns, from Canute, almost Colonial in shape; to Prism, a contemporary design, are true to steel and to our high standards.

The handles relate directly to tines, bowls and blades. And the function of each utensil is carefully considered in planning the designs. We make our steel heavy and strong—buffing it by hand to create a glowing matte finish, and each pattern has a complete complement of serving pieces.

We regard our stainless steel as an extension of Jensen's idea that all the elements of dining should be beautiful. Our stainless steel is an investment in incomparable quality and a lifetime of service. Visit our New York store or our suburban branches in Scarsdale, Millburn and Manhasset to see what stainless steel can be, when Jensen makes it.



Write for our Stainless Steel Brochures

GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • PL 1-2400
SCARSDALE MILLBURN MANHASSET

BONWIT
TELLER

SUMMERING SKIMMER FOR MISS BONWIT JR.

Heavenly little dress of Moygashel Irish linen, its beautiful shaping achieved by the horseshoe seam detail under the bosom, the slight A shaping of the skirt. Done in sherwood green, South Sea blue or mimosa yellow for 5 to 13 sizes, 30.00 Mail and phone orders filled.

MISS BONWIT JR. DRESSES
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Also in Manhasset White Plains Short Hills
Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

children): "The Mikado," Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, at 2:30, and Tuesday, April 20, at 5:30. . . . ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Sunday, April 18, at 1, and Thursday, April 22, at 12:30 and 5:30. . . . ¶ "Patience," Sunday, April 18, at 5:30, and Friday, April 23, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Tuesday, April 20, at 12:30; Wednesday, April 21, at 5:30; and Saturday, April 24, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Yeomen of the Guard," Wednesday, April 21, at 12:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.). . . **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** "The Mikado," Wednesday and Thursday, April 21-22. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Friday and Saturday, April 23-24. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Afternoons at 2:30.). . . **BLUE HILL TROUPE:** A benefit performance, primarily for children, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Yeomen of the Guard." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 24, at 2:30. For tickets, call SA 2-0570, from 1 to 5.)

Ballet and Dance Programs—By the **SAN FRANCISCO BALLET** (programs primarily for children): Saturday, April 17: "Caprice" and "Beauty and the Beast.". . . ¶ Sunday, April 18: "Divertissement d'Auber" and "Beauty and the Beast." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Afternoons at 2:15. No seating at any performance after the curtain goes up.). . . **THE STORY DANCERS OF INDIA:** "The Travels of Krishna." (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Monday, April 19; Thursday, April 22; and Saturday, April 24, all at 2 and 4.)

Stage Shows—By the **CHILDREN'S REPERTORY GROUP:** "The Red Ruby." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, April 24, at 3.). . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.). . . **MARTINIQUE THEATRE:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays and Monday and Tuesday, April 19-20, at 2 and 3:30, plus Sundays and Wednesday and Thursday, April 21-22, at 1.). . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, April 17, through Saturday, April 24, at 1:50 and 3:30.). . . ¶ "The Prince and the Pauper." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Saturday, April 17, through Saturday, April 24, at 1:30 and 3.). . . **PICKWICK PUPPETS:** "Cinderella" and "The Mice in the Cellar." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesday through Friday, April 20-23, at 1. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.). . . **PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION:** "Young Ben Franklin." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Tuesday, April 20, at 1. Children under five not admitted.). . . **SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS:** "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30, and Thursday and Friday, April 22-23, at 2.). . . **STAGE 73:** "The Enchanted Forest," Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ "The Absent-Minded Dragon," Sundays at 3. (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500.). . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. BR 9-1399. Monday through Friday, April 19-23, at 1:30 and 3.). . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Rumpelstiltskin," Wednesday, April 21, at 11. . . . ¶ "Robin Hood," Thursday, April 22, at 1. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Children under five not admitted.). . . **UNICORN PLAYERS:** "The Magician's Spacesuit." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Saturday, April 17, at 1 and 2:30.)

New York International Children's Film Festival—Monday, April 19, at 2: "One Wish Too Many" and "The Red Balloon.". . . ¶ Monday, April 19, at 4: "The Yellow Slippers" and "The Red Balloon.". . . ¶ Tuesday, April 20, at 11: "Skinny and Fatty" and "The Red Balloon.". . . ¶ Tuesday, April 20, at 1: "The Boy and the Blind Bird" and "King Lavra and the Barber.". . . ¶ Tuesday, April 20, at

BONWIT
TELLER

SUMMERING SEPARATES FROM BONWIT'S COUNTRY PLACE

Divine outfit for a country summer, the high belted jacket and skirt in a glorious delphinium blue ottoman of Dacron® polyester and cotton to insure its longer lasting freshness, easy, easy care. Jacket, 36.00 Skirt, 16.00 Misses' sizes. No mail or phone, please.

COUNTRY PLACE
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York

3: "Kite from the Other Side of the World" and "Long Ears."...¶ Wednesday, April 21, at 11: "Adventures in Golden Bay" and "The Red Balloon."...¶ Wednesday, April 21, at 1: "Kite from the Other Side of the World" and "Corrida."...¶ Wednesday, April 21, at 3: "The Boy and the Blind Bird" and "The Red Balloon."...¶ Thursday, April 22, at 1: "Skinny and Fatty" and "Circus."...¶ Thursday, April 22, at 3: "One Wish Too Many" and "The Red Balloon."...¶ Friday, April 23, at 11: "Skinny and Fatty" and "The Red Balloon."...¶ Friday, April 23, at 1: "Adventures in Golden Bay" and "Children and Seagulls."...¶ Friday, April 23, at 3: "The Yellow Slippers" and "The Red Balloon."...¶ Saturday, April 24, at 11: "One Wish Too Many" and "The Red Balloon."...¶ Saturday, April 24, at 1: "The Boy and the Blind Bird" and "Little Diver."...¶ Saturday, April 24, at 3: "The Yellow Slippers" and "The Red Balloon." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Six Minutes to Mars." (Special holiday schedule: Thursday, April 15, at 1, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; Saturday, April 17, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Easter at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, April 19, at 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Tuesday through Friday, April 20-23, at 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; and Saturday, April 24, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In **central park:** Where the youngsters may visit a pond inhabited by ducks and geese, a Jonah's Whale (with an aquarium inside), a storybook castle, and so on. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)...¶ At the **bronx zoo:** A new crop of baby lambs, kids, piglets, rabbits, and kittens will be on hand for the opening of the Zoo on Saturday, April 17. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park—The annual Easter show in the main conservatory repeats the traditional white lily cross and also includes displays of tulips, crocuses, hyacinths, and other spring flowers. (Daily, 10 to 4; through Sunday, April 25.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 22, at 1:45: African, Oceanic, and pre-Columbian art; from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 17....¶ Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century French furniture and decorations, belonging to the estate of John Vinton Dahlgren. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 17.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through April 17: "Curse of the Demon" (1958), with Dana Andrews, the last film in a series called "The Horror Film."...¶ April 18: "Louisiana Story" (1948), directed by Robert Flaherty....¶ The first three in a series of six films called "New Spanish Cinema"—April 19: "Miguelin" (1964), no English titles. April 20: "Llanto por un Bandido" (1963), with English dialogue. April 21: "Del Rosa al Amarillo" (1963), with English titles. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

OUR NEW SPRING SPORTWEAR
in a choice of handsome materials,
and our exclusive designs and colorings

(shown) *Lightweight sport jacket of a fine Terylene® polyester and worsted blend, made by us in district checks of blue-grey-green with maroon overplaid; or olive-blue-grey with light blue,* $100

Hand-woven Shetlands or tweeds, made in our workrooms in greys, browns, olives and mixtures, from $90

Our Terylene® and Irish linen Odd Jackets in many solid shades, and new fancy patterns, $57.50 *and* $65; *Odd Trousers in same material,* $26.50; *Bermuda length shorts,* $18

Our own make single or double-breasted blazers, from $85

Our own make Odd Trousers of Dacron® polyester and worsted, and all-worsted tropical, $32; *in English wool flannel,* $37; *in English worsted,* $40

Illustrated Spring catalogue upon request.

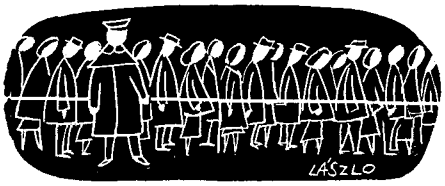
ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
BOSTON · PITTSBURGH · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—Unlikely as it sounds, this is a highly colored spectacular with wit and charm. Taken from Anouilh's famous reworking of history, and starring Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 20, tentative. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting April 21, tentative.)

Goldfinger—More nervy nonsense about James Bond, the fearless but clumsy secret agent. Sean Connery is, as usual, splendid as Bond, and Gert Frobe is the rufous villain. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through April 20.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Christ in Cinerama, only not really Christ—only Cinerama, with a Grand Hotel cast. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Thursday, April 15, at 8; thereafter weekdays at 9:30, 2, and 8, and Sundays at 2 and 7:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Hard Day's Night—Why the Beatles are a benign infection, perhaps incurable. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; April 16-18.)

How to Murder Your Wife—Jack Lemmon, Virna Lisi, Terry-Thomas, and Eddie Mayehoff in an outrageous assault on matrimony, which will survive. Screenplay by George Axelrod, direction by Richard Quine. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600.)

Mary Poppins—This should have been called Mary Marzipan. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Thursday, April 15, at 8:30; Friday, April 16, at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturday, April 17, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, April 18, at 2:30 and 8; and Monday through Wednesday, April 19-21, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This story of the courtship and marriage of a Negro and a white divorcée with a child is weakened by a dull, mawkish script, but Bernie Hamilton gives a fine performance as the hero, and Painesville, Ohio, where the movie was photographed, is certainly a lovely town to look at. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through April 20, tentative.)

Operation Crossbow—Daring top-secret ploys and counterploys, by which the Nazis are just barely kept from winning the Second World War. Starring George Peppard, Tom Courtenay, Trevor Howard, Sophia Loren, Lilli Palmer, and lots of other heroes and villains. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Organizer—An extraordinary re-creation of a struggle for social justice in nineteenth-century Italy. Marcello Mastroianni is the star, and the director is Mario Monicelli. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through April 16.)

The Pumpkin Eater—Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, Maggie Smith, and James Mason in a fascinating study of a woman who has everything and, it appears, nothing. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting April 21, tentative.)

Samurai Assassin—The great Toshiro Mifune, in a sombre and powerful study of a Japanese warrior too ambitious for his own good. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788; April 15.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—A wonderfully well-acted melodrama, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. The scene is in and around London. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

36 Hours—An ingenious thriller about a desperate moment in the Second World War. James Garner, Eva Marie Saint, and Rod Taylor are all plausible in highly implausible roles. The director, George Seaton, also wrote the screenplay. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 20.)

The Train—Burt Lancaster, a good Frenchman, and Paul Scofield, a wicked Nazi, in a battle of wits over a trainload of precious paintings. A stirring melodrama, ably directed by John Frankenheimer. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy, with music by Michel Legrand, and starring Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

World Without Sun—Jacques-Yves Cousteau shows us the beauty and oddity of life underwater. Recommended for Cousteau-philes, disrecommended for claustrophobes. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Zorba the Greek—A violent old man tries to teach a tame young one about life and doesn't succeed, but no matter. The old man is played by Anthony Quinn, the young one by Alan Bates, and the setting is the harshly beautiful island of Crete. Michael Cacoyannis directed. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through April 19.)

À Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 20.)

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 15.)

The Balcony (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winter, and Lee Grant. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; April 17-20.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 18.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 16-19.)

Chaplin Comedies—"The Paper Hanger," "Triple Trouble," "The Tramp," and "Shanghaied," all mementos from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 19.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 21.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 20, tentative. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting April 21, tentative.)

Funny Face (1957)—An excursion into the world of fashion. Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through April 19.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting April 20.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 16-19.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 17.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—Peter Brook's adaptation of the William Golding novel. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through April 16.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 17. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 18-19, last showing on April 19 at 3:30.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, this time cutting up in the musical world. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 21.)

Only Two Can Play (1962)—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 16.)

Point of Order! (1964)—A documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting April 21.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788; starting April 16.)

Shall We Dance? (1937)—From the Astaire-Rogers series, this one with Gershwin music. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 20-21.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Revolutionaries and politics in the Orient. With Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 20-21.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 15.)

A Tale of Two Cities (1935)—Ronald Colman, Edna May Oliver, and Blanche Yurka are among those present in this film of the Dickens novel. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 18-19, last showing on April 19 at 1:25.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting April 21.)

This Sporting Life (1963)—A movie about the rise and fall of a professional Rugby player in the North of England. Richard Harris and Rachel Roberts. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; April 17-20.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, and many others. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; April 16-18.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 15.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (1964)—A three-part Italian comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 20. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through April 20, tentative.)

Zulu (1964)—The combatants are the English and the Zulus, the place is Natal, and the time 1879. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; April 19.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 15.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE TRAIN.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through April 20: "Major Dundee," Charlton Heston, Richard Harris.
From April 21: "Nobody Waved Goodbye," Peter Kastner.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Those Calloways," Brian Keith, Vera Miles.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
OPERATION CROSSBOW.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Cheyenne Autumn," Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker; and "Goliath and the Sins of Babylon," Mark Forest.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Friday through Wednesday, April 16-21, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
April 15: **SAMURAI ASSASSIN** (in Japanese).
From April 16: **SANJURO** (in Japanese), revival.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Satan Bug," George Maharis, Richard Basehart.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
GOLDFINGER; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.**

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 20: **36 HOURS**; and "Murder Ahoy," Margaret Rutherford, Lionel Jeffries.
From April 21: To be announced.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 20 (tentative): **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO**; and **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian), revival.
From April 21 (tentative): **BECKET**; and **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through April 20: "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.
From April 21: "Nobody Waved Goodbye," Peter Kastner.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through April 16: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian); and **LORD OF THE FLIES**, revival.
April 17-20: **THIS SPORTING LIFE**, revival; and **THE BALCONY**, revival.
From April 21: **A TASTE OF HONEY**, revival; and **POINT OF ORDER!**, revival.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Satan Bug," George Maharis, Richard Basehart.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Young Cassidy," Rod Taylor.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Cheyenne Autumn," Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker; and "Goliath and the Sins of Babylon," Mark Forest.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through April 18: "Taxi for Tobruk" (in French), Lino Ventura, Charles Aznavour.
From April 19: "The Magnificent Cuckold" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, Ugo Tognazzi.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE TRAIN.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Circle of Love," Jane Fonda, Catherine Spaak.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
WORLD WITHOUT SUN.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
April 15: "The Leopard," revival, Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon; and "Walk on the Wild Side," revival, Laurence Harvey, Capucine.
April 16-18: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and **TOM JONES**, revival.
April 19: **ZULU**, revival; and "King Solomon's Mines," revival, Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger.
April 20: "Carousel," revival, Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones; and "Till the Clouds Roll By," revival, Robert Walker, Judy Garland.
April 21: "A Star Is Born," revival, Judy Garland, James Mason; and "The Great Caruso," revival, Mario Lanza, Dorothy Kirsten.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through April 19: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**, revival; and **FUNNY FACE**, revival.
From April 20: "The Pawnbroker," Rod Steiger.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through April 20: **GOLDFINGER.**
From April 21: To be announced.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 20 (tentative): **BECKET**; and **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival.
From April 21 (tentative): **THE PUMPKIN EATER**; and "Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.

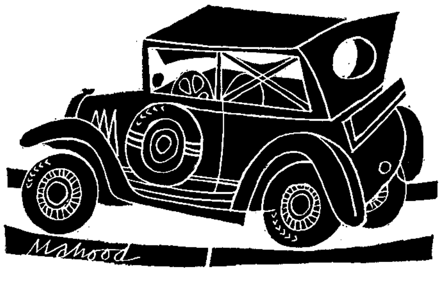
R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Cheyenne Autumn," Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker; and "Goliath and the Sins of Babylon," Mark Forest.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 20: "Major Dundee," Charlton Heston, Richard Harris.
From April 21: "Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
April 15: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival.
April 16-19: **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival; and **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival.
From April 20: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; "Ugetsu" (in Japanese), revival; and "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
MARY POPPINS.



8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Overcoat" (in Russian).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 20: "John Goldfarb, Please Come Home," Shirley MacLaine, Peter Ustinov; and "Fort Courageous," Fred Beir.
From April 21: "Major Dundee," Charlton Heston, Richard Harris; and "The Outlaws Is Coming," the Three Stooges.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 20: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian), revival; and "Where Love Has Gone," Susan Hayward, Bette Davis.
From April 21: "To Love" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson; and "Love à la Carte" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Simone Signoret.

R.K.O. 23 CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through April 19: "Cheyenne Autumn," Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker; and "Goliath and the Sins of Babylon," Mark Forest.
From April 20: "The Pawnbroker," Rod Steiger.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MARY POPPINS.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Love Without End" (with Mandarin dialogue).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through April 19: Theatre closed.
From April 20: "The Pawnbroker," Rod Steiger.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Overcoat" (in Russian).

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian), revival.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through April 18: "Not on Your Life" (in Spanish), Nino Manfredi.
From April 19: "Male Hunt" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean-Claude Brialy.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 16: "Till the Clouds Roll By," revival, Robert Walker, Judy Garland; and "In Caliente," revival, Dolores Del Rio, Pat O'Brien.
April 17: **JULIUS CAESAR**, revival; and "East of Eden," revival, Julie Harris, James Dean.
April 18-19 (last showing on April 19 at 1:25): **A TALE OF TWO CITIES**, revival; and **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival.
April 19, at 6, 8, and 10: "The Golden Age of the Talkie Serial: 1935-1945."
April 20-21: **SHALL WE DANCE?**, revival; and **SHANGHAI EXPRESS**, revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE; and "Who's Minding the Store?," revival, Jerry Lewis, Jill St. John.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 15: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.
April 16: **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY**, revival; and "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.
April 17: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.
April 18: **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival; and "Bell' Antonio" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale.
April 19: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent); plus ten Disney cartoons.
April 20: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and "The Italian Straw Hat" (silent).
April 21: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 20: "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.
From April 21: "To Love" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson; and "Love à la Carte" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Simone Signoret.

our Karate pajama

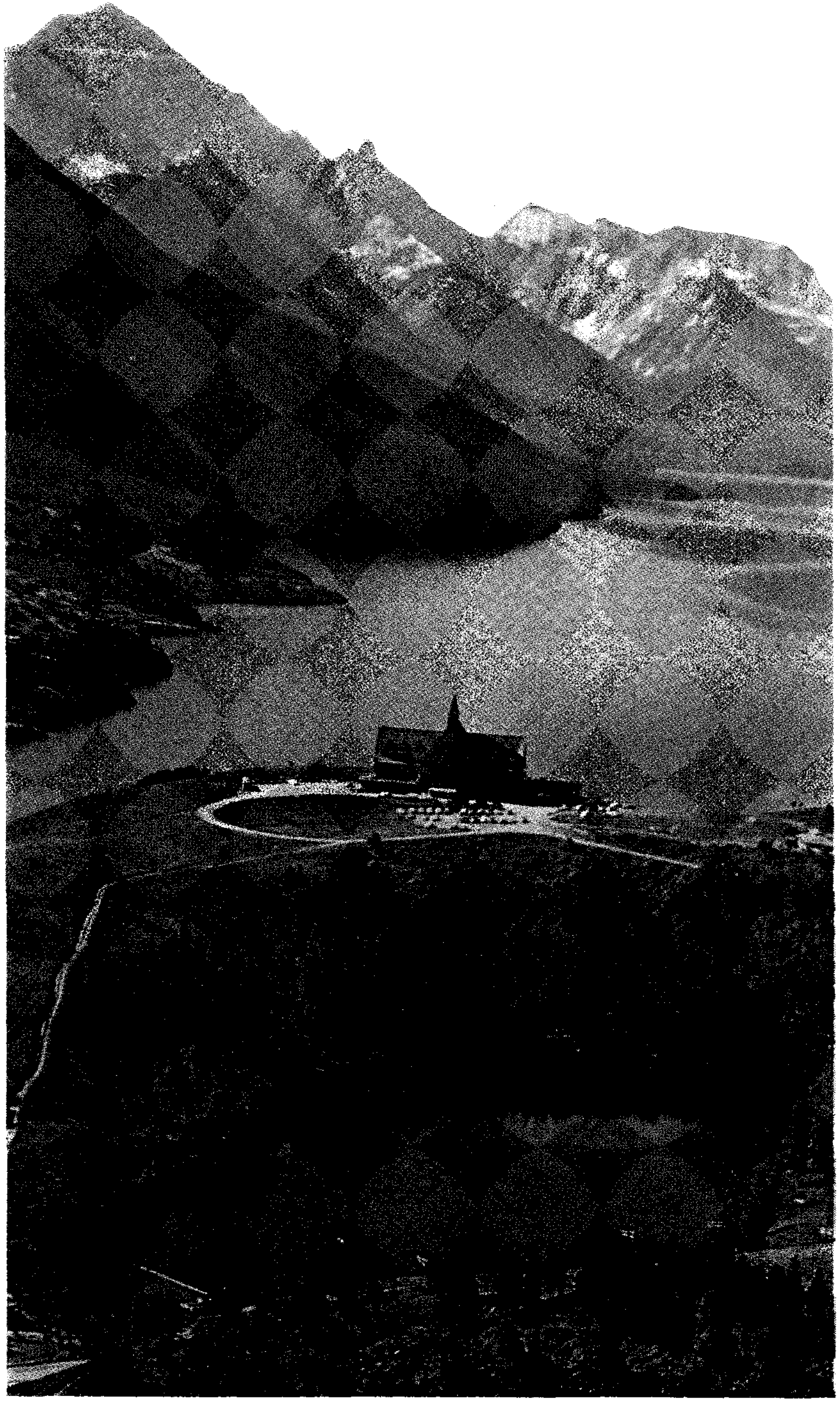
New idea to slip on from Nippon, the well-poised pajama. Sashed and softly tailored in packable, impeccable nylon tricot. Skyrocket and Candleglow; Flamingo and Petunia; Skylark blue and Green Rain. All with vivid dragon motif. Sizes 30-38. $10. The knee-length coat, not shown, is the ideal travel companion. $10.

Vanity Fair Mills, Inc.,
640 Fifth Avenue, New York.

all is vanity...all is VANITY FAIR *lingerie, girdles, bras*

SOKOLSKY

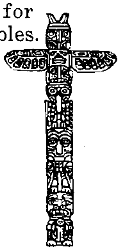
Springtime in the Rockies.
Not your Rockies. Our Rockies.



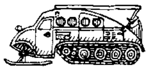
The Canadian Rockies. You fly Air Canada to Edmonton or Calgary, pick up a car, and scoot right over. The trout here run 40 lbs.

and more. See? Big, fat salmon, too.

A short hop West and you're in British Columbia. Big controversy: should it be called the Norway of Canada or Canada's Mediterranean. Anyway, there's swimming off the fjords, fishing, hunting, and shopping for totem poles.



This way to the Athabasca Glacier. Just get into some light summer clothes, hop into a snowmobile, and come explore it. (That's summer in Canada: snowballs and swimming in one day.)



Beyond these hills, little minks and beavers scamper through the woods. So you can latch on to a nice warm coat at forest-to-furrier prices. And flying leaves you more time to shop around.

See the famous Calgary Stampede. Happens every July. No need to dodge charging horses. This Stampede's a rodeo. Biggest, rowdiest in the world.

You weren't going to leave the kids home, were you? Not when Air Canada will fly them and your wife at 25% off, any day of the week to any of its destinations in the U. S. or Canada. Just ask your travel agent for the full story.

Canadian Vacations, P.O. Box 598, Montreal 3, Canada

Please send information I have checked below:

☐ "Canada" Folder* ☐ New Family Fare Plan

My name________________________

No. & street________________________

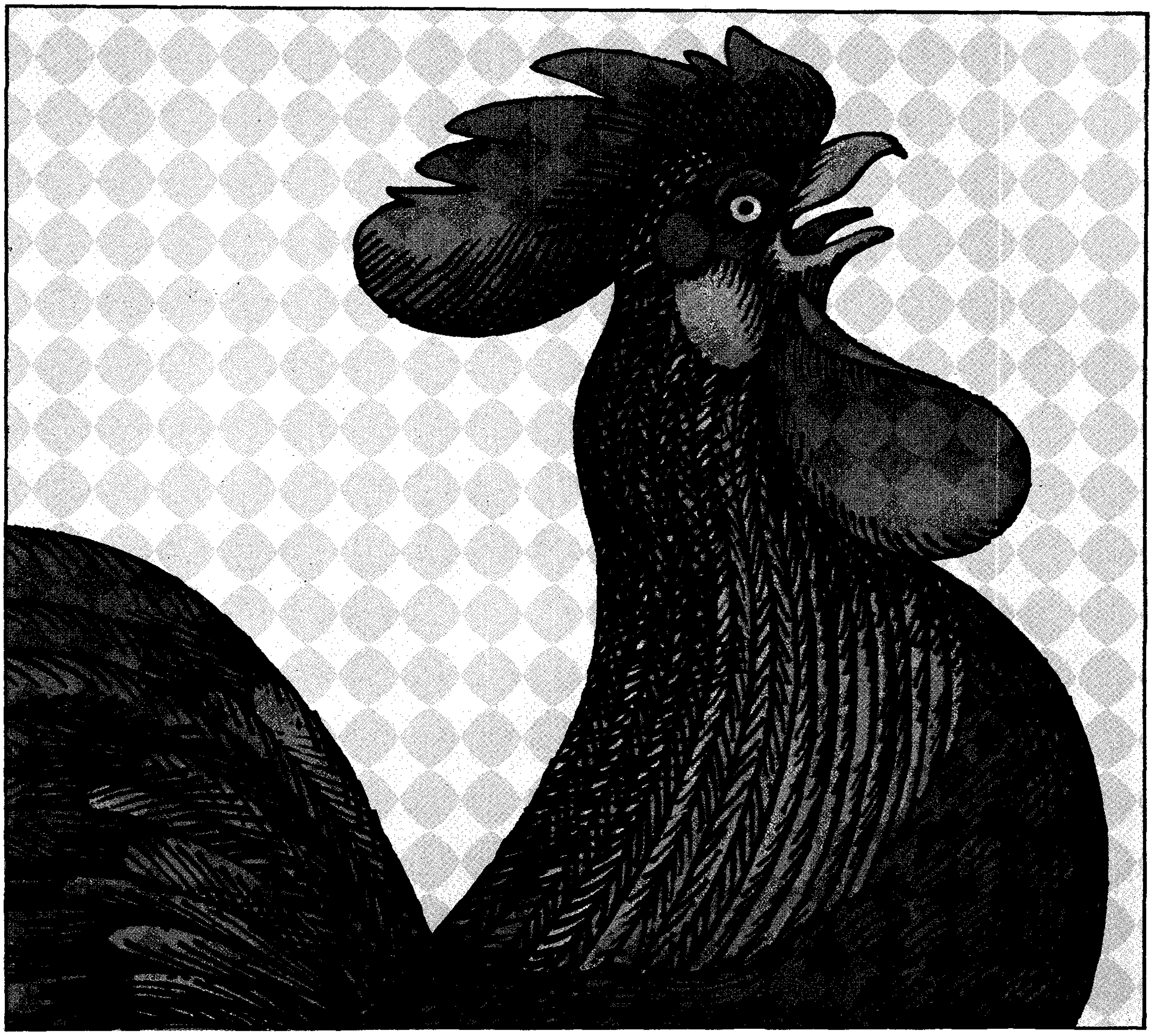
City____________State____________

*Brochure offer expires Oct. 31, 1965 NY3

AIR CANADA

OFFICES: BOSTON, NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, PHILADELPHIA, TAMPA/ST. PETERSBURG, MIAMI, DETROIT/WINDSOR, CLEVELAND, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE/TACOMA.

VITALITY



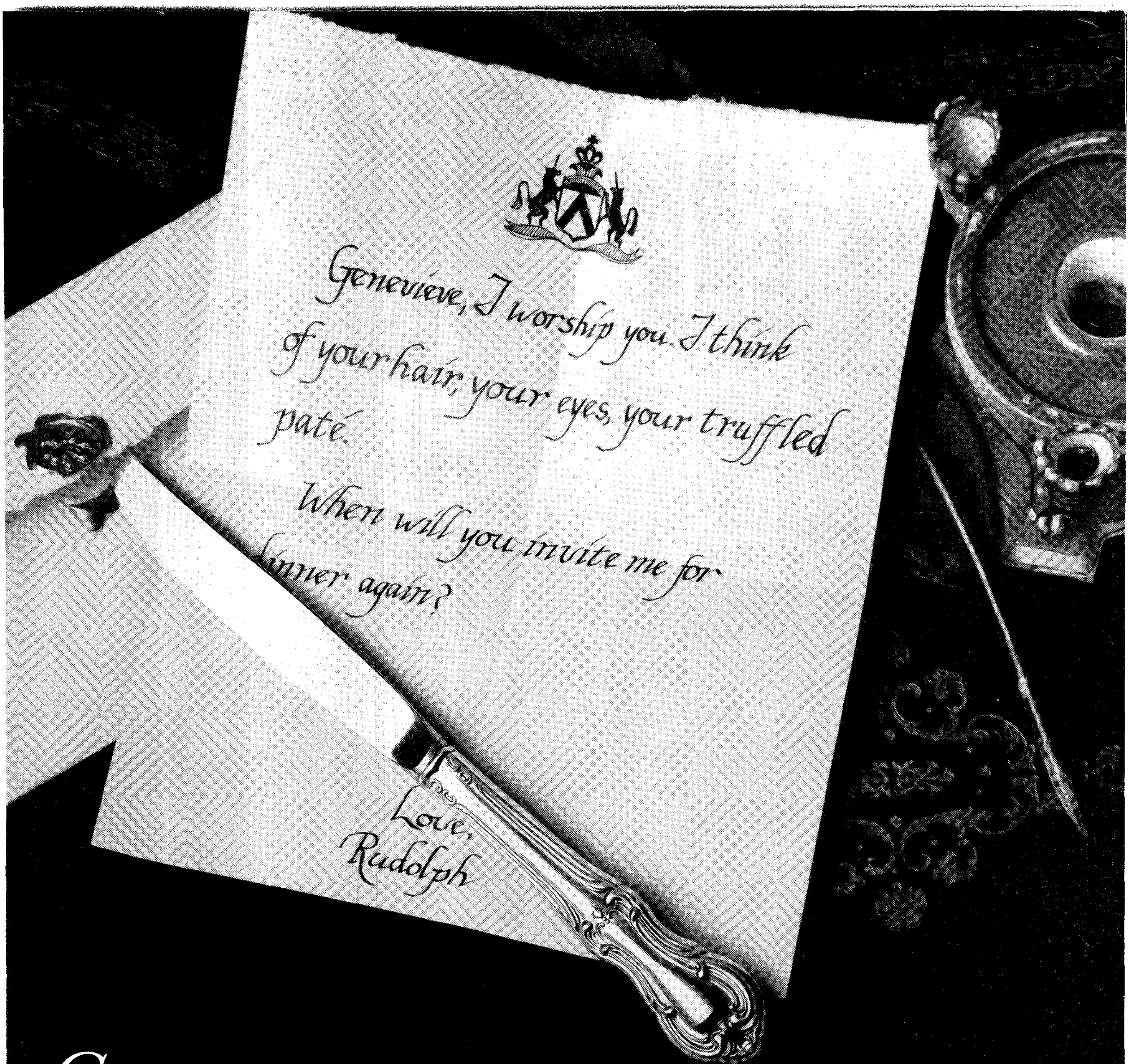
GT&E is young, strong, eager. And its future has unlimited potential for progress. As the nation grows, so grows the need for communications. Person-to-person, business-to-business, country-to-country. Just as important, GT&E has its roots in the "expansion areas" of America—where there's the space and the spirit for vigorous growth. And whatever the communications needs of the future, GT&E will meet them fully, quickly, efficiently—with the team effort of research, manufacturing and operations. A team effort that helps us grow faster because it serves the community better.

GT&E

Sharing greatly in America's growth

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

730 THIRD AVE., N.Y. 10017 • GT&E SUBSIDIARIES: General Telephone Operating Cos. in 33 states • GT&E Laboratories • GT&E International • General Telephone Directory Co. • Automatic Electric • Lenkurt Electric • Sylvania Electric



Genevieve, I worship you. I think of your hair, your eyes, your truffled paté.

When will you invite me for inner again?

Love,
Rudolph

Genevieve's little dinners (very little, just for two) were the rage of Paris. Genevieve's hair was as pale as her champagne. Genevieve's eyes were as black as her truffles. Genevieve's sterling was Joan of Arc.

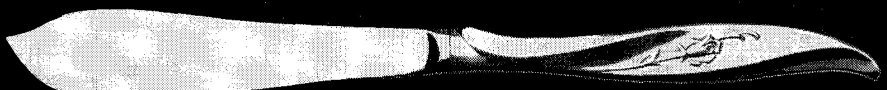
No one could imagine eating that rich paté with any other solid silver. The pattern was as lavish as the meal itself.

Genevieve knew that the quickest way to l'amour is through l'estomac. So will you, even if your eyes are only hamburger-brown.

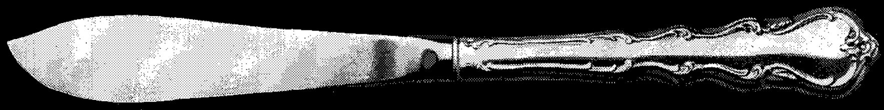
Just wait till you serve your first dinner with Joan of Arc sterling.

The International Silver Company makes it. You can own it. The Bride's Set, a 44-piece service for eight with a walnut chest, is only $288. It would cost $353 in open stock. You save $65.

(Other femme-fatale patterns for intimate dinners are Rose Ballet and Angelique, and don't let their demure names fool you. The International Silver Company makes them. You can own them.)



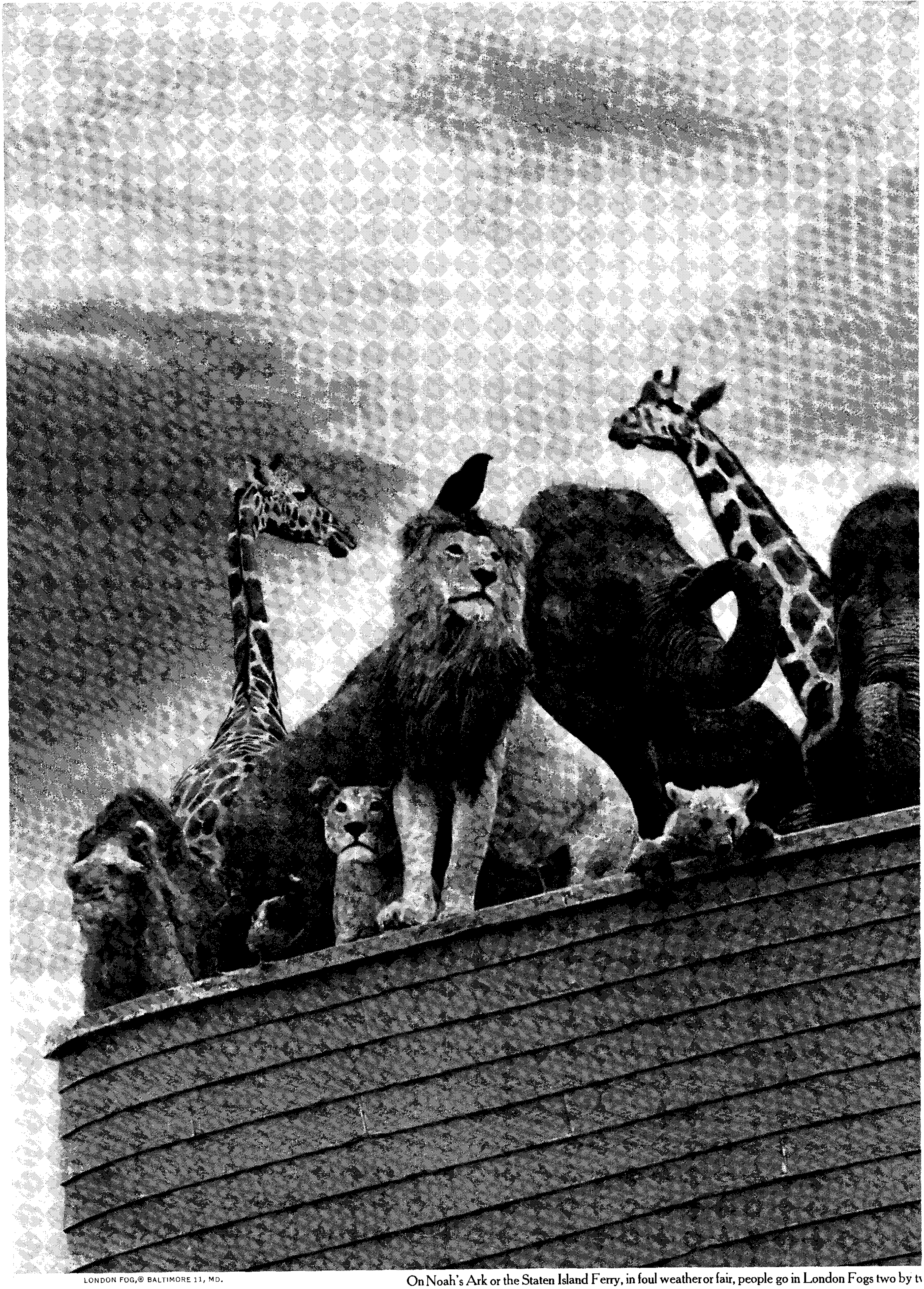
ROSE BALLET. BRIDE'S SET $288.



ANGELIQUE. BRIDE'S SET $288.

Joan of Arc in International Sterling

The International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn. Prices do not include taxes.



LONDON FOG,® BALTIMORE 11, MD.

On Noah's Ark or the Staten Island Ferry, in foul weather or fair, people go in London Fogs two by t

When it looks like rain,
believe in London Fog.

e in The London Maincoat.® She in The Duchess. Both of Calibre® Cloth (65% Dacron® 35% cotton) with raglan shoulder, in a deluge of colors, about $35. each.

Stubborn people drink Gimlets year round.

be stubborn.

Your friends will say that the Gimlet [an adult blend of 1 part Rose's to 4 or 5 parts of gin or vodka] is definitely a summer drink.

Nonsense.

The Gimlet is much too good to be confined to summer tippling.

It satisfies your craving for a tart, unsticky, robust cocktail anytime. And that's because it's made with Rose's: the lime juice made only from tartly-sweet golden West Indian limes.

Tell that to your smart-alec friends.

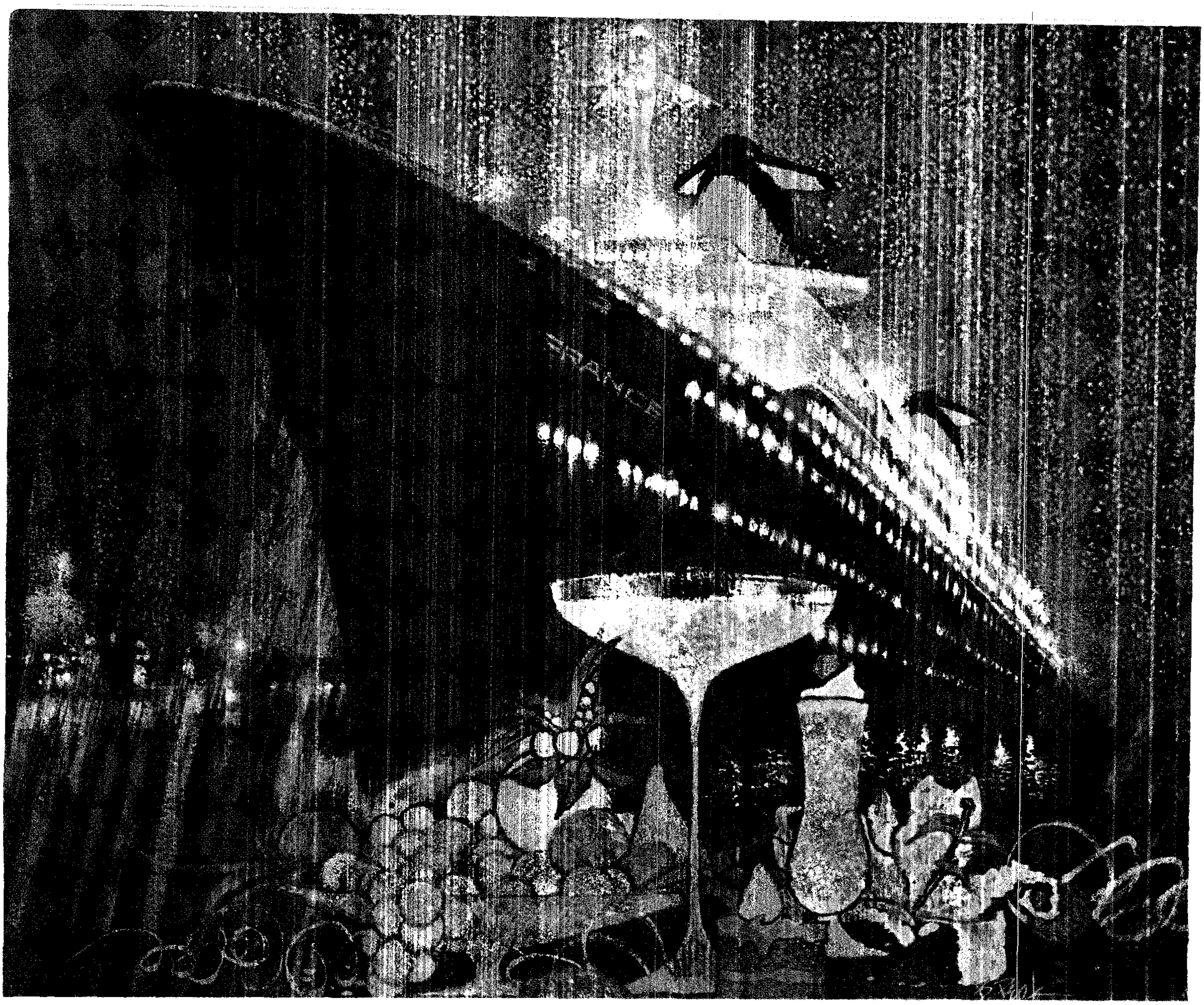
And continue sipping stubbornly, serenely. When the temperature is 95. And when the frost is on the pumpkin, too.

Gordon's
GORDON'S
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
EST'D 1769
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE DISTILLERS COMPANY, LIMITED LINDEN, NEW JERSEY
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

When word got around about his new discovery, 18th century London beat a path to Mr. Gordon's door.

It was 1769. All London was abuzz. Ambrosia, they called it. Tantalisingly smooth, titillatingly dry. Quick as you can say "cheers," London had a new favourite refreshment. Mr. Gordon's glorious gin. 196 years later, Gordon's is still London's favourite. Not to mention all the rest of England. And America. And the whole civilised world. Don't you be the last hold-out. Trust the impeccable taste of the English. Get a bottle of Gordon's. No, get two. You'll need an extra when word gets around.

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, NEW JERSEY.



6 cents a mile!*

For less than renting a car, the s. s. FRANCE sails you to Europe and gives you all this:

5 American breakfasts — served with a charming "bonjour, Madame, Monsieur." What a way to start the day!

5 French luncheons — with a sound red or white table wine, compliments of your hosts-at-sea. Bouillon at midmorning. Tea each afternoon. Quelle vie!

5 French dinners — the foods of France are unexcelled. Again, wines are on the house. The service is magnifique!

French Line service — it deserves a special mention because it is most special. A century of tradition makes it so.

French atmosphere — the beauty of the French interiors. Elegant public rooms, library, palatial theatre. Original works of art. Deep carpeting everywhere!

Spacious cabins — with generous closet space. Marvelous bathrooms with heated towels. Individual air conditioning. Private telephone!

Swimming pool — sauna baths, gymnasium, golf, clay pigeon shooting, bowling, squash. An enormous amount of deck space. Quel plaisir!

Original works of art — priceless paintings, sculptures, tapestries, mosaics by Braque, Picasso, Utrillo, Dufy, Jean Picart le Doux, Hillaire, Idoux.

Joie de vivre — the warm, gay, elegant ambiance of France. Dancing, music, new friends. Even doing nothing at all becomes a fine art!

World's longest deck space—indoors and outdoors, to relax and rejuvenate. Read a good book, sip bouillon. Feel absolutely like royalty!

Boutiques, coiffeur—get a Parisian hairdo. Buy an elegant handbag, sweater, tie, or perfume. Naturally, everybody speaks your language well!

See a marvelous movie — in the largest, most luxurious theatre afloat. It seats almost 700 people.

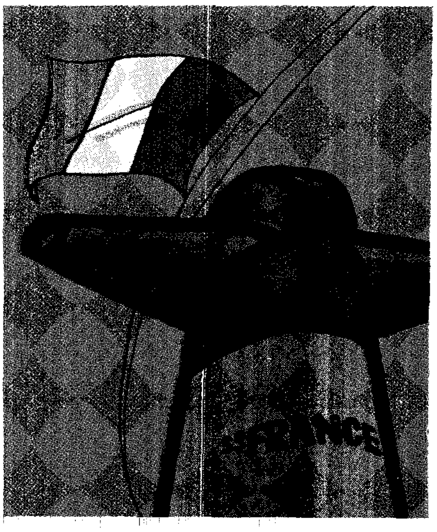
BOOK WITH YOUR TRAVEL AGENT EARLY!

DEPARTURES: New York to Southampton and Le Havre

April 15 • April 29 • May 13 • May 27

French Line®

610 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N.Y.



---

* Based on ½ round-trip off-season Tourist fare to Southampton—even less with 15% or 25% reduction excursion rates.

OFF-SEASON RATES: Tourist for as little as **$223; First Class** for as little as **$418.**

A thought: contrasts heighten effects . . . and on the table the china, crystal, and sterling do not exist independently.

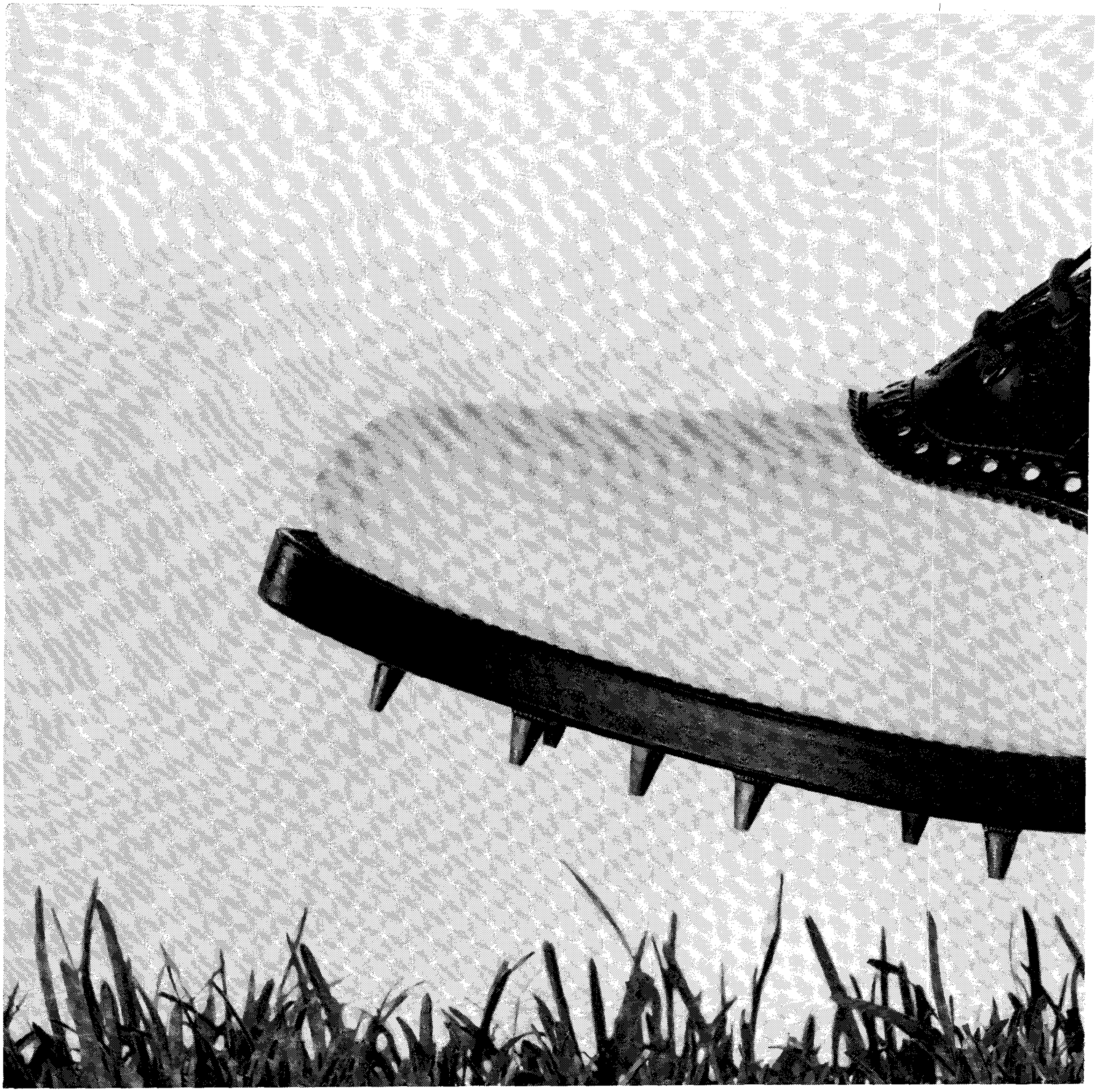
A man: his feeling for the material is the essential quality of the Finnish designer, Tapio Wirkkala. It was therefore a great challenge for him to translate one creative theme into black and white china, crystal, colored glass and sterling.

A product: "Variation", a coordinated table setting, with an unusual interplay in contrasts . . . Selected for the International Design Award by the American Institute of Interior Designers.

Rosenthal
studio-line

"Variation" by Tapio Wirkkala . . . Dinnerware from $17.95 to $25.00 per place setting . . . Crystal $7.00 per stem . . . Sterling $100. per place setting . . . Available exclusively at Rosenthal Studio Rooms. For Studio Line Brochures send 10¢ to Dept. N24.
Rosenthal China Corporation, 21 East 26 Street, New York 10010

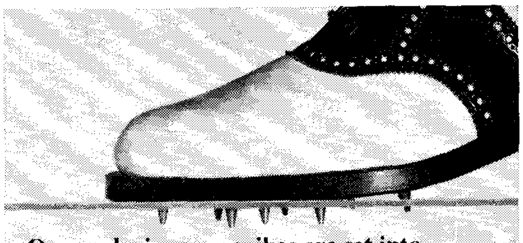
Rosenthal Studio Rooms now in operation or in preparation:
B. ALTMAN & CO., New York / AMERICAN FURN. CO., Albuquerque / L. L. BERGER, Buffalo / CAIN-SLOAN, Nashville / THE DAYTON CO., Minneapolis / G. FOX & CO., Hartford / FAMOUS-BARR, St. Louis FREDERICK & NELSON, Seattle / FROST BROS., San Antonio / HALLE BROS., Cleveland / HALL'S, Kansas City / D. H. HOLMES, New Orleans / HOME FURN. CO., Reno / THE J. L. HUDSON CO., Detroit JORDAN MARSH, Boston / JORDAN MARSH, Miami, Orlando, Ft. Lauderdale / KAUFMANN'S, Pittsburgh / LANSING BROS., Albany / MAAS BROS., St. Petersburg / MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, Chicago / MAY-D&F, Denver / NEIMAN-MARCUS, Dallas / PIZITZ, Birmingham / D. M. READ, Bridgeport / REESE PALLEY, Atlantic City / RICH'S, Atlanta / J. W. ROBINSON, Los Angeles SHILLITO'S, Cincinnati / SIBLEY, LINDSEY & CURR, Rochester / SIEGEL JEWELRY, Grand Rapids / THALHIMER'S, Richmond / WANAMAKER'S, Philadelphia / WOODWARD & LOTHROP, Washington



Stop admiring the stylin

(See? They're recessed. Now Johnston & Murphy's exclusive "Leveler" Gol

Until now, spikes were set on the surface of the sole, thereby leaving the collars protruding. (Golfers felt that they were walking on bunions.)



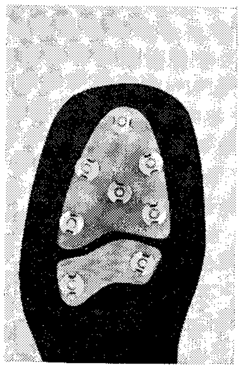
Our exclusive new spikes are set into the sole. This buries the collars, eliminating the lumps. When the spike shafts sink into the grass, the sole rests solidly on the sod.

Our new "Leveler" golf shoes make sen
from top to bottom. We've shown you o
exclusive spikes there at the left. What
relief! No more hobbling into the 19
hole, wondering if you should see a c
ropodist. And they're easy on green
eliminate dimples, make for more accur
putting. Because of the ingenious spi
mounts, the soles can now be made light
thinner. Further comfort is provided
the flexibility of our split spike-pl
(right). Note the division at the po
where the foot bends.

Johnston & Murphy's exclusive new "Leveler" Golf Shoes are available at these fine stores: ***Alabama:*** Birmingham, J. Blach & Son • **Arizona:** Phoenix, Hanny's; Tucson, Mi
Touche • **California:** Bakersfield, The Shoe Horn; Beverly Hills, The London Shop; Burlingame, Robert W. Gates; Carmel, Derek Rayne Ltd.; Indio, Bob Williams; La Jolla, Stuar
Long Beach, Buffum's; Los Angeles, Bullock's; Los Angeles, Innes Shoes; Palm Springs, Desert Bootery; Sacramento, Bonney & Gordon; Sacramento, Capitol Clothing; San Francis
Sommer & Kaufmann; San Jose, Bert Schroeder • **Southern California:** Desmonds; Studio City, Studio Boot Shop; *Whittier, Hill's Clothiers* • ***Colorado:*** *Denver, Neustet*
Georgia: Atlanta, Muse's • **Hawaii:** Honolulu, Andrade & Company • **Idaho:** Boise, Alexander's • **Illinois:** Chicago, Capper & Capper; Chicago, J&M Shop; Chicago, M.

and look at the spikes.

Shoes let you walk on the sole instead of the "bunions" on old-fashioned spikes.)



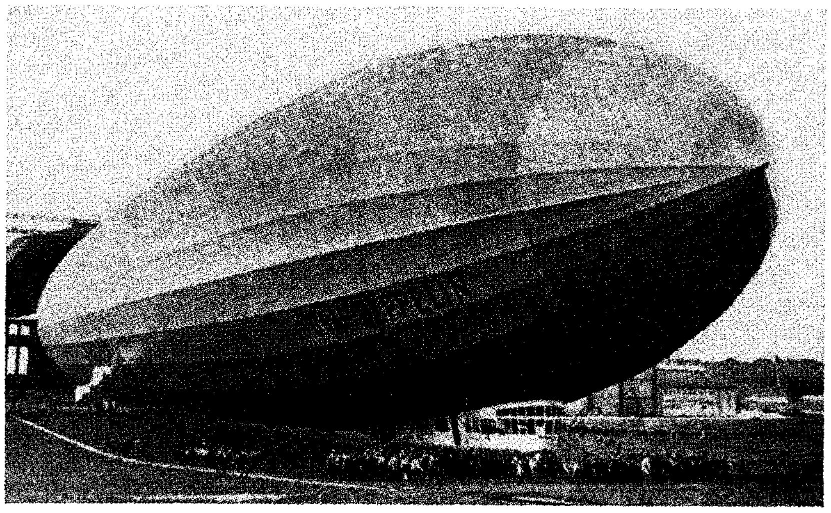
Inside is our famous "Airflator" cushion insole. (There's no end to our efforts to keep you foot-happy.)

Now about that styling you were admiring: Here's the youthful dash of the classic saddle oxford, back on course, modern as tomorrow in Du Pont's revolutionary new Corfam®. Impressively functional. High leakage resistance, porosity that expels perspiration, scuff-proof toughness, shape retention. (And don't be concerned about that whiter-than-white white. Corfam comes clean with a swipe of a damp cloth.) Devilishly handsome in two-tone, two-texture combinations. Shrunken-grain and Mira (a cordovan-like gloss) finishes in dark cherry/white, dark cherry/black, and black/black. $40.

The "Leveler" by Johnston & Murphy

GENESCO PARK, NASHVILLE 1, TENNESSEE GENESCO EVERYTHING TO WEAR

othschild • **Kansas:** Wichita, Woolf Brothers • **Maryland:** Baltimore, Hess Shoes • **Michigan:** Detroit, Hughes-Hatcher-Suffrin; Flint, Roberts David Alan • **Missouri:** Kansas
ity, Woolf Brothers; St. Louis, Boyd's • **Montana:** Great Falls, Kaufman's • **Nevada:** Las Vegas, Christensen's; Las Vegas, Jackman's; Las Vegas, Stuard's-Sahara; Reno, Menard's
ew York: New York, Whitehouse & Hardy • **Ohio:** Cincinnati, H&S Pogue; Cleveland, Rogoff Brothers • **Oklahoma:** Oklahoma City, Woolf Brothers; Tulsa, McDonnell & Company
regon: Medford, Drew's; Portland, Armishaw's--Lloyds Ctr.; Portland, The Clothes Horse • **Pennsylvania:** Allentown, Farr's Inc.; Johnstown, Miller's of Johnstown; Philadelphia, Diamond
Company; Pittsburgh, Hughes & Hatcher; Reading, Fall's Inc. • **Texas:** Dallas, Dreyfuss & Son • **Utah:** Salt Lake City, Maurice Anderson • **Wyoming:** Casper, Style House



IF YOU'RE TIRED OF CARS THAT HANDLE LIKE THE GRAF ZEPPELIN

Maybe You're Ready For A Rover 2000

THE 2000 is a true Sports Sedan. Which is to say it is neither a cute little car with two extra seats crammed in back nor a chopped down marshmallow with wire wheels, but the real McRover.

Car and Driver magazine calls the 2000 "The Best Designed Car of 1964."

"This is a sports sedan in the purest, truest sense of the word. It will outhandle any English sports car we can think of, except the Lotus Elan," says the editor.

"It could best be described as a G.T. car designed to carry four passengers in supreme comfort at high speeds over all kinds of roads, with considerable economy," says Bill Corey (technical editor of Auto magazine) writing in the new publication, Road Test.

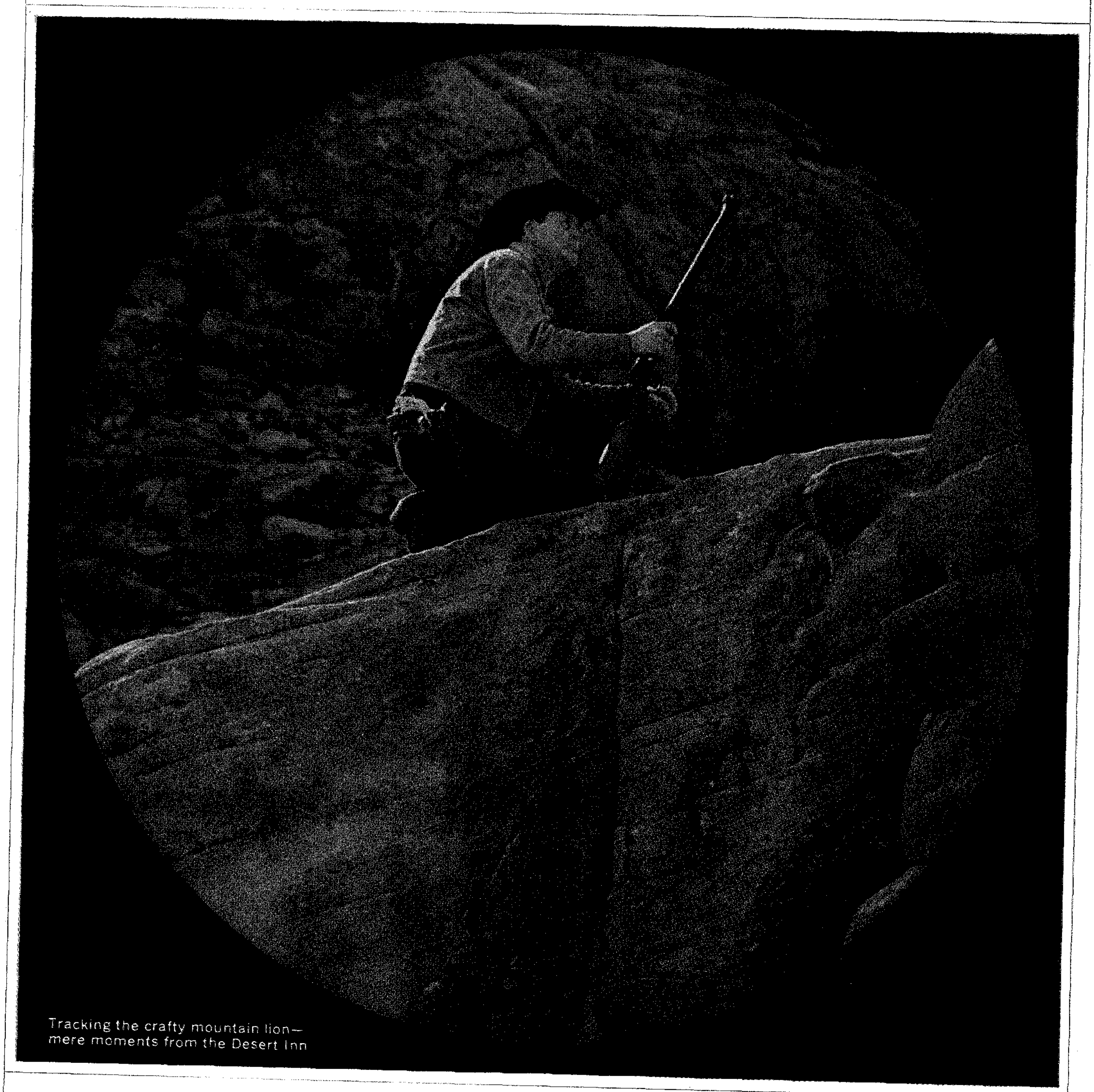
There are faster cars of course; the 2000's top speed is little over 103 miles an hour. And there are some that are more extravagant; with wall-to-wall chrome and such. You can even make a few great cars match the 2000 at its own game: cornering. But if you can't stable three cars, or you'd like to have it all in one, ours is it.

If you want to see what the 2000 looks like see your Rover dealer or write us. Ask about the advantages of taking delivery abroad on the Roverseas Delivery Plan.

©1964, The Rover Motor Co. of North America Limited, 405 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017; 373 Shaw Rd., South San Francisco, Calif. 94080; 1040 Bayview Drive, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. 33304; 10889 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. In Canada: Mobile Drive, Toronto 16, Ontario; 156 West Second Avenue, Vancouver 10, B. C.

You've tracked big game in Kenya?

Meet what you've missed!



Tracking the crafty mountain lion—
mere moments from the Desert Inn

You've bagged a Nevada mountain lion? Now what's your pleasure? You'll find it here—in one of the world's truly abundant resort hotels. Join the beautiful people.

Wilbur Clark's **DESERT INN** and Country Club, Las Vegas

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

TAKE IT
FROM
THE TOP

Senior executives look to National City for top-flight corporate *and* personal investment management

This man is the treasurer of a large petroleum corporation, about to board the company plane on a business trip.

Professionals Pick National City

If ever a man is in a position—from long experience—to size up banks, to know finance, it is this man. Like so many other top executives, he depends on National City, not only for corporate banking services (such as managing his company's pension fund) but for the managing of his personal investments.

Range of Services

Serving customers in many ways is a logical outgrowth of National City's *total banking* capabilities. Our Pension Trust Department and our Investment Advisory Service, although obviously different in function, have the common denominators of skilled, experienced staffs plus all the facilities and resources of a leading world-wide bank.

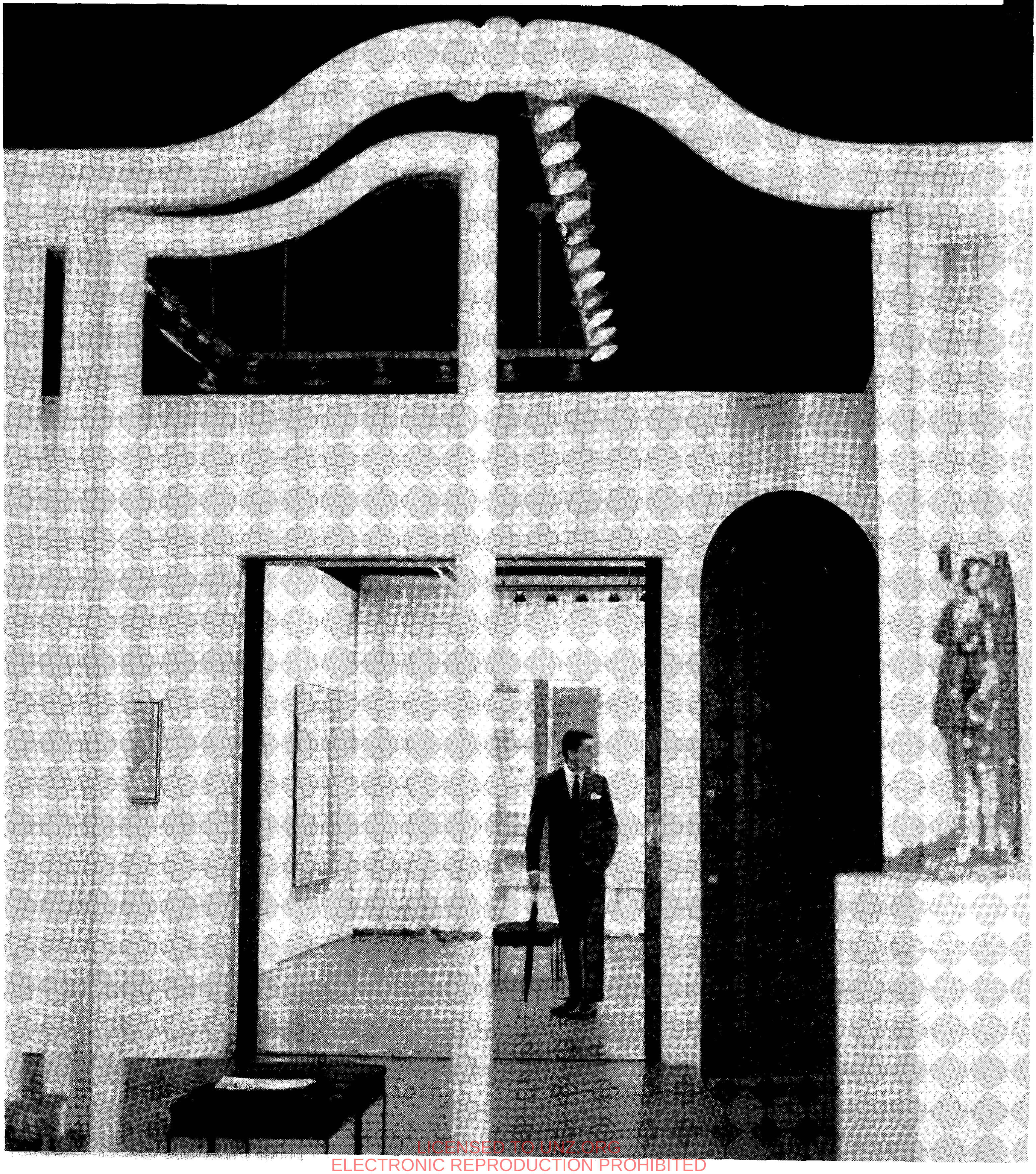
Specific Information

We suggest you learn more about our range of trust services. Telephone, write or come in . . . and also ask us for our Investment Advisory Service booklet, "Successful Investing in the 60's and 70's"—Booklet F-12.

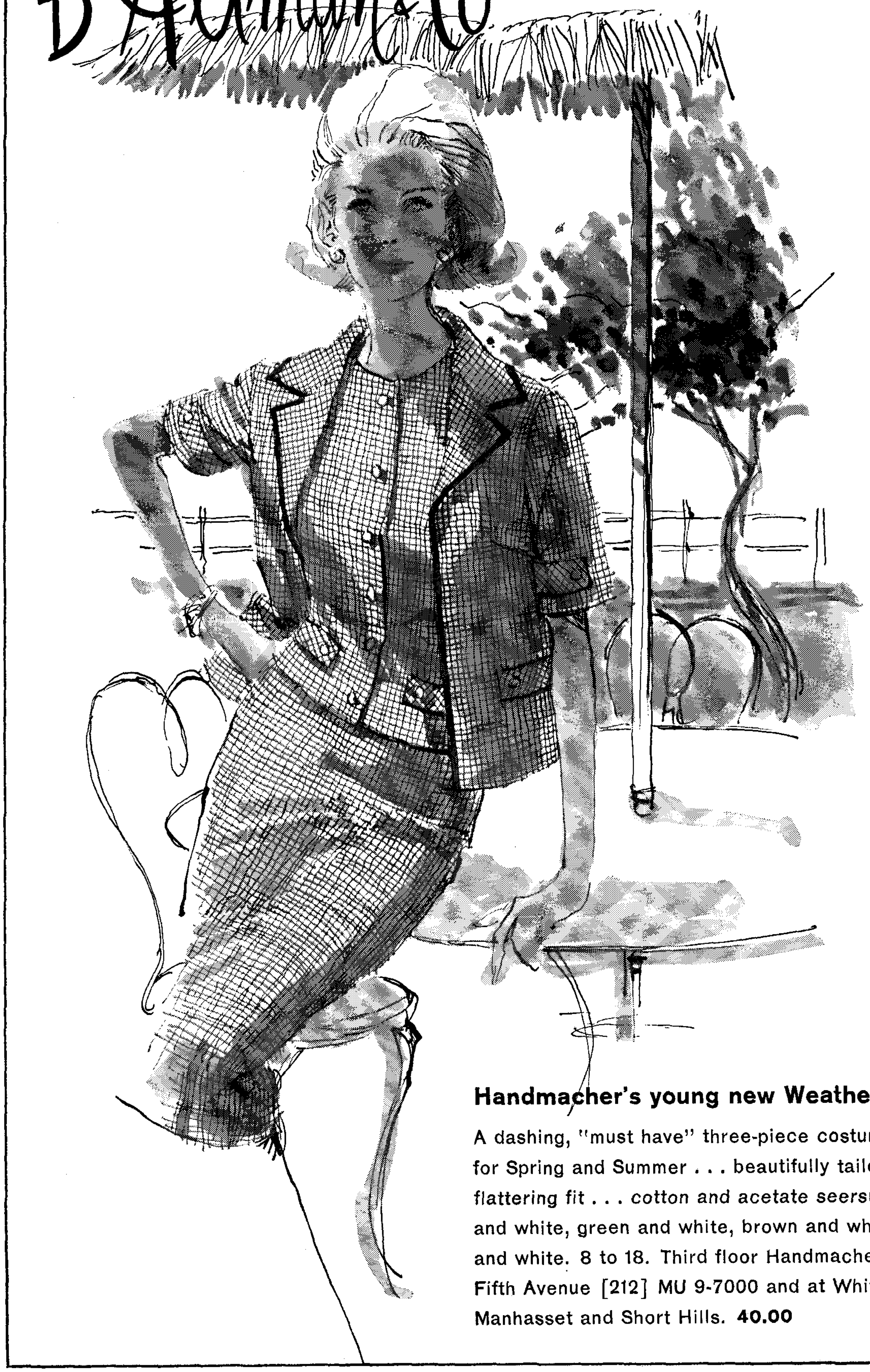
FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK
TRUST AND INVESTMENT DIVISION • 399 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

For gallery going afternoons, Norman Hilton suggests

the suit for all seasons—British tropical worsted. This suit is distinguished by its tasteful natural lines, unpadded construction and the rare qualities of English tropicals. The recognizable excellence of the cloth lies in its clarity of coloring, lightness and luxurious hand; the recognizable excellence of the suit, in its tailoring. This suit is particularly recommended to men who insist on 8-ounce cloths the year around. About $165.00 at selected men's stores. For one near you, write Norman Hilton, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019.



B Altman & Co



Handmacher's young new Weathervane!

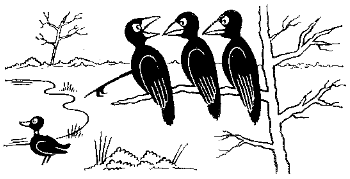
A dashing, "must have" three-piece costume for Spring and Summer . . . beautifully tailored for a flattering fit . . . cotton and acetate seersucker. Black and white, green and white, brown and white or blue and white. 8 to 18. Third floor Handmacher suits, Fifth Avenue [212] MU 9-7000 and at White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. **40.00**

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

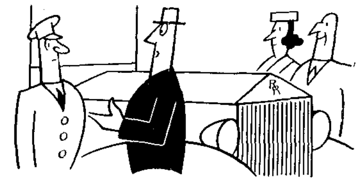
ONE of the consequences of another dry year in the East is that swamps have become too low and too desiccated for ducks to breed in. Changing the happy concealment of bogs and grasses for the relatively public life of nesting on the shore of an open pond has involved some degree of adjustment for one mallard we know, for the rest of the wildlife complex normally centered on the mallard's pond and swamp, and—perhaps most pleasantly—for the human element, which it has been our privilege to represent on a few lucky weekends. Since the mallard is required by his role to sail almost constant patrol off that point on the shore where his mate sits hidden on their nest, he has been forced to become a tame mallard, disciplined to endure the human eye and, even more tensely, the human footfall approaching along the shore. During one of the first early mornings of his performance, the neighborhood crows discovered that he had taken over the particular spot on the shore where they gathered for their morning drink, and some curious tableaux ensued, with the green-headed, maroon-prowed mallard standing inside a circle of blackcoats, and there was one afternoon when the red-winged blackbirds seemed to be swirling overhead in some vague attack plan, as if they found a mallard in the open more disturbing than a mallard half concealed. The next time we looked, however, the pond-and-swamp area seemed to have settled into a peaceful routine, with the mallard patrolling like Nelson's flagship after victory, the crows patronizing a pool created by a dam across a brook, the blackbirds down on their willows, the swamp itself as dry and uninhabitable as the mallard and his mate had known it would be, and all April waiting for the moment when he would lead forth, from some still hidden site along the shore, a flotilla of six or seven or eight ducklings strung out in the straightest line known to navigation.



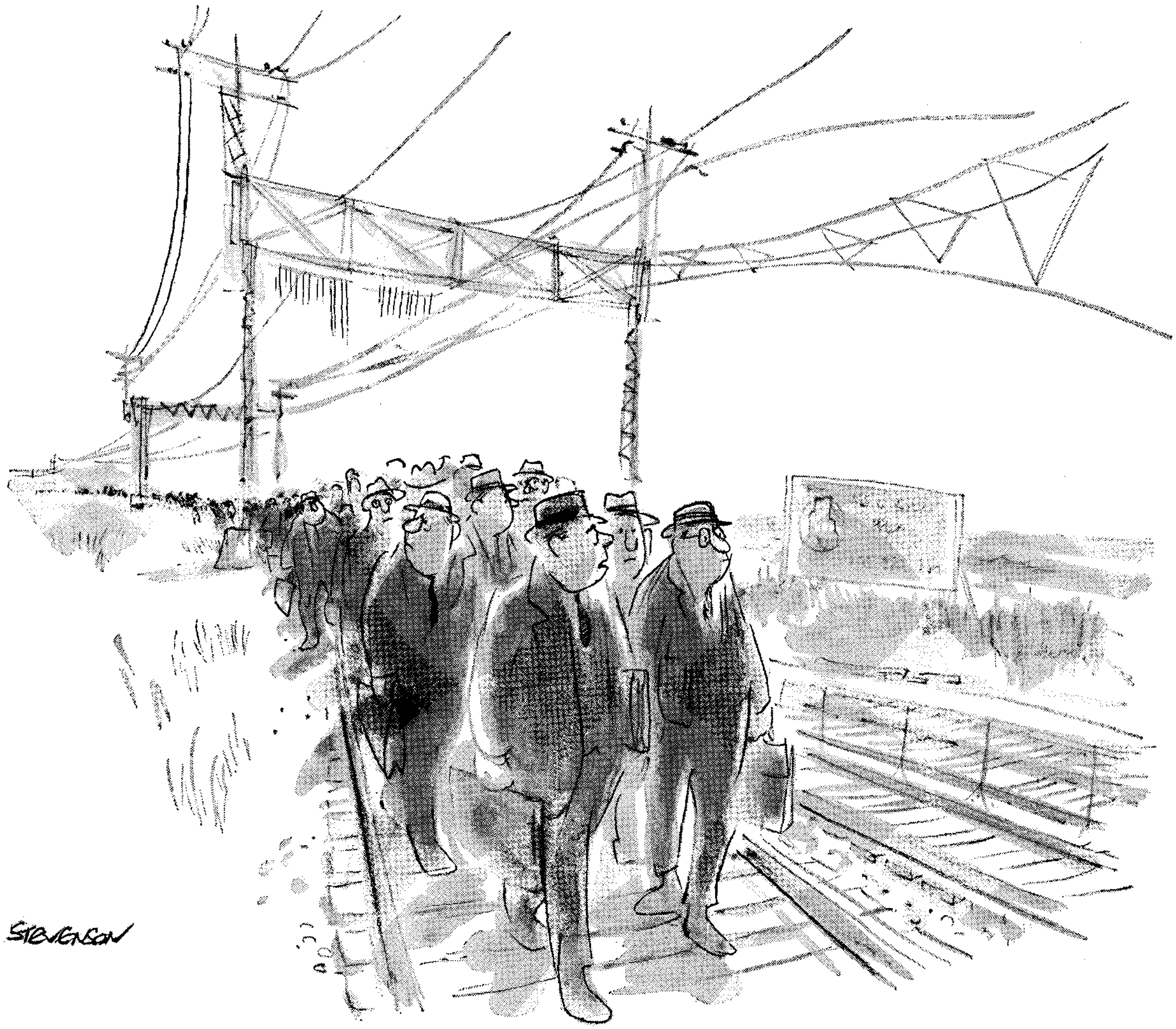
Glare

OUR man Stanley strode into the office one day last week and, having pointed to his feet, which were encased in non-skid rubber-soled walking shoes, and his face, which was partly concealed by protective plastic goggles, deposited a sheaf of notes on the desk and strode out. The notes read as follows:

"Received word that thirty doctors were picketing ninth annual International Automobile Show at Coliseum, and raced uptown (in taxicab) to see who was mad at whom and for what. Found some of New York's best-dressed demonstrators proclaiming some of New York's least catchy slogans. Examples on signs: 'We Are Physicians Who Are Protesting Defective Current Auto Safety Design,' 'Proposed Government Safety Standards Are Not Good Enough,' 'Eliminate Blinding Glare and Reflections.' Leader of demonstration, Dr. Seymour Charles, of Newark, said automobile accidents are an epidemic and must be fought as such. Thinks cars can be made safer if industry is persuaded, or forced, to change attitude. 'It's like any public-health problem,' he said. 'Human lives are at stake, not balance sheets.' Said he drives 1964 Buick and worries about it. Was handing out pink leaflets listing eighteen 'visual design requirements' for automobiles, drawn up by professor of optometry at Indiana University. First item on list was 'The windshield-wiper assemblies should *not* be bright chromium.' Doctor suggested everyone visiting auto show see how many cars on display met all eighteen requirements. Sounded like good idea. Took leaflet, but decided, for time's sake, to narrow inspection to only one requirement—non-glaring windshield wipers.



"First car to be seen, in lobby, was Art Arfons' Green Monster, holder of world's land-speed record of 536.71 miles per hour. Looked like homemade airplane fuselage without wings. On either side of huge turbojet air intake were two cockpits covered with glass bubbles. No windshield wipers at all. Wondered what Doctor would say about *that*. Moved on to next exhibit—vivid-yellow Rolls-Royce, vintage 1930, used in making M-G-M motion picture 'The Yellow Rolls-Royce.' Whole car bright and shiny—including, alas, both windshield wipers. Asked attendant, Robert Lawrence, of Chauffeurs Unlimited, whether he was worried about safety. He said his main worry was lack of automatic signal lights, explained, 'There weren't any in 1930, and everything on this car is supposed to be authentic. But I'm taking it on a tour of twenty-seven cities, and most states require signal lights. Authentic or not, we'll have to rig something up.' Left worried chauffeur and walked to far corner of lobby to examine brace of what looked like even earlier-vintage cars. Turned out to be two 'antiques' built specially for 'The Great Race,' Warner Brothers' movie about mythical New York-to-Paris marathon in 1908. One car, called Leslie Special, is white-and-gold, stands for Goodness, and is driven in movie by hero and heroine, Tony Curtis and Natalie Wood. Equipped with



"I just never imagined they wouldn't finally come up with some form of government aid."

• •

everything but kitchen sink and windshield wipers. Movie villains, Jack Lemmon and Peter Falk, drive car called Hannibal 8, all-black monster with hidden cannon, fiery nose cone, smoke-belching apparatus, and one large windshield wiper, painted black. Safety touch reassuring on otherwise Evil machine. Not surprised to find both cars talking to onlookers about own starring roles in film.

"Moved on to first-floor exhibition hall. Hundreds of automobiles from scores of makers having their doors slammed by thousands of visitors. Some cars, like Buick Skylark Gran Sport, displayed on moving turntables. On Gran Sport's turntable, brunette model in beige overalls was describing technical features at great length as she and car revolved. 'Buick's famous fin brakes get rid of harmful heat fast,' she said. 'This car is available with six different axle ratios, ranging from 2.78 to 3.73.' Sounded like knowledgeable girl. At end of spiel, asked her if she was worried about chromium wipers. 'I don't know anything about cars,' she said. 'I'm the kind of person who looks around for the first mechanic when anything goes wrong.' Asked her what axle ratio was. 'I don't know,' she said. 'I think one soups up the car more than another. I just memorized my talk.' Asked her how long it took to memorize talk. 'This one is three minutes long, and it took me a day to memorize,' she said. Asked if she was budding actress. She nodded. 'This is not as easy as learning a script,' she said. 'You have nothing to react to on the platform—no cues, I mean. Except the car itself.'

"Noticed crowd gathering around display area in rear of floor. Hurried over, found another movie star—Aston-Martin DB-5, sports car converted into gadabout-*cum*-arsenal for James Bond in film version of 'Goldfinger.' Among special features: ejector mechanism for driver's seat, retractable bullet shield for rear window, Browning machine guns behind directional signals, hydraulically operated ramming devices on bumpers. Immediately put finger on flaw in defenses: windshield-wiper assembly. Machine guns and rams of no use if villain blinds driver by bouncing light off bright chrome.

"Made tour of all three display floors. Everyone selling speed, power, performance. Cars named Wildcat, Mustang, Marlin, Fury, Barracuda, etc. Research (possibly incomplete) showed non-glare windshield wipers (either black or dull silver) featured on six cars: Opel Kadett, Volkswagen, Porsche, Czechoslovakian Skoda, Land-Rover Station Wagon, and Austin Mini-Moke. ('Moke' is British slang for 'donkey.' Mini-Moke is open-sided golf-and-beach buggy weighing twelve hundred and four pounds and selling for twelve hundred and ninety-five dollars.) Hope for safe future seems to lie in experimental cars like Plymouth's VIP and Chevrolet's Mako Shark II. Mako Shark, long, low, aerodynamic, looks a little like penny that has been run over by trolley car. Large crowd clustered around its display platform listening to attendant read specifications from press release: 'Among its many features are retractable stabilizing flaps at the rear of the body, a flip-top roof for easy passenger access, hideaway design of lights, rear bumper, windshield wipers . . .' Could hardly believe ears. Checked hood. No wipers visible. Just a covered slot from which wipers pop on wet days. Nothing to catch sun on bright days. Great advance in safety engineering. Boy in crowd interrupted attendant to ask what kind of engine Mako Shark had. Attendant looked upset, said, 'This particular car has no engine. It's just a styling-test car.' 'You mean it doesn't even run?' boy asked in shocked tone. 'Not this particular car,' attendant said. Suddenly realized what Chevrolet had created: the ultimate in safety engineering—sports car with hideaway windshield wipers and no engine at all! Rushed outside to tell good news to doctors. Pickets had disappeared. Decided to hoof it home, await safe and sane future."

•

WORKING title of an essay proposed by an eighth-grade student of the Dalton Schools: "Why We Are Educating Our Children To Much."

Comic

THESE days, when few comedians dare appear without a satirical routine, or at least a clutch of peppy one-liners about Vietnam, Alabama, and Robert Moses, audiences at Ann Corio's "This Was Burlesque" are being refreshed by remnants of ancient, hard-line low comedy offered by some aging but able practitioners. When Steve Mills, a scrawny, squinty-eyed, rubbery-faced sixty-nine-year-old burlesque comic, comes gliding across the stage of the Hudson Theatre dressed in a ratty brown floor-length overcoat, a brick-and-mustard four-in-hand tie (but no shirt), a wobbling black derby, and a pair of extremely low-slung baggy pants, customers can detect immediately that they are not in for an evening of social comment. Eleven times a week, including three matinées and two midnight shows, Mr. Mills leads the way through a collection of hoary skits, blackouts, crossovers, songs, pratfalls, takes, double-entendres, and leers; he is one of the last of the great burlesque comics—a group that received rigorous on-the-job training in a school that no longer exists. Seized by a fear that Mr. Mills, like Penn Station, might suddenly be torn down, we hurried to see him one afternoon last week at his apartment in the Irving Hotel, on Gramercy Park.

Mr. Mills, a kindly man with long gray hair and a gentle, gravelly voice, welcomed us, and conceded that there aren't many performers of his calling left. He brought out a stack of old photographs of himself and his friends in burlesque. "Most of these fellows are dead," he said, turning the pictures over slowly. "This one's hanging around. Looking for work. This one's got a store of some kind. Here's me and Tempest Storm. This fellow—he went bad. Here's Dolores Dawn. She was a talking woman—she could say lines. This one—I don't know what happened to him. They're all gone. All gone." He put the last picture face down and straightened the pile.

We remarked that the audience at "This Was Burlesque" cheers when Mills plays the guitar and sings such classics as "When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along" and "When You and I Were Young, Maggie" in old-style two-part harmony with Paul West, a straight man and former vaudeville tenor.

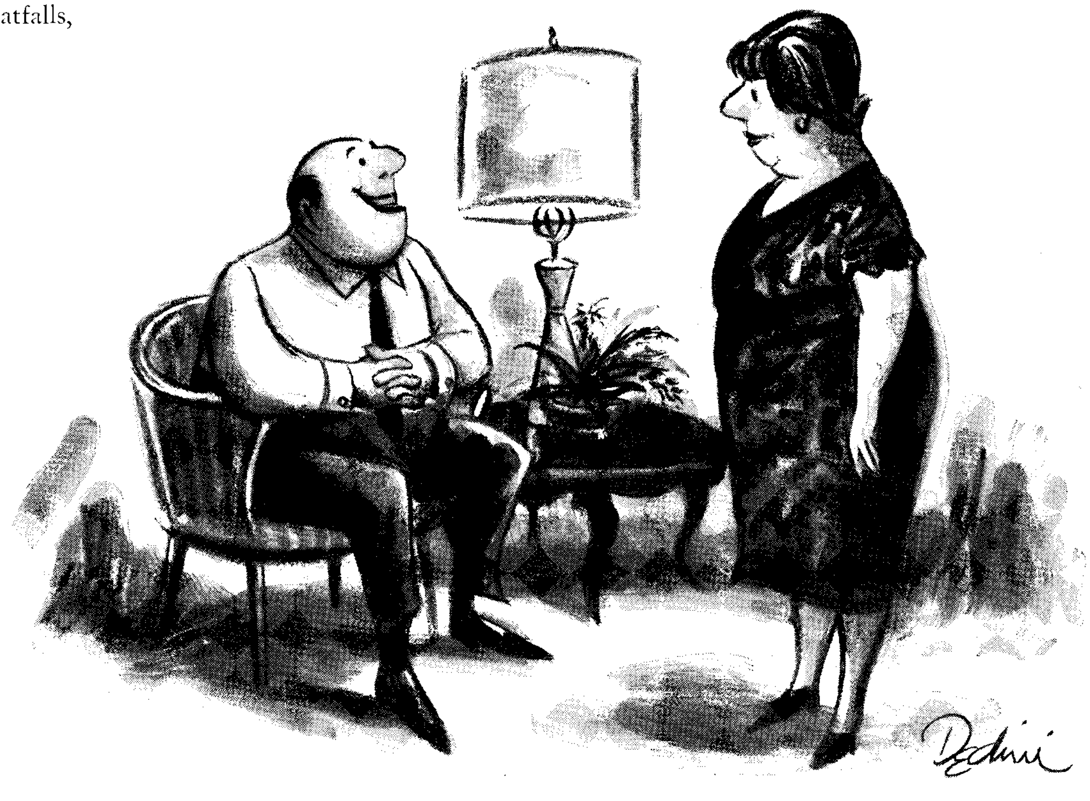
Mills looked pleased, and leaped to his feet. He crossed the room and pulled some papers from an open suitcase. "These are songs I know," he said happily, returning with a three-column list of song titles written in pencil in neat capital letters. "I know all the words, all the parts. I took a couple of weeks off last summer and went to Warwick, Rhode Island, where I have a big old house, and I dug up a lot of my old sheet music in a couple of trunks in the attic, and I wrote down the titles. There's over three hundred."

We looked at the list and asked him about some of the songs.

" 'I Found a Rose in the Devil's Garden'? Oh, a beautiful song," he said. He sang a few bars in a soft voice, with a little vibrato and a lot of feeling, and then he sat down and peered at the list. " 'When You Know You're Not Forgotten by the Girl You Can't Forget,' " he read. "Sobby kind of a thing." He sang a sample. It was.

We spotted "Take Your Girlie to the Movies (When You Can't Make Love at Home)," "Honolulu, America Loves You," "Everything Is Peaches Down in Georgia," "Yaddie Kaddie Kiddie Kaddie Koo," and "Tuck Me to Sleep in My Old 'Tucky Home," and Mills sang a little of each. "You had to learn the verse," he explained of "My Belgian Rose." "The whole thing told a story." Then he stood up and delivered a stylish and stimulating version of "Alexander's Band Is Back in Dixieland," pounding out the rhythm on the arm of our chair.

Sitting down again, he said, "As far back as I can remember, I sang. When I was ten years old, my sister would play the piano at a party, and I'd sing"—he switched to falsetto—" 'The starrr of lo-ove is bur-ning.' " He sat back and smiled. "We used to sing hymns every Sunday in our house, in Boston. My father—God rest his soul—was a giant of a man. Six feet six. Religious. I had one brother and six sisters. We had no steam heat, but we had a piano. Everybody in my family played piano—except me. Every Sunday, we'd sing the hymns. That's where I learned harmony—from the hymns." He



"Why am I so happy? I'll tell you why I'm so happy. I have many little capsules inside me, all timed to release their effects at varying intervals. Some go off in eight hours, some in twelve hours, and some in twenty-four hours."

paused. "Without this, I've got no life," he said. "If I've got nobody to sing with, I'd rather not do the show. It's the idea of harmony."

Mills took the list of song titles and put it back in the suitcase. "Here's some of the old skits I do," he said, bringing out another sheaf of papers. Some of the sheets bore a handsome engraving of a hotel identified as "The McKinley, Canton, Ohio." "Nobody knows who wrote these skits," he said. "Everybody changes them around. You learn by watching the others."

We looked at the first one. It began:

THE COMPROMISE.
Sets: In One: Street.
In Two: Interior Apt.
Comic, Straight, and 2 Women.
This is the story of the Straight who is fooling with other women and is caught on the street.

Mills glanced at it. "Still good," he said, and turned the page to "Pot O' Gold." "This is listening to the radio," he said. "O.K. domestic scene."

As we looked at the other skits, Mills jumped up and acted out fragments, playing all the parts, and commenting. "Good burlesque," he said about "Wise Child Court." He explained "Now We Collect" ("She's pregnant by the banker's son, and the father yells, 'Hey, Ma, now *we* collect!' That's the punch"), "The Music Lesson" ("It's a hokum scene. I keep hitting her with a yardstick. You have to see it played"), "Trying to Get Arrested" ("This is a very clean scene. Used to be spitting on the sidewalk, but I found it wasn't strong enough, so I started taking off my clothes"), "The Gladiators," "The Celery Scene," "Gaston the Lover" ("Real burlesque. I wear this hat"), "Antony and Cleopatra" ("Very hokey"), "Rendezvous," "Two Eggs," "Neighbors" ("Loud, and good punch"), "Four-Door Hotel," "The Shooting of Dan Magrew," and "Oh, Charlie" ("Very funny old hoke scene"). He stacked up the sheets, put them back in the suitcase, and closed it.

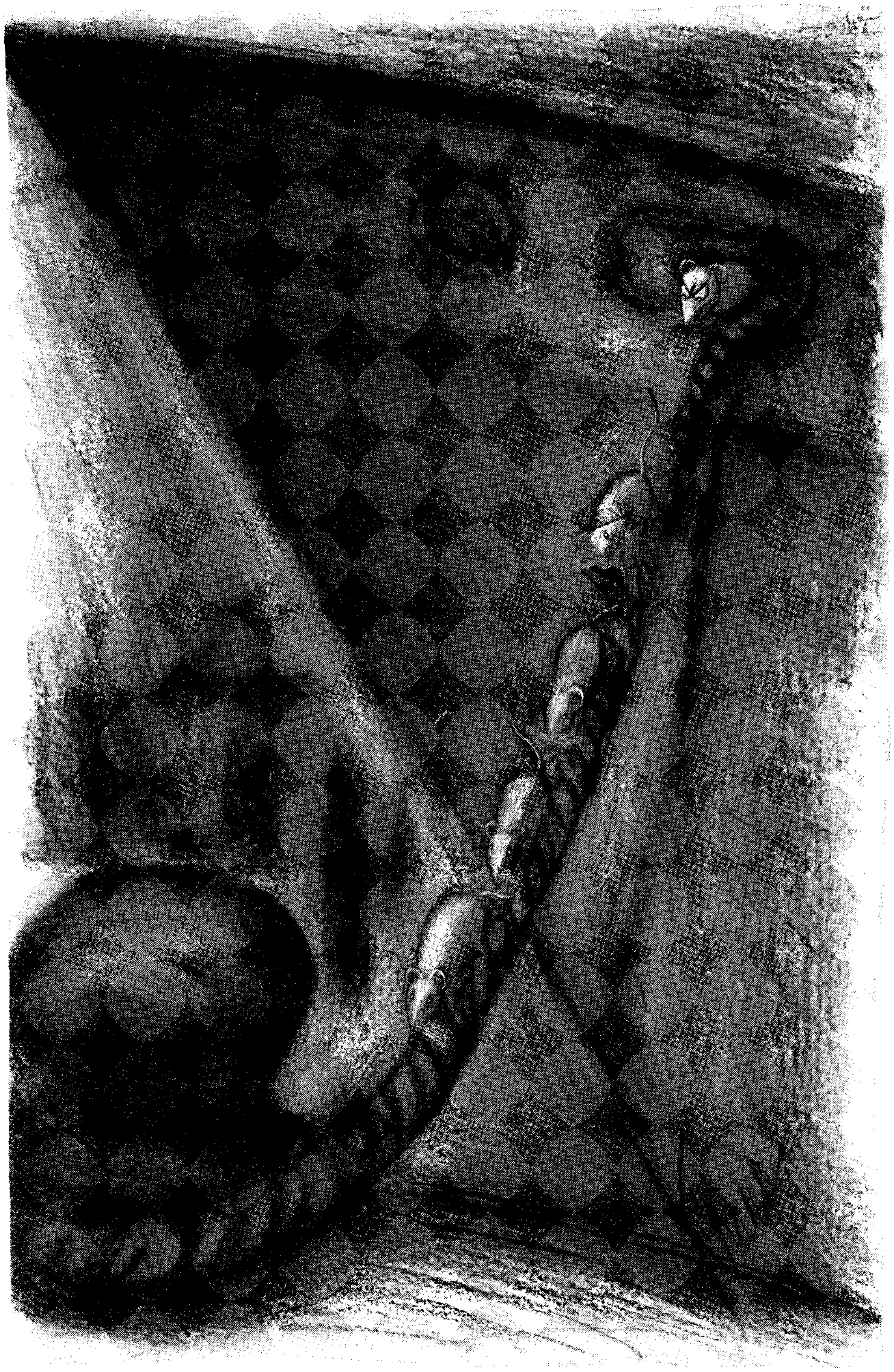
"I was born in Boston," Mills said. "121 M Street, in South Boston—October, 1895. Later on, Mayor Curley beautified that whole section. When I was a kid, we'd go down to City Point to hear the band concerts. You could stand there and see all the way down the bay. There was good fishing and clamming. We'd go out with a rake and shovel, get a bucket of clams, and make a chowder. My friends were older than I was, but they wanted me around because I could sing tenor. We had quartets." He paused. "I haven't played Boston in quite a while," he said reflectively, and continued, "I worked as a candy butcher at the Gaiety Theatre in Boston—it was a spoke of the Columbia Wheel—when I was fifteen. They gave you a military coat to wear—blue—and a wire basket to carry. No hat. I sold a box of nice peppermints for twenty-five cents, a box of Lowney's Chocolates for sixty cents—they were distributed by the Franco-Swiss Chocolate Company—and a popcorn bar that had five different flavors for ten cents. One section was strawberry, one section was molasses, and so on. You sold before the show and during intermission, but you weren't allowed to yell. I watched the shows and learned from the comedians. They had all kinds of dialecticians—Hebrew, German, Irish, rube, hayseed. No strippers. In those days, you couldn't say 'hell' or 'damn' in the theatre. No double meanings. And no writers. I was looking for show business in those days. I'd enter amateur nights around Boston, singing or doing comedy. You'd get paid fifty cents a night. If they didn't like you, they'd pull you off the stage with the hook, you know, and they had a wheelbarrow, too. Sometimes they'd hook you and then push you off in the wheelbarrow. When I was seventeen, I had to go to work. I got a job at the William Underwood meat-packing company, where my father worked, at 52 Fulton Street. They put me in the spice room. They gave me a scoop, and they'd point to the bins with the different spices and tell me 'So much of this' and 'So much of that,' and I'd mix them all up, dry. Then, later, we'd add the water. I worked in all the different parts of the factory—labelling, packing hams, soldering cans. I knew every move. When it came spring, I'd take my last week's pay and get on the train for Providence. It cost forty-five cents. Then I'd take the overnight boat to New York—the Joy Line or the Colonial—and when it got to New York I'd take a room on Eighth Avenue and I'd bum around until my funds were exhausted. I always went by myself. I've always been a loner. My first job on the stage was as a comedian with a musical tab show that toured New England. I went with different shows, and I usually got stranded in some town or other. To get on the train and go to the next town was the whole thing." Mills waved one hand and looked off into space. "Going . . . Going . . ."

After a few seconds of silence, Mills said, "When the war came, I was called up and went to Fort Devens. I became a bugler in Boston's own 301st Infantry. I took that because there was no fatigue connected. A bugler did no work. We had little cavalry 'C' bugles at first. I told them I could play, which I couldn't. But I learned. That's where I learned the guitar, too. The fellow in the next bunk was the company clerk, and he had a ukulele. I got married when I was in the Army. I was forty-seven years with my wife. She passed away two years ago. I was with one woman all my life. I have a daughter and four grandchildren. When the war was over, I had to take various jobs, because I had a wife to care for. I was a conductor on the Boston Elevated Street Railway for a while. Then a couple of fellows and I organized a trio; we called it the Castle Trio, and we came to New York to sell it. We played New York vaudeville houses and went on to New Orleans. Down there, we broke up the trio, and I started working as a comedian, and singing in quartets, on the Gus Sun Circuit, booked out of Springfield, Ohio. All the shows used to have quartets in those days. No more. It's four men, and who wants to look at four men? I went everywhere. There was the Joe Spiegelberg Circuit, out of Atlanta. You'd pick up Virginia and then work south to Florida. I went on the Ensley-Barbour Circuit out West, in Oklahoma and Texas, during the oil boom. My wife was with me; she sang and danced. I'd take her into the hotel and teach her the dance routines." Mills stood up and demonstrated the old steps. "I taught her the Off to Buffalo, the French Twist (went like this), the Rouge On (don't know what that meant, but that was the name of it), the American, the Back Waltz." He sat down, not a bit winded. "In Texas, in places like Bradley's Corners and New Town, we lived and worked in the same building—cantonment theatres, they were called—and there was no real town, just oil wells," he said. "We came back East. Worked in Detroit, then two seasons with Billy Gilbert on the Mutual Burlesque Circuit, out of New York. I joined the Columbia Wheel and worked with Lena Daley in 'Miss Tabasco.' Billy Minsky—God rest his soul—was one of my mentors. He hired me to work at the old Apollo Theatre, on a Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, in 1926, and then I went to another Minsky house, the National Winter Garden, down at Second Avenue and Houston Street. J. J. Shubert came down to look at me there and gave me a five-year contract. I worked for him in operettas. I did the German-dialect part in 'Three Little Girls.' I played all the burlesque houses on Forty-second Street. Later, when things got bad—after LaGuardia shut down burlesque—I used to play burlesque out of town. The Hirst Circuit—Boston and Montreal—and the Bryan Engle Circuit. During one of the lulls, I started working in night clubs. There aren't too many burlesque theatres left. Oh, there's a few. Cincinnati has a week. Chicago has a week." He thought for a moment. "Philadelphia has a week. Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Canton, Dayton. I was working in a night club when Miss Corio got in touch with me for this show. We're old friends. After we had opened it in a Boston night club, and while Miss Corio was making arrangements to bring the show to New York, I took a short engagement in Cleveland, working with a straight man called Conny Ryan. I got very ill one night—I got a bad heart attack. By then 'This Was Burlesque' was ready to move into New York, but Miss Corio waited till I was well. I enjoy the show. I enjoy my whole life in the theatre. Unless you have a soul for this business, you're not a true performer. Some people in our business say it's just words, but if you don't feel it, it's no good. You have to make it part of your being or you're a puppet. You've got to play it to the hilt. People can give you a gag, but . . ." He shrugged disdainfully, and stood up. "Every audience is a challenge. You find the first thing that hits, then you have to know how to keep it rolling, and you have to know when to stop. Things happen. You ad-lib. You bring it up, keep it revolving. You have to have the intuition. You have to feel everything, or else you're working cold."

Mills crossed the room and picked up a clock that was lying face down on a table. He looked at it, then put it back, face down. "That's the way it works, that one," he said. He indicated six or seven other clocks around the room. "I pick 'em up in second-hand stores," he said. "I collect hats and costumes in the second-hand stores, too. I've got maybe a hundred hats at home. I pick 'em up. I still pick 'em up."

We asked about a small green pin we had noticed him wearing on the lapel of his floor-length overcoat in the show.

He smiled. "Oh, that's a Girl Scout badge," he said happily. "I found it in an old store. I always wear it in a show. I've worn it for thirty years. On the bottom, it says, 'Brave Rifles.' " He sat down. "I have things the way they are," he went on thoughtfully, and after a moment he added, "I don't expect too much out of life these days—just keep clean, and work."



"I may be a rat, but I'm not a deserter!"

• •

1215 and All That

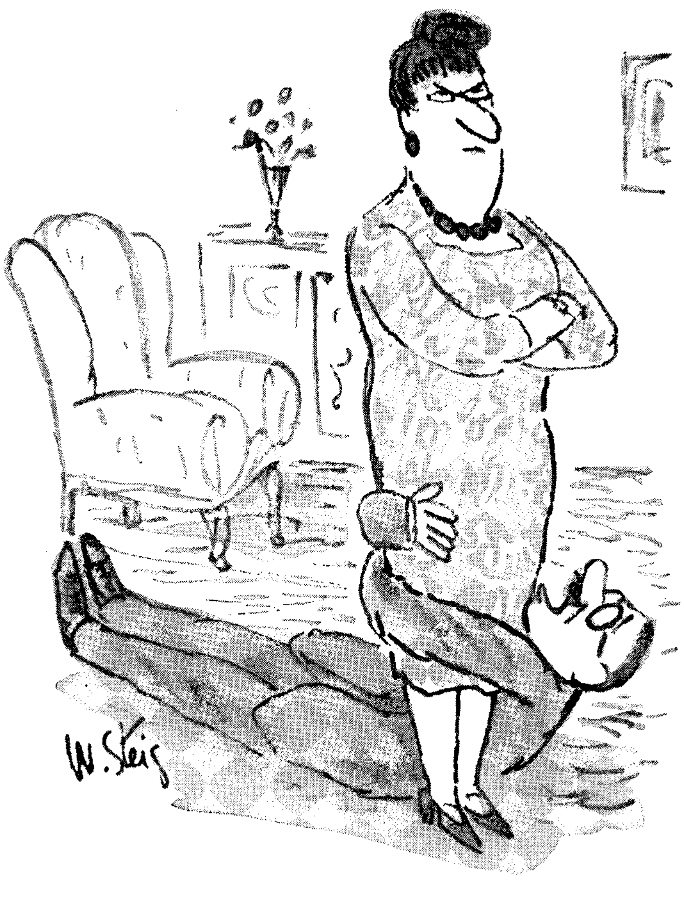
A FRIEND of ours, having heard a rumor that the Magna Carta would go on display at the Fair this season, called the Fair's information service to find out if there was any truth in the story. A tired voice countered his question with another: "What *kind* of a Magna Carta?"

BARNETT FRUMMER AND ROSALIE MONDLE MEET SUPERMAN: A LOVE STORY

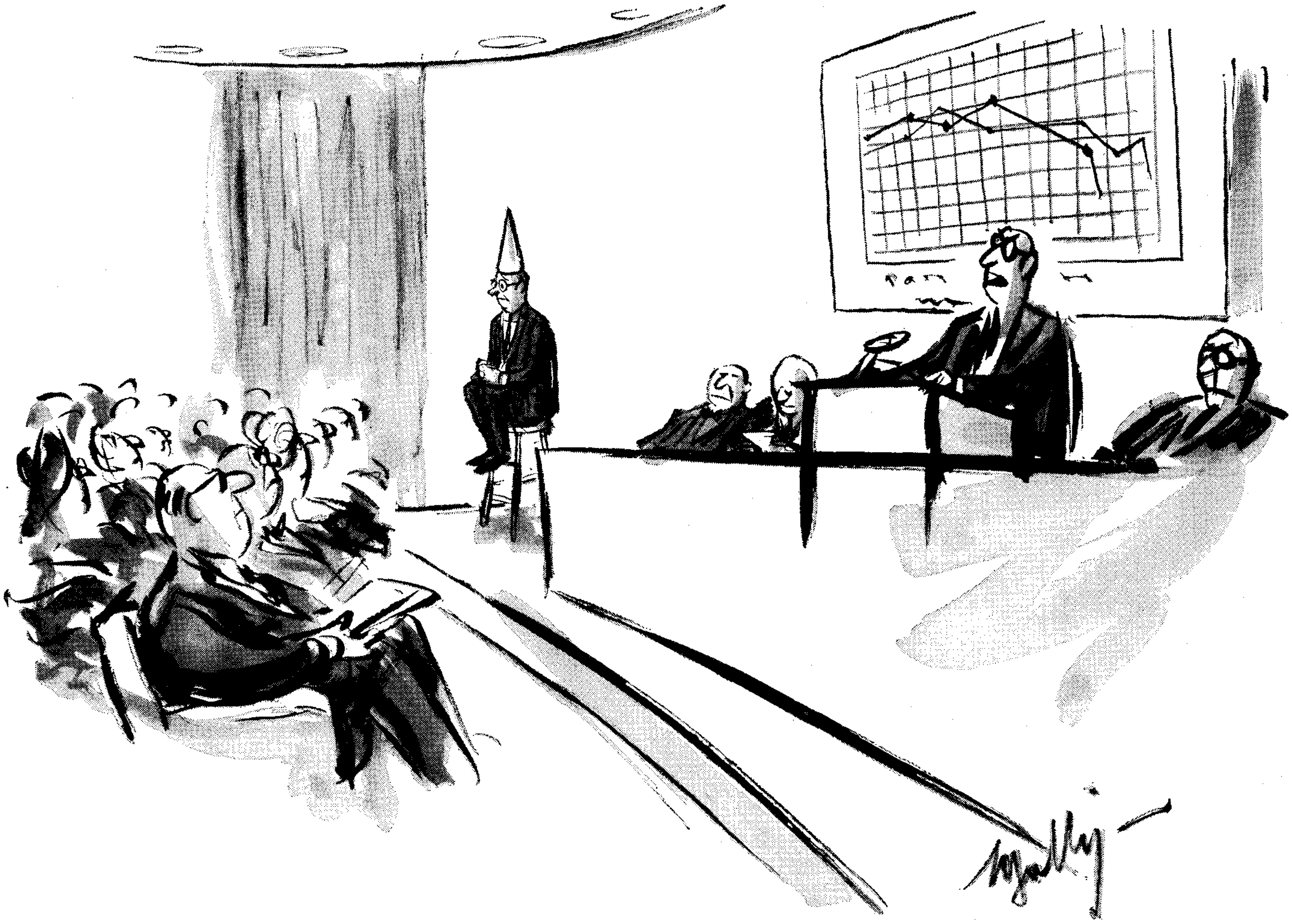
IN the late afternoon of a Sunday that had been painfully uneventful, Barnett Frummer happened upon the discovery that Ted Mack's "Original Amateur Hour" was Pop, and maybe even Camp. It came when he idly switched on the television set and saw two middle-aged ladies from Ohio, accompanied by a pianist, playing "Buckle Down, Winsocki" by pulling window shades up and down on portable window frames. He knew immediately that he might be looking at his breakthrough into tastemaking, which he had been dreaming about for two years, and he caught himself about to say "Eureka!" Instead, he said "Holy Moly." (He had once read in the *Wyoming Quarterly* that the reason Billy Batson took the time to say "Holy Moly" just before somebody tightened a gag on his mouth to prevent him from saying "Shazam!" and thus turning into Captain Marvel was that his mouth was open in surprise, allowing him freedom of aspiration but not of sibilance. Frummer, who had attended seminars on Billy Batson, had spotted the error immediately and had written the *Quarterly* a long letter explaining that although Billy said "Holy Moly" at other times, usually when he was dumfounded at the mores of the society around him, he never said anything except "Sha—" just before somebody tightened a gag on his mouth to prevent him from saying "Shazam!" Frummer had counted on the letter being his breakthrough, but the correspondence column in the *Wyoming Quarterly* that month had been taken up entirely by a young novelist's essay on Victor Mature, and his letter had never been printed.)

When Frummer's idea struck him, he immediately reached for the copies of *Partisan Review* and *Life* he kept by his bed for consultation. Formerly, Frummer had depended on *Partisan Review* alone for cultural guidance, but when its subject matter became the same as *Life's* he took out a subscription to *Life* so he could see pictures of what *Partisan Review* was talking about. He turned to the *Life* article by Rosalind Constable on Pop styles and read, ". . . anything can get into the Pop act, provided it is contemporary, corny, or known from coast to coast." Without reaching for his *TV Guide*—a magazine he still kept around despite its rejection of his panegyric on Tab Hunter, an essay that many of his friends had commented on very favorably—Frummer knew that Ted Mack's "Original Amateur Hour" was on network television, and had been for years. It was easily Pop, he thought, studying the *Life* definition, but was it Camp? *Partisan Review* fell open at his touch to the article on Camp by Susan Sontag—an article that had long ago been covered with Frummer's neat underlinings. "When something is just bad (rather than Camp)," he read, "it's often because it is too mediocre in its ambition. The artist hasn't attempted to do anything really outlandish. ('It's too much,' 'It's fantastic,' 'It's not to be believed' are standard phrases of camp enthusiasm.)"

The two ladies on television were still in the first chorus of "Buckle Down, Winsocki," but one of them had added a Venetian blind to her window shade, and she was opening and closing it rhythmically with one hand while continuing the up-and-down motion of the window shade with the other. "Gak!" Frummer thought, incidentally complimenting himself on remembering what Donald Duck always said in moments of stress. "What ambition! It's not to be believed!" He looked more closely at the two ladies, who were becoming breathless in their efforts to keep the window shades and Venetian blind moving in rhythm. Was he feeling the "sensibility of failed seriousness, of the theatricalization of experience" that Miss Sontag had written about? He thought he was. But was the performance really naïve enough to be "pure Camp"? He had always maintained that he did not need Susan Sontag to tell him that "the traditional means for going beyond straight seriousness—irony, satire—seem feeble today, inadequate to the culturally oversaturated medium in which contemporary sensibility is schooled." There was, however, nothing ironic about the two ladies on the "Original Amateur Hour." Their faces were grim, and they took great deep breaths as the tempo of the music increased and the window shades went up and down more rapidly. There was but one more test. The *Partisan Review* article had said that "homosexuals, by and large, constitute the vanguard—and the most articulate audience—of Camp." And, "the androgyne is certainly one of the great images of Camp sensibility." The two ladies were in the last chorus of "Buckle Down, Winsocki." Both of them were manipulating Venetian blinds as well as window shades now, and the slightly heavier one was standing on one foot, using the other foot to beat time against the window frame. They were going so fast that the pianist was having to skip notes to keep up. Frummer moved to within a few inches of the screen and studied the ladies. The more he stared at them, the more androgynous they became. "Holy Moly!" he said aloud. Then, despite his excitement, he remem-



"*Bella, forgive me. I didn't realize you were* *that* *sensitive.*"



“*And who, you may well ask, is responsible for such a gross miscalculation?*”

• •

bered Wonder Woman, and changed that to “Great Hera!”

FRUMMER’s previous efforts at becoming a tastemaker had resulted in unrelieved and humiliating failure. He had often considered giving it all up. Then he would look at the snapshot of Rosalie Mondle he kept on his desk—it was in the place of honor between the pictures of Gene Autry and Alice Faye he had picked up, with their frames, in an out-of-the-way dime store—and he would be seized with new determination. He had taken the picture of Rosalie secretly at a party. She had been talking about the works of Albert Payson Terhune with Bernie Mohler, and she had the confident look of someone who knew she was an acknowledged expert. Frummer’s efforts were all for Rosalie; she could respect only a tastemaker. Once, through a friend in the advertising business, Frummer had acquired a long-playing medley of advertising jingles written by Richard Adler, including three versions of the Newport cigarette song (jazz, cha-cha, and romantic), but everybody in the group had scorned it as completely unnaïve. Then he started collecting authorized histories of companies and organizations. One night, when the whole gang went to the roller derby, he casually complained of being tired because he had stayed up all night reading “Young Men Can Change the World: The Story of the Junior Chamber of Commerce,” a book he said he considered superior to “Of Lasting Interest: The Story of the Reader’s Digest,” and altogether just too much. But everybody seemed to think that “Young Men Can Change the World: The Story of the Junior Chamber of Commerce” was not too much at all. “Barely enough,” Rosalie said. Frummer could not seem to shake the reputation of being a follower. In fact, the reputation was so strong that he began to suspect that he himself was being tolerated by his more sophisticated friends as a piece of Pop. The suspicion grew in his mind when he thought he overheard Rosalie say, “That Barnett is just fantastic. He’s really not to be believed.” That night, Frummer almost gave up. Sleepless, he spent most of the night trying to lose himself in the mechanics of pasting clippings in the scrapbook he kept on former Queens of the Pulaski Day Parade. But it was no use; he was tortured by thoughts of failure. Morning, however, brought a new look at the picture of Rosalie, and new courage.

Frummer had first been introduced to Camp when he left a West Side party with someone he had taken to be a very good-looking young lady but who later turned out to be his old college roommate, Roland Magruder. Magruder had thrown off his disguise right away and taken Frummer to a nearby bar to lecture him on how to become a tastemaker. “I myself am so heterosexual it’s fantastic,” Magruder had said, “but if the ticket of admission to the avant-garde is an occasional pair of high heels, I say pay it.” Wanting very much to be part of the avant-garde himself, Frummer had eagerly accepted Magruder’s invitation to audit meetings of the Batman Club, an all-male organization that met in the back of a Scopitone bar every Wednesday to discuss what the *Wyoming Quarterly* had called “the nature of the relationship between partners in the various ‘partners against crime’ found in the comic books of the middle forties.”

Now, two years later, despite all

Roland Magruder's impeccable advice, Barnett Frummer was still considered a follower. And despite all Roland Magruder's learned counselling on how to capture the heart of Rosalie Mondle, Barnett Frummer seemed to mean nothing to her—or, if he had overheard her correctly, nothing more than a carton of Bit-O-Honeys or an old Betty Grable picture. But now, still looking at Ted Mack's "Original Amateur Hour," he felt the breakthrough was at hand. Excitedly, he dialled Roland Magruder's number.

When Magruder answered, Frummer sang, "Good morning, Breakfast Clubbers, good morning to ya. We got up bright and early just to howdy-do ya."

"Unbelievable," said Magruder, without much enthusiasm.

Magruder and Frummer had formerly greeted each other with headlines from the *National Enquirer*, but one evening Magruder had walked into a party and said, " 'Ripped His Heart Out; Stomped on It,' " and Frummer, realizing he could never hope to top that, had feverishly searched for new ways to open their conversations ever since.

"I think I've found the way to capture the heart of Rosalie Mondle," Frummer said.

Magruder sighed and said, "Kid, if it's Cassius Clay quotes again, take an old pal's advice and forget it before you embarrass yourself."

"It's Ted Mack's 'Original Amateur Hour,' " Frummer said.

"Not Major Bowes?" asked Magruder. He sounded surprised. "You must have heard Bernie read his ode to Major Bowes."

Frummer hesitated for only a moment. "There are no tapes of the old Bowes shows," he said, hoping this was true. "But Ted Mack is on every Sunday, and, let me tell you, it's just too much."

"I'm awfully busy now, Barnett," Magruder said. He was working on an anthology of *Daily News* editorials and often complained of the strain.

Frummer persisted, and Magruder finally listened to his explanation of why Ted Mack's "Original Amateur Hour" was certainly Pop and probably Camp.

"You know, you might have something there," Magruder finally said.

"Gloryosky, Zero!" whispered Frummer to himself. "I think this is it."

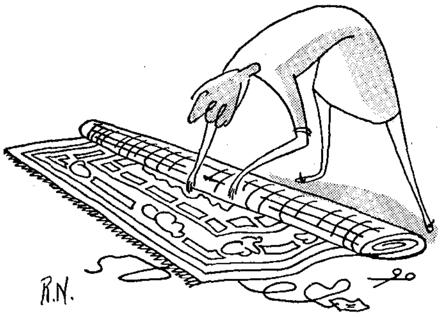
JUST HOLMES AND ME, AND MNEMOSYNE, MAKES THREE

Dearer to me than sauna baths, psychiatric treatment, or homeopathic or
allopathic medicament
Is the occasional realization that better men than I are not immune to
my own bothersome besetting predicament.
I am told that my character has as many layers as an onyx,
But one layer is missing, which is an aptitude for mnemonics.
Mnemosyne (daughter of Uranus and Gaea, date of birth destroyed in fire
at Alexandria) was the goddess of memory,
So she never said "Hail, Amory!" to a minor deity whose name was Emory.
She became a mother by Zeus—as what nubile Grecian female
didn't?—and the children turned out to be the Muses, who later on
helped Homer with their reminiscences of Achilles and Hector,
And she needed her innate talent, because she had nine names to remember
when she summoned them to their ambrosia and nectar.
Me, I can never be elected to any office, because I am nearsighted and
frequently forget the face of an acquaintance, and, worse, I
invariably forget the name,
So I am solaced by the discovery that my lifelong hero Mr. Sherlock
Holmes was once the same.
In "The Adventure of the Speckled Band" ("The Complete Sherlock
Holmes," Doubleday, 1953), the proposed victim of a fiendish plot
introduces herself on page 294 as Miss Helen Stoner, stepdaughter
of Dr. Grimesby Roylott, of Stoke Moran,
An unpleasant man,
Yet on page 299 Holmes says to her, "Miss Roylott . . . you are screening
your step-father," a slip that she left uncorrected, either through
tact or because her mind was upon her approaching wedding,
For she had recently become betrothed to Mr. Percy Armitage, second son
of Mr. Armitage, of Crane Water, near Reading.
Well, whatever caused Holmes' error and Miss Stoner's overlooking it,
I have this reflection to cheer me as I step from the mounting
block to the saddle of my high-wheeled bike:
Great minds forget alike.

—OGDEN NASH

* * *

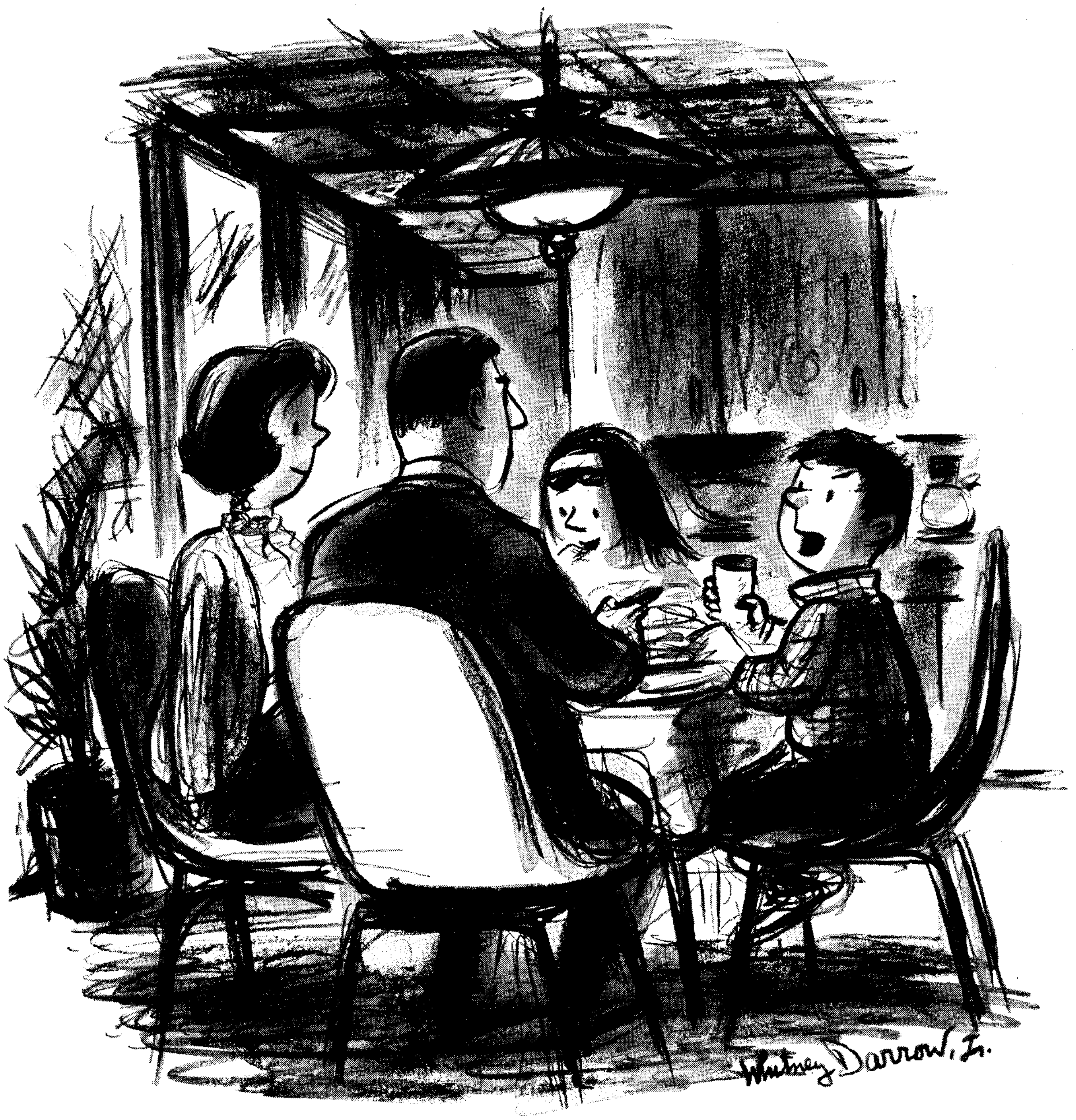
FRUMMER planned the campaign carefully. He spent three weeks cultivating an acquaintance who worked for a film magazine and could arrange with the network to show him all the old Ted Mack video tapes. When this had been set up, he spent days in the viewing room, patiently studying tap-dancers, saw-players, head-thumpers, and imitators of animals. He perfected his own imitation of Ted Mack and practiced night after night with his tape recorder until the voice that said "Round and round it goes and where it stops nobody knows" immediately conjured up a vision of Ted Mack smiling affably beside the Wheel of Fortune. He carefully picked his evening. The entire crowd was going to Roseland Dance City Sunday night and then to the home of Bernie Mohler to hear Randy Michaelson do his imitation of the Pete Smith Specialties. After half an hour of drinking Manischewitz Chablis at Mohler's, Frummer thought he had worked up enough courage to approach Rosalie. She was, as usual, paying no attention to him, but Roland Magruder, by prearranged plan, had detached her from the rest of the group and they were alone in a corner, chatting about Busby Berkeley's finale for "Gold Diggers of 1933."



"Hello, Barnett," said Rosalie, when he walked over to join them. She had the mocking half smile that Roland Magruder had once compared to the look on Clark Kent's face when Lois Lane talked about the virility of Superman but that Barnett Frummer had always found merely terrifying.

"Are you going to the Dick Tracy serial at the Modern Museum next Sunday?" Magruder asked Frummer, according to plan. "I hear Pruneface gets his in this one."

"I always stay home on Sundays to


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Dad, you can't expect to pick up the basics of the new math in a simple dinner-table conversation."

• •

watch Ted Mack's 'Original Amateur Hour,' " Frummer replied, trying to sound casual.

"To watch *who?*" asked Rosalie.

"Ted Mack," said Frummer. "He's fantastic."

"That does sound kind of incredible," said Rosalie. She seemed to be showing some interest.

"I happened to see a couple of ladies playing 'Buckle Down, Winsocki' on window shades on the show the other day," Frummer went on. "Also on Venetian blinds. They were androgynous as hell."

"Too much," Rosalie said.

"It's fantastically naïve," said Frummer. "Very pure, really."

"I don't think what happened today is anything to joke about, Barnett," said Magruder, suddenly becoming very stern.

"What do you mean, 'what happened today'?" asked Frummer. He was puzzled; there had been nothing at all in the plan about this.

"You mean you didn't see this afternoon's show?" said Magruder, who had not seen Ted Mack's "Original Amateur Hour" that afternoon or any other afternoon.

"As a matter of fact, I missed it today," said Frummer. Magruder had been kind enough to tip him off to a hearing of old "Lorenzo Jones" tapes being held at the Ninety-second Street Y that afternoon, and Frummer had decided that the thoroughness of his previous research permitted him to miss the final program before the confrontation with Rosalie.

"I was shocked," Magruder said, looking at him unwaveringly. "Mack announced today that from now on he'll give a special prize every week for the act that gets the least votes compared to the amount of equipment used."

"The *least* votes!" Frummer exclaimed.

"It will go to the act that finishes last when you divide the number of votes by the pounds of paraphernalia, not counting tap shoes," said Magruder. "He's calling it something like a 'Failed Seriousness Quotient.' "

"*Ted Mack* is doing this?"

"I think this kind of thing could spread until nothing in the culture has any value anymore," said Magruder. "Don't you think so, Barnett?"

"Yeah, it could spread," Frummer mumbled, walking toward the kitchen. As he reached the wine, he could hear Rosalie say, "Isn't Barnett just too much?"

"Not to be believed," said Magruder as he took her arm and guided her toward the door of Bernie Mohler's apartment. On their way through the hall, she looked up at him admiringly, and he smiled and sang her the opening song from Don McNeill's "Breakfast Club."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

Merida was one of the cities visited by Mr. and Mrs. Wallace A. Rogers, 1212 11th Ave. N., on their recent 18-day trip through several Central American countries. They made the trip primarily to visit their son, Wallace, Jr., who is spending two months in Central America. . . .

"Here is a country discovered shortly after Columbus arrived at Plymouth Rock, and the city still doesn't have city water," Rogers exclaimed.—*Fort Dodge (Iowa) Messenger.*

Ah, but it has such splendid visitors!

THE EVENING OF THE HOLIDAY

I

"CLAUDIO," Gabriella said to her brother, "you must show them the fountain."

"All in good time, my dear," he replied irritably. "Let's have our tea in peace."

They were not really having tea; the word referred only to the hour. Italians are not good at entertaining in their houses in the late afternoon. It is precisely the time when they would normally be rousing themselves from the siesta and looking forward to the evening in the café. Also, they don't quite know what to serve; tea, if done properly, should be an ambitious affair with cakes and scones, which they would not dream of providing, and they have never pretended to be sherry drinkers, which would be the convenient way out. So one is likely to be confronted, as on this afternoon, with half a bottle of sweet vermouth and a plateful of stale macaroons.

Claudio had grown up in Sicily, where no entertaining is ever done in the summer afternoons, where there is a solitary, almost therapeutic drinking of lemonade or almond milk in darkened rooms before the sun goes down. He regarded the afternoon as something to be slept through. Here in the north, however, shops and businesses reopened early, at four o'clock. He was an architect and his work was not much affected by the summer exodus; on any other day he would have evaded the tea party by returning to his office in the town. But today there was a religious holiday, the feast of Corpus Domini, and here he was pinned to a sofa among the women and the aged, like someone left behind during a war.

He had been staying here in his sister's house since the early spring. The reason he gave for this arrangement, to others and sometimes to himself, was the proximity of the house to the town—his own villa was well out in the countryside—and the company it gave his sister. However, as he had travelled back and forth to his villa for years without mentioning the inconvenience, and as his attitude toward his sister left something to be desired in the way of companionship, it was generally assumed that he found his deserted house intolerable since his wife had left him. In the town it was felt to be a great pity that such a beautiful house should stand empty—but for years the *architetto* and his wife had been . . . (here a gesture of two hands going in completely opposite directions). Now she had actually left him and gone to her family's house at the sea (another gesture here, signifying money on all sides), and taken the children. Ah, the poor *architetto* (and now a sign to the effect that money wasn't everything), he missed his children, and *that* was why he had moved in with his sister.

The mention of tea brought the contents of the tray to Claudio's attention. He looked down with distaste and saw that the maid had laid the tray, unsuitably, with heavy linen napkins and, uselessly, with slightly tarnished cake forks. "Look at the way she's set the tray," he grumbled in front of the visitors. "Anyone would think we were a lot of bourgeois Neapolitans."

His sister, who was rather afraid of him, was unable to pass this off as another woman might have done with a little good-natured clucking. She looked anxiously at the tray, then apologetically back at him. Her delicate expression of long-suffering lengthened. The guests—an old painter and his wife, and the young woman they had brought with them—stared discreetly into the air above the tea table.

"Our wine," Claudio burst out. "You'd prefer our wine." The wine, which was from his own land, was one of the best in the district.

But no, no—at once they began to protest, if not in so many words, that vermouth and stale macaroons more than met their needs. Only the foreign woman finally understood and asked him for a glass of wine, and he got up to fetch it. He brought it back and took his place again beside her on the sofa. (His sister had in fact asked him to sit next to the old man, the painter Giovanetti, whom he had known all his life but now rarely saw, but he had managed to change places by getting up to help when the tray was brought in—an intervention that earned him a look of mild surprise from the maid.) Now Gabriella was chatting with the old couple. They were visiting the town for two or three days from their home at Lucca.

"Watch it! The cooler's bugged."

Old Giovanetti, sitting upright in a plush armchair, clasped both hands over the knob of a black walking stick that was planted between his feet. In this attitude he was like an old crusader, his noble face and long, lean body and his stillness conveying some figure on a perpendicular tomb. He was almost eighty—many years older than Renata, his wife—and he put at a disadvantage the rest of the company, who could never hope to survive so well. Renata

"*Be happy for the reservoirs.*"

and Gabriella were both a little voluble, a little heavy, a little too handsomely dressed—in silk dresses with matching jackets—for the warm spring afternoon. They were well-educated, pious women, and much of their conversation was taken up with illustrating the fundamental worth of human nature—a quality not always susceptible of illustration and, when illustrated, not always interesting. For all their chatter, they exuded less vitality than the old man sitting silent between them.

Claudio himself, in his forties, already had rather more flesh and slightly less hair than the old man and, although conventionally handsome, he lacked any particular physical distinction. This afternoon, for the first time, he had become aware of that discrepancy; it was one reason he had changed places.

And the woman on the sofa, to whom he now handed a too full glass of wine—Claudio shrugged in his mind: she was nothing extraordinary either. It seemed that she had known the Giovanettis years ago in Lucca, and Claudio had met her yesterday when he called at their hotel in the town. She herself was spending some weeks here, she said, staying at the hotel. She had relatives in this area whom she visited from time to time—and he had been surprised, when he asked the name of these relatives, to discover that he knew her aunt, a Signora Brandi, a woman now grown old, a widow, well known to him and famous in that countryside for her beauty and character. He was afraid he had looked rather *too* surprised—there was so little resemblance. Then, too, the discovery that she was half Italian had come just as he was deciding that she was the archetypal Englishwoman. No, she was nothing special; only, she had those startling green eyes that were rare in this country. Otherwise, a fair head, a thin neck, and attenuated arms that today were covered almost to the wrist by the cuffed sleeves of the dress she wore. The dress, patterned with narrow mauve and white stripes, had a high collar, too, but yesterday he had noticed the shape of her shoulders and the prominent bones below her throat. As she set her glass on the table, a fine gold bracelet slipped out of her sleeve and along her wrist.

"What is the fountain?" she suddenly asked Claudio.

He said, "It's down in the garden, behind the house. Oh—an old thing, you know, marble, rather decrepit. But it's nicely placed, and has been attributed to a design of Pisano. Not that that means anything," he added hastily. "It's only conjecture, and would hardly affect the thing's appearance if it were proved." He took out his handkerchief and dried the table, which was splashed with the overflow of wine. "Certainly it wasn't executed by Pisano. It may be even older."

"Perhaps we can see it later," she said.

She was called Sophie. He had not understood her Christian name when they first said it to him, but as they were all going out of the hotel together yesterday there was a message for her at the desk, and he had seen her name written on the outer fold of the paper. "Signorina," he began now, so that she would not find the rest of the remark too familiar, "you have a Greek name."

"How nice to think of it that way," she said, smiling at him.

"Have you been in Greece?"

"Never. When I get away, I come to Italy."

"How did you know the Giovanettis?"

"I was at college in Florence," she explained, "with their daughter Sibilla."

"Ah yes, Sibilla," he said.

"She married a Dutchman at the United Nations—I suppose you know. They went to live in Africa."

"Yes," he said. "In Mogadiscio." It happened that he had at one time been rather in love with this same Sibilla, and was both pleased and sorry to be reminded of her now. They had carried on a long flirtation, quite unsuspected by his wife; after Sibilla's marriage they kept vaguely in touch. And when she went to Mogadiscio he sent her letters, to which she never replied; he wondered if she had even received them. (These letters had, in fact, reached Sibilla and greatly amused her, bored as she was on that splendid, lonely coast of East Africa. She had written a long and indiscreet reply, which the Somali houseboy had thrown away instead of posting, having first removed the stamps for resale.) The thought of Sibilla—who was more beautiful than this girl—and of his unanswered letters now began to depress Claudio. In his heart he sighed. What an afternoon.

"What were you studying in Florence?" he asked, making an effort. As though, he said to himself, they ever study anything but History of Art.

"Oh—" She laughed. "I had great pretensions. I wrote a paper on Anita Garibaldi."

At this moment Gabriella asked him to refill their glasses, and he got up again and went around the low table with the bottle in his hand. When he came back, this Sophie was ready to talk of something else, but he sat down and said after a pause, "Anita Garibaldi, then. I have a little association with Anita Garibaldi."

Now he was leaning forward, his right elbow on his knee, and she leaned back to put more distance between them.

"There's a monument in Rome," he went on, "to Anita Garibaldi."

"On the Janiculum."

"You know it, of course. Well, in 1932 or 3, it must have been—at any rate while I was at the University—they were raising money in Rome to erect that monument. I was a penniless student, and I knew almost nothing about Anita Garibaldi. But it was at a time when there was precious little one could subscribe to, in any sense, and I subscribed to that."

"How nice," she said, lifting her head. I was one year old, she thought.

"I suppose it appealed to my romantic notions," he said, and smiled. "Though I would hate to tell you how little I gave. And it would sound even worse to you," he added, "when one considers what has happened to the lira since then." However, he was delighted. The distant gesture on behalf of the monument, which he had as good as forgotten, now quite seemed to him to have been ordained for this moment. The sagging room righted itself before his eyes. He felt that, if he particularly wanted to, he could make a conquest of this Sophie. The word "conquest" had reality to him—he liked the idea of supremacy and believed, correctly, that women want to be prevailed upon; since he was not puritanical, this conquest did not necessarily imply to him one single carnal objective. "Garibaldi's wife, however, is an unusual instance," he continued. "In Italy, women are not encouraged to be so enterprising. In England, of course, there have been so many heroic women." He groped for a name or two. "Boadicea, and . . ." Eighteen centuries slipped through his grasp. "Florence Nightingale. We Latins are rather to be criticized on that account—we tend to keep women inside the house." And an excellent thing too, he added to himself.

THE BELLS AT DENTON

The bells at Denton sang all afternoon.
The land lay gray beneath a cold green rain.
The barren fingers of the black-faced elms
like three-tined forks held up the English sky.
There is a music in the earth that names
intone at harvesting, and rhythm lies
in long brown shining furrows in the spring.
When Romans saw the Druids in a ring
dancing on the purple moors, they made
the pagans give that magic up which played
a mockery on priestly things. But now
the land has won again: it dies and grows
despite the bells, without a song of change
impinging on a Sunday afternoon
like mist upon the pastures of a grange.
What would the Angel of the Lord announce
to shepherds here who let their Latin go
but kept the land? Blue-water men that once
sprang from this soil are old and full of spite.
Nodding by the fire in the grate,
they wail about dead queens, dark colonies,
and foreign subterfuge on seven seas.
Not one man knows his time. Who rings the bell?
When gale winds strike the island, who will sing
of man's indomitable heart and tell
the secret pacing in the Celtic rings?
The land will yield its living like a song,
but in the silent stones the bells ring on.

—F. D. Reeve

• •

"It's probably a very good thing," she said.

But even this remark struck him as a bit too opinionated for his taste. He hoped she wasn't going to be full of theories. Even the term "a clever woman" was disagreeable to him; one said "a clever man" in commendation, but "a clever woman" had a pejorative sound to it. "Oh, surely not," he said perversely. "Women should want to be independent."

But she laughed and turned away, taking up her glass. "I thought you said you were a romantic."

"Oh," he cried, pleased with her again. "Is this to be one of those days when everything you say is remembered and used against you?"

"One of those days?" She looked back at him over the glass, still smiling.

"I shouldn't have thought there was any other kind of day."

"In any case, I intended that against myself, you know. I meant to say that I was sentimental."

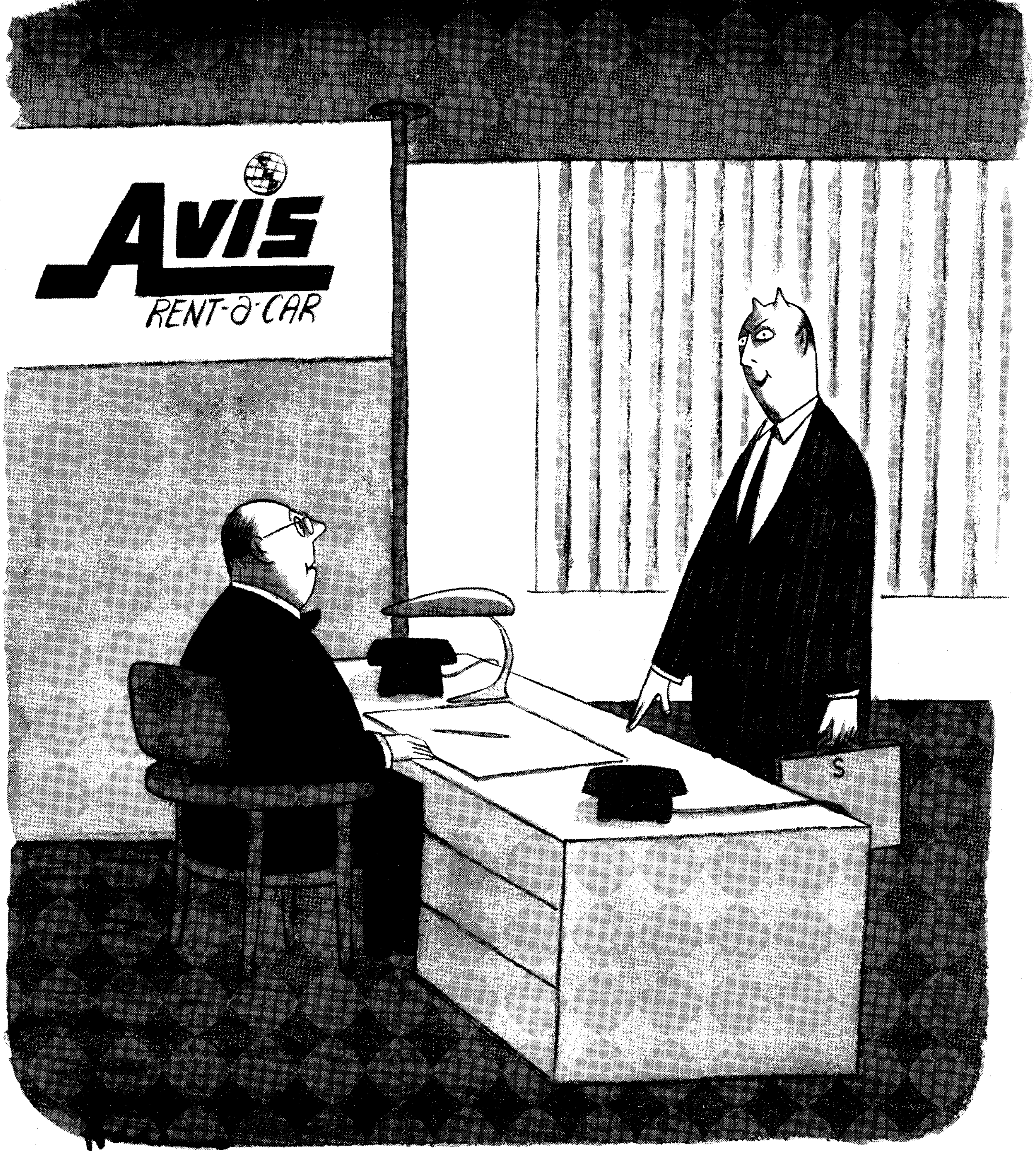
"It didn't sound as if you thought it such a fault," she said.

"Ah no, you're right. We only accuse ourselves of what we really find rather attractive—or at least bearable. We say, 'I'm too easygoing,' or too softhearted, or too honest, or too ingenuous." He made a dismissing gesture with his right hand, and then extended it toward her. "Isn't that so, Signorina? Isn't it so?"

"Claudio," Gabriella called from the other side of the table. He felt, as it were, apprehended—leaning toward this Sophie, appealing to her with his open hand. "Claudio, Renata says they have to go soon. Do take them into the garden first. Do walk down to the fountain with them."

"Is it far?" the old painter interrupted, looking at his wife. "I don't remember."

Claudio swung round on the sofa, almost turning his back on the Sophie woman, publicly repudiating her soft, concentrating look, which was still arranged for his benefit, he felt. "Not far. Not far at all. Down the steps—don't you remember? On the other side of



"How would you like to be No. 1?"

• •

the arbor. It'll do you good. Why," he went on with an over-hearty diplomacy, "if you begin to make excuses, I'll think you want to stay here alone with Gabriella."

They all smiled indulgently, as if the old man were a child. He looked at them aloofly. His wife, bending toward him, said archly, "Are you going to let that pass?"

He shrugged, as if he hadn't understood. "Let it pass? Let what pass? All my life people have been trying to whip me into indignation. Women are especially bad that way. 'You aren't going to let this pass,' 'You can't let that pass'—when all I *want* is to let it pass." He leaned forward in his seat, his hands clasping the silver knob of his stick. "To let everything pass."

There was an uneasy silence. "If it's really too far for him—" Claudio began, and paused.

"Not a bit of it," said Renata cheer-

"You can't stop progress."

fully. "He's the youngest of all of us."

"When people say that," the old man told her, "I know I must really be on my last legs." He got up without any suggestion of effort and stood leaning on his stick while the others gathered themselves together.

Renata took Gabriella by the arm. "Aren't you coming?"

"I? Oh, I don't do those steps more often than I can help," she said. "Not with my arthritis."

How long women take to leave a room, Claudio thought. They can't simply get up and walk out—all this shambling and turning back on their tracks, chattering and embracing, talking of their arthritis. His heart sank again. We are all thickened with middle age, he thought. We have let everything pass.

They came at last through double doors onto a sunlit terrace, a flagged square at the top of the steep flight of steps. There was more talk with Gabriella, who now would not come out in the sun. The old man looked at the steps and shook his head. "I don't remember any of this," he said.

"Nothing is new," Claudio said—not humorously, although the stairs and the urns decorating the stone railing were flaked and dinted with great age, and the flagstones yellowed with a fine sheen of moss. "You needn't come back up the steps, of course. We can walk out to the car through the garden."

"Ercole, do come," said Renata, suddenly pleading, as if the short walk were of real significance. "Ercole."

He shook his head again. "It's too much for me," he said, falling back on his age, falling in with them at last. "I'm past it."

"Then don't let's bother at all," Sophie suggested.

"No, no," Renata exclaimed, again with disproportionate insistence. "Of course you must see the fountain. I've seen it many times; I'll stay up here with Ercole."

"Perhaps another time," Sophie said.

"My dear, what other time?"

"Yes, go," the old man said to Sophie. "You must go. I've seen it, but so long ago—when you come back you must tell me about it. Refresh my memory."

What a fuss, Claudio thought again. He moved aside to give Sophie the advantage of the stone banister, and they left the old couple standing at the top of the steps.

IN the garden it was warm, and utterly still. "It's just as well he didn't come," Sophie remarked as they walked slowly along a flagged path. "He has got old all at once."

"No one gets old all at once. . . . No, of course, I understand you—he's suddenly very frail."

"The first time I visited them in Lucca," said Sophie, brushing aside long fronds of the shrubbery, "he took me walking on the walls." She looked at Claudio. "Imagine—we must have walked right around the walls. It's sad to see him like this."

"Though he still has his wonderful face," Claudio said. "In his day, you know, he was very—" He paused. "Very charming to women."

"He is still that," she said, turning the remark aside.

"Well yes. But I mean—"

She said, "All Italians are charming to women."

She said this for politeness, but he thought that perhaps she intended it as a snub, guessing that his life had been rather eventful. He said, "You mustn't judge that too harshly. You mustn't think it as indiscriminate as it sometimes seems." She said nothing, knowing that he was accounting for himself, and he went on, "Petrarch says" (for he often relied on Petrarch to excuse or even ennoble his own behavior for him) "it's something to this effect: 'Thus, alas, I wander seeking your longed-for self in others.' That, of course, is putting it at its best." He did not know, as he said this, whether he intended Petrarch's little apology as a compliment or an explanation—to her, to his wife, even to Sibilla in her solitary splendor on the coast of Somalia.

They passed on through an arbor draped with a great arch of wisteria, and out once more into the sun. They walked along more slowly still—almost idly, as if they had forgotten the fountain and had no destination.

They came upon it suddenly. It was, as he had said, well placed, in a slightly sunken paved court enclosed by flowering shrubs. The little court was circular, and so were the two or three graded steps that formed the base of the fountain. The fountain itself was very old—of thick marble, veined and discolored. On the shaft and at either side of the basin there were sculptured figures, loosely draped and apparently playing on instruments, from which all detail had been effaced. The bowl of the fountain was shallow and smooth and beautifully whitened, and brimmed with water that poured steadily into it through apertures beneath the figures grouped on either side.

Sophie walked up to the fountain without speaking, and Claudio came and stood beside her. The basin was at the height of her elbow, and she extended her hand over the rounded edge to dip it in the water, splashing the surrounding marble with ripples of green light.

"How lovely," she exclaimed. "Oh, how lovely."

"Yes, it has its quality," he agreed. Once again, her sudden interest eased his afternoon. "It has something of its own."

"Has it always been here?" she asked, still moving her hand in the water, vaguely disrupting the light rushing sound.

He smiled, because she seemed to refer to the beginning of the world. "Oh yes," he said, "I suppose it was in this spot from the beginning. The house in its present form is much later, of course."

Now there was a faint tinkling, and the little gold bracelet she wore slipped over her hand and into the shallow basin of the fountain. It lay there against the worn stone, wavering at them through the water.

"I'll get it for you," said Claudio.

"No, no." She made a motion of putting back his outstretched arm. "You have your jacket. I can do it more easily."

She leaned on the whitened outer curve of the fountain, smiling, a little dazzled by the hot sun. She unbuttoned her right cuff and rolled up her sleeve. When her arm was bare above the elbow, she bent over the marble rim and, plunging her hand through the water, brought out the bracelet.

He thought, as he watched her, that in all his life he had never seen a more seductive thing than the unconsidered gesture with which she folded back her sleeve. He saw the brown outer skin of her arm and, as she turned her wrist, the surprising vulnerable white of the inward flesh and the veined curve inside the elbow. Her reaching hand and forearm, momentarily transfigured by water, had seemed in that instant to form part of the design—the design attributed to Pisano but probably even older. These simple actions moved him by their involuntary power, their immense accomplishment. He was amazed, too, by the magnitude of his own response, which gave her gesture real consequence. Although he had spoken to her earlier of his romantic temperament, he was as shaken by this pang of authentic sentiment as if he had encountered a friend totally unchanged after an absence of twenty years.

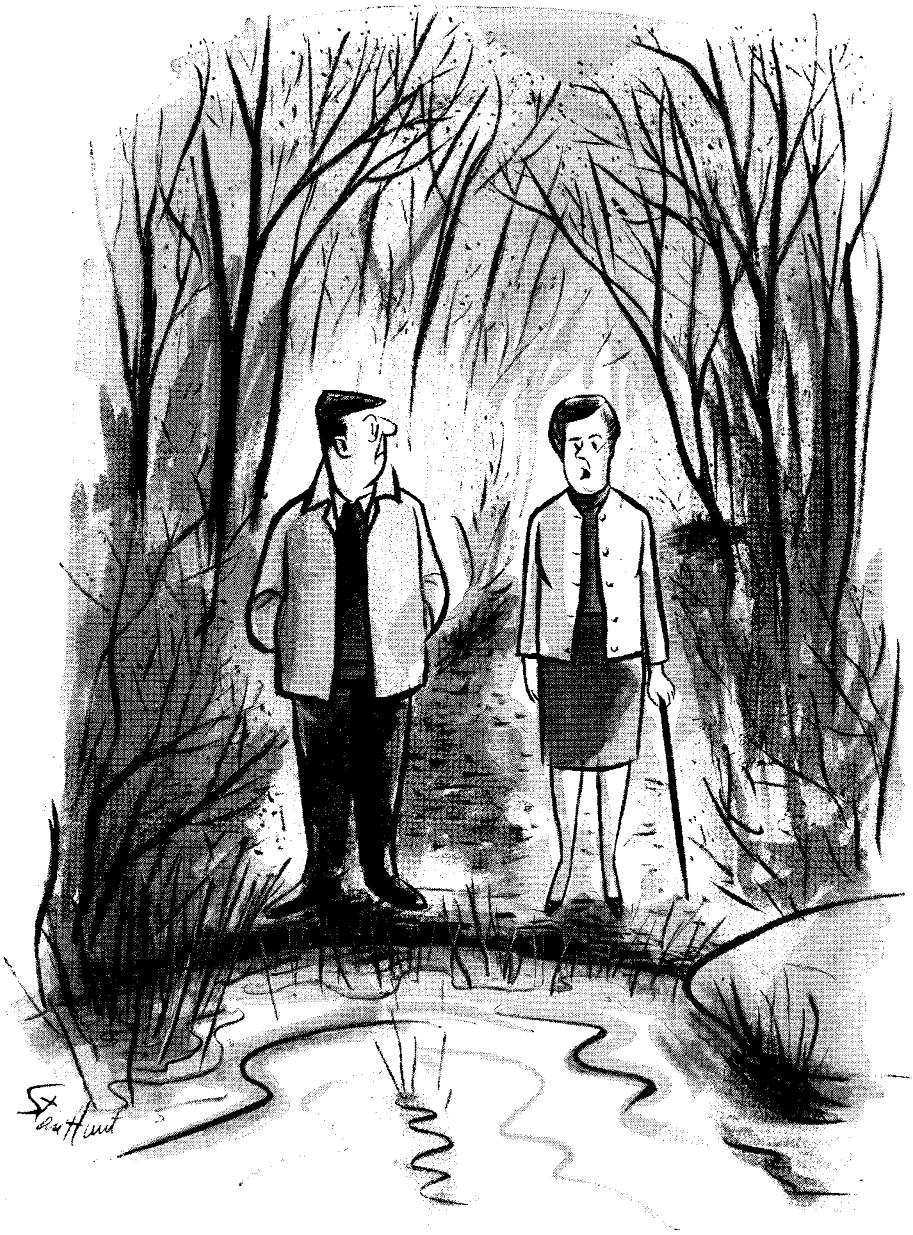
He recalled how the old man had said to her, at the top of the steps, "Refresh my memory."

Holding the wet bracelet, she laughed and looked up at him. The swath of the starched sleeve, standing out from her upper arm, was darkened where it had touched the water. "How silly," she said. "I must have it made tighter—have one of the links removed."

When he said nothing, she balanced her bare elbow on the stone once more, and glanced away. The bracelet was dangling now so loosely from her fingers that it was in danger of falling in again. He reached out and took hold of her arm as if to remove it from the water's edge. She let it rest briefly in his hand. She did not look at him or acknowledge his vision, but for a moment stood still in the sun with her head bowed and her arm, glistening with water, in his grasp, and the little gold chain in her hand.

II

"WHY are you sitting out here in the dark?" he demanded, coming down the few steps from Signora Brandi's villa and crossing the garden



"They may be peep-peep-peeping now, but later on they'll be kerump-kerump-kerumping."

by one of its narrow pebbled paths.

"Oh Claudio," said Luisa Brandi. She stretched out her right hand as he came up and, as he kissed it, included her companion in the greeting with a gesture of her left. "I think you've met Sophie. At a tea party, she told me." She paused while he took the more hesitantly extended hand of her niece. "Pull up that chair and join us. We're waiting for the nightingale." He scraped the cane chair across the stones. "Sophie is complaining of the insects, but for my part I like to come out here in the evening. You can hear crickets and owls, and, at this time of year, the nightingale. And in any case," she added, answering him at last, "it isn't dark."

It was true; the garden was still colored with dying light and the surrounding hills retained their features. The side of the villa, terraced onto the hillside and notched with great dark windows, gleamed above them, itself overhung at the hill's crest by a wood. Briefly extinguished by the house, the wood surged forth again below this formal garden—if formal it could be called with the grass eight inches high and the colored creepers encircling the arms and legs of the mock-pagan statues and, even more improbably, twined about a row of large cactus. The shaped garden beds, however, were disarmingly well tended and filled with flowers.

"I thought perhaps you had gone away," said Claudio, offering his cigarettes, taking one himself and striking a match. "There were no lights at the front of the house, and no one came when I knocked. In the end, I went round to the kitchen and Isabella let me in." The flame having almost reached his fingers, he paused to light his cigarette.

"I'm the only one left. They've all gone now, for the summer." Luisa spoke of her sons and their families, who visited her in the spring and the autumn. "The house is closed up, except for Isabella and myself. Sometimes Sophie comes up from the town to keep me company in the evenings. Imagine, she comes all this distance and then I bring her out here among the insects.... Otherwise I am entirely alone." Quite without pathos—indeed, with a smile—she repeated, "Entirely alone." Turning to Sophie, she went on, "You see how he makes use of us. We didn't so much as set eyes on him here in the winter. And now, because his friends have gone off to the sea and he has nothing better to do, he comes up here in the evening, beating on our doors. . . . No, no, my dear, I'm only joking. There's no one whose company I enjoy more. As you know." But he should also know, she thought, that I am perfectly aware of the fact that he came here in the hope of meeting Sophie. Not that they are at all suited to one another, she reflected—and Claudio has that very beautiful and troublesome wife, from whom, it seems, he's separated at last. But of course that is what he came for, to see Sophie. I know him so well. "I've known him since he was a schoolboy," she said to Sophie. "Heavens, what a lovely young man he was."

"People only say that," Claudio remarked, "when they feel that early promise hasn't been fulfilled."

"Not at all," returned Luisa, thinking there was truth in what he said. "I'm sure you have a long history of fulfilled promises."

"That, for some reason, sounds even worse."

"Tonight there is the moon," Sophie said tactfully, and the more unexpectedly because she had her back to the thin crescent that as yet shed no noticeable light.

Luisa leaned back in her garden chair to see the moon through the overhanging branches. Her next remark, however, suggested that her attention had wandered, for she said after a short silence, "One sees why the ancients honored the laurel; it really is a noble tree."

They all stared upward into the dark, incisive fronds. Claudio observed, with the faintly competitive air of someone who has trees of his own, that the tree should be pruned.

Luisa sighed. "It's what I keep telling Mario"—Mario was the gardener—"who only says that the shears are broken, as if that took care of everything. He never suggests mending them. I would mend them myself, but I'm not good with mechanical things. Oh dear no. In fact, I'm too practical, not ingenious enough. Oh, you can smile"—to Claudio, who had not waited for this permission—"but it's true. If I'd been an inventor, I'd have managed to think up the broom, perhaps, or a pair of tongs. Or an umbrella—a stiff one, you know, not the kind that opens and closes." She laughed suddenly. Sometimes at the end of her quick paragraphs she would pause in this way, with an abrupt flourish, like a skier arrested in a hail of crystal. "You, Claudio, are much more ingenious. *Your* umbrella would have opened and shut."

"And Sophie?" he asked, trying to get the girl to meet his eyes.

"Oh—Sophie, on the other hand, is artistic."

Sophie smiled to hear on her aunt's lips this dated adjective, which evoked a picture of hand-loomed skirts, or ill-proportioned pottery, or symmetrical flowers painted on the lids of boxes. She would not look at Claudio, but she thought more than once that he had come just to see her, and she could not help being pleased. There was something avowed, almost old-fashioned, about his manner of sitting there in her aunt's presence. However, Luisa did not really have the character of a duenna. Her tenderness, while deeply

personal, as true tenderness has to be, had a monumental quality as if she saw in one's own need a reflection of all the vulnerability and injustice in the world. Her understanding was too valuable—one could not make trifling claims on it. Sophie thought, They cannot stay for us, these precious people; they must go on, for others await them. And I am perfectly able to deal with this man, who does not even attract me (she was sure of this, having given it some thought since she had met him at his sister's), except insofar as he has the qualities that are attractive about Italy itself—grace, and the lack of earnestness. He was probably older than he looked. And then there was the language. If I saw him alone, she thought, I would have to wonder all the time about the subjunctive. I don't think I can be bothered.

She hardly says anything, Claudio was thinking. Facing him in this dusk, with her straight hair and narrow limbs all making long, scarcely curved lines, she was like a delicate, resonant instrument. Her thoughts he imagined to be quite prosaic. Even so, she had some air, however uncertain, of knowledge. At times she seemed to him (as women often did) like a piece of important information he must acquire. He had come to see her, and he was pleased simply to be in her presence. Or so he concluded, since he had as yet no sense of wasting his evening.

Possibly, Luisa thought, he should not be allowed to waste Sophie's time. He would not know how to be serious even if circumstances permitted it, and Sophie could not be anything else. For that reason, she was not to be envied, though perhaps in the end she was luckier than he. All at once Luisa felt tired, threatened by a complicated and unnerving idea, and briefly closed her eyes. When we are young, she thought, we worship romantic love for the wrong reasons, as we do the music of Chopin or the poetry of Keats and, because of that, subsequently repudiate it. Only later, and for quite other reasons, we discover its true importance. And by then it has become tiring even to observe.

"Are you asleep?" Sophie inquired. Luisa had not spoken for so long.

"No, I'm a little tired," she answered, still with her thoughts. It was now so dark that they could scarcely see one another. "I was thinking . . ."

"What?"

"Oh—only about Keats. And in that connection, I really don't think I'm going to wait for this inconsiderate bird."

"That doesn't sound particularly like Keats," Sophie said, smiling.

"The connection was indirect. But I'm getting cold. And I find you were right about the insects."

"I could bring you a rug," Claudio said, rising and putting out his cigarette.

"I think I'm going to bed." Luisa stood up, although she stayed for a moment by her chair. Sophie got to her feet and Luisa said good night to her, leaning forward to kiss her. "Of course, Claudio will drive you home," she said, not at all as a suggestion or as a reminder to him but rather as a pronouncement on the evening. She let Claudio accompany her through the garden, putting no weight on the hand he placed at her elbow. He walked with unnatural, solicitous slowness, and held aside the branches of the shrubs so that he could stay at her side.

"How sweet it smells," she remarked. She sighed as they went up the steps to the house, and paused at the top with her hand on one of the open doors.

"What is it?" he asked, alarmed at this exhaustion which he had never seen in her before. "Are you ill?"

"Just old," she said. She drew herself up and went inside. The drawing room, lit by one faltering lamp whose bulb had not been thoroughly secured, was high and thick-walled and lined, rather than furnished, with heavy chests, great chairs and tables, and cabinets of books. It was floored with geometrical patterns of large, glossy tiles, and over these Luisa passed, slow and erect, folding her sea-green shawl about her with an invalid's automatic, careful gesture. The hallway was dark, but she crossed it with the confidence of someone who expects no change and was at the foot of the stairs by the time Claudio found the light switch.

He thought, coming up to her, that she had become very beautiful in this new state, this old age she attributed to herself. Her strong, almost Oriental features, in this light and beneath the silver coils of her hair, were refined to a supernatural transparency. She had turned on the first step, and stood leaning with one hand on the stair rail, her straight body wrapped in the shawl, which she clasped with the other hand above her waist. He saw that she wanted to mention Sophie but could not bring herself to do so directly.

"Living in this countryside," she observed, "if you have foreign friends, is like running a convalescent home. They arrive every summer, pale and nervous, and we get them smoothed out and fattened up. And then send them back to the Front." Standing this way, on the step, she was slightly taller than he. She wanted to say to him, "Don't cause her any trouble—let her have her holiday in peace." Aloud, she added, "Do you understand?"

"Dear Luisa," he replied politely. "It had not even occurred to me that we were behind the lines."

She laughed, and put her hand in his. "You're very nice, Claudio," she said. "You aren't a rascal, really."

He could hardly be flattered by this discovery, which had the air of a verdict only arrived at after considerable deliberation. But when she repeated it, almost giving it significance, he said, "No," simply and seriously, as though he were making an important admission.

She drew away, still with her hand in his. "How elegant you always are," she continued more lightly, her eyes wandering over his cream-colored suit and crisp shirt and his carefully brushed dark hair. "You wear a new suit almost every day." She looked into his face. "Eventually, perhaps, you will find one that is just right for you."

He stayed at the foot of the stairs and watched her go slowly up. At the landing she stopped again, but merely said, "Perhaps you would put out the light when I get to the top. Good night, dear Claudio."

WHEN the nightingales, one in a cypress and the other hidden in a shrubbery below the garden, began to call to each other, Sophie clasped her hands in her lap and sat up straight, apparently bracing herself for an experience. Across her uplifted head the song passed back and forth—a consummation of the darkness, as if night without this must always be imperfect. She saw Claudio reappear at the top of the steps and stand for a moment in the light before coming back to her. He made no attempt to soften the sound of his footsteps on the stones as he crossed the garden. He came and sat beside her, in Luisa's chair, but the nightingale, dividing them from the world, divided them also from each other, and they sat listening and remote.

It might be interesting, she thought in her assiduous way, to recall the poem now—how did it go again? (She could scarcely concentrate because the song was insistently beautiful, and she closed her eyes as though the sound might enter there, too.) Ridiculous; she couldn't remember how it started. "Thou still . . ." No, that was the other one. There was that business about Ruth, and then the magic casements. . . . But she couldn't for the life of her think of the first line.

Claudio was thinking of Luisa, whose light he now saw at one of the upper windows and whose shadow moved back and forth within the room. When he was a child, his parents had had a summer house at the sea, near Pesaro, and he remembered hearing nightingales in the garden there; he had not, he thought, heard them since—there were fewer of them about, perhaps. Luisa then—it was over thirty years ago—would have been a young woman, happy with her husband, bringing up her children in this house, and looking, he imagined, much the same but dark-haired, animated, more easily moved to tears. I would have been in love with her, he realized—and the absolute certainty of this touched him deeply. It struck him like a loss actually suffered, impoverishing his experience, diminishing all his prospects.

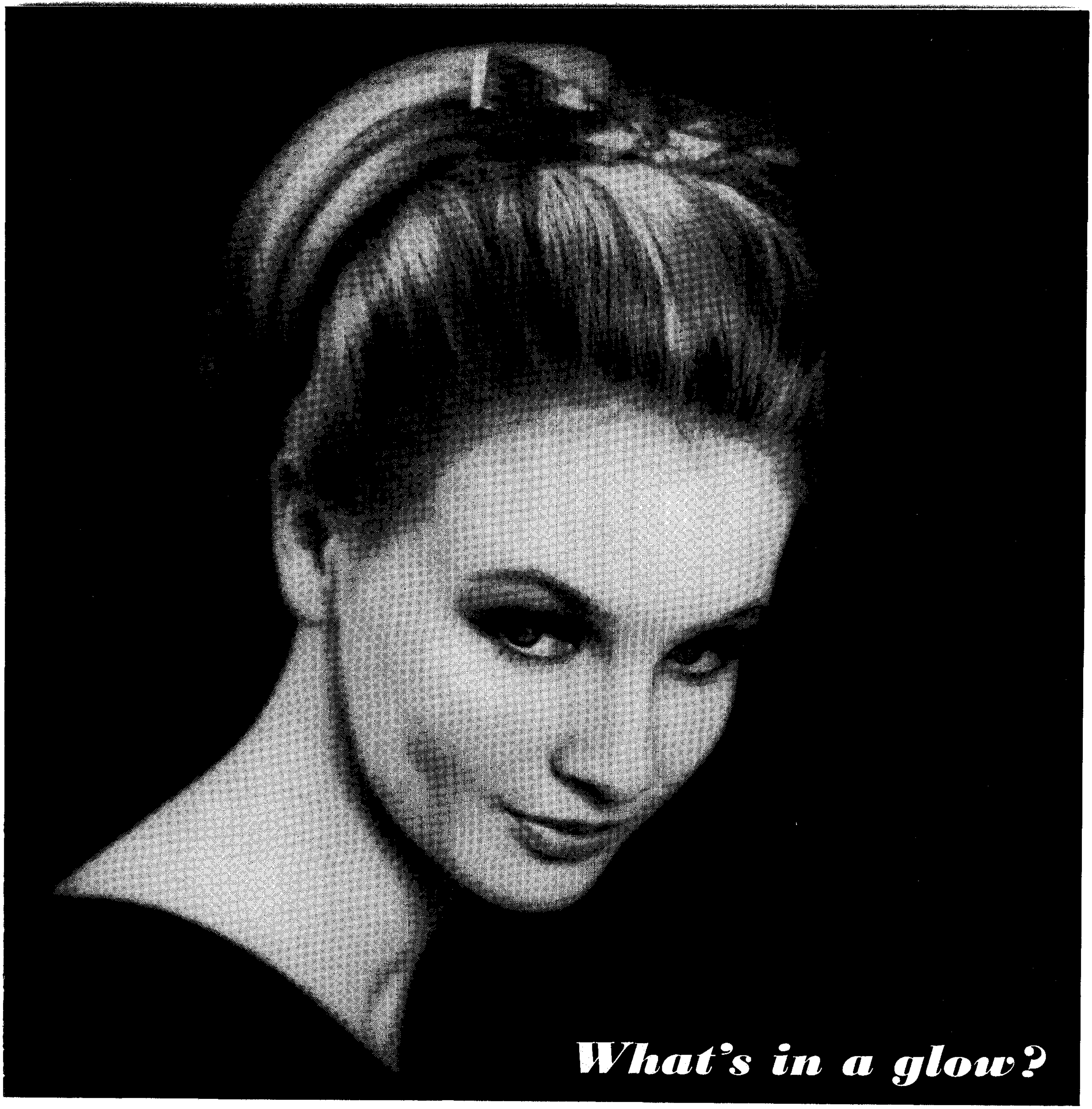
To retrieve a reasonable view of things, he looked at once at Sophie, but her face, though very close, was dim, and he had lost his earlier sense of her appeal. She offered no intimacy now, sitting there stiff and attentive, as though she were having a lesson. She is not in the least like Luisa, he thought. But the comparison dispirited him and he followed it immediately with the thought that he would make her smile more; she must learn to enjoy things for their own sake. When the nightingale stops, he thought, I will take her hand.

That's it, Sophie thought abruptly, opening her eyes and making a slight movement in her chair. Of course. That's the way it begins—"My heart aches . . ."

III

IF he were even five minutes late, she decided, she would leave. And Italians are never punctual; the café, the

"Think what an honor it would be to be the first bum on the moon!"


What's in a glow?

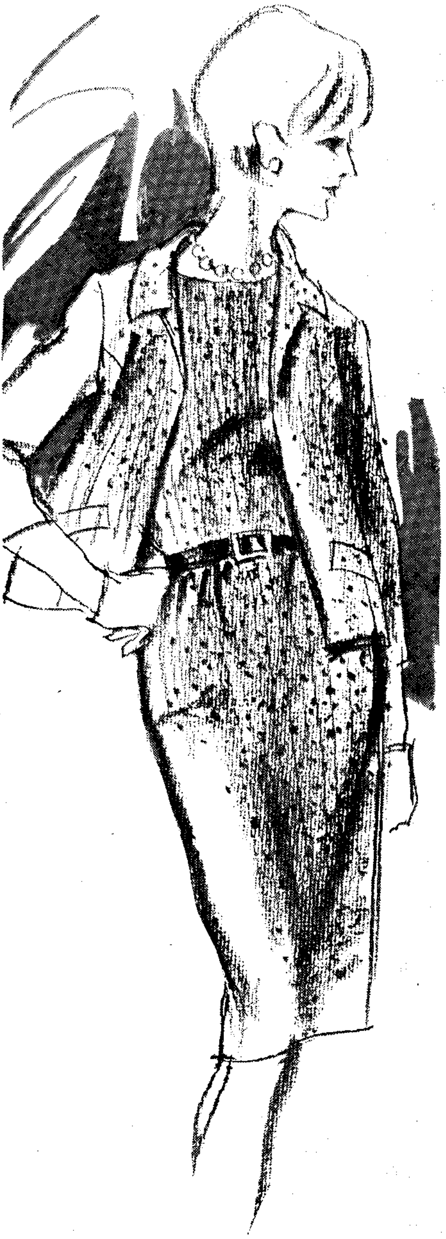
could be love...could be

Superglow Fluid Make-Up

The make-up that has a built-in glow from "Lumium", Monteil's patented light-reflector. It's the lightest, brightest, liveliest make-up you can wear.

Germaine Monteil

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



The French knot effect

woven on our jacket
dress traveler of cotton
and Arnel® triacetate
provides the dotted texture
that's summer's favorite.
Sheath dress with short
sleeves and brief jacket.
By Alper Schwartz.
Navy, brown or black,
sizes 10 to 20. (*N-4*) **50.00**
3rd Floor

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000
New York Store Only

convenient place to wait, absolves them from that. There is no question of hanging about, no looking lost and unwanted or even disreputable, as there is in hotel lobbies or the foyers of restaurants. One just sits and enjoys the scene, and waits. When he had said to her, "Tomorrow at five," of course he didn't mean he would be there on the hour. He meant ten past, a quarter past five. She could be gone with a clear conscience by the time he came. He would ask the waiter, and the waiter, understanding everything, would tell him, Yes, the lady was there, stayed a few minutes, and left. If encouraged, the waiter would even describe what she was wearing and whether she had seemed cross when she walked away.

She stopped to buy a newspaper as she went up the slight incline toward the piazza, and she walked on frowning down at the folded headline but scarcely seeing it. She really could not think how she had got herself into this assignation—for that, certainly, was the word for such an appointment with a man one hardly knew. She had kept out of his way—and his way seemed to have coincided with hers to a remarkable degree. But yesterday, meeting by accident in a shop, they had been unexpectedly familiar with one another, leaning on the counter and talking in a light, ready way. He waited while she did her shopping, and they walked out into the street together. Only when she was leaving him had he asked her to see him. "Tomorrow at five. For a coffee. The big piazza near the post office." And when she said nothing to this telegraphic invitation, he had shown her, pointing toward the end of the street, precisely the café; its umbrellas could be seen across an open space, beyond a row of leaning houses. "Will you be all right?" he had asked her then, as he stood at the edge of the sidewalk with his back to the traffic. "Do you know which way to go?"

She had in truth looked a little lost. She had not known how to refuse him, and she left him almost without a word. For how could she have thought up a polite excuse, standing there in the middle of the street, looking into his face? And in any case the light had changed; she had to cross.

Now, walking up to the café, she felt almost relieved. If they missed each other this afternoon, as they were practically certain to do, he would not try to see her again. She hardly knew him. She could not even remember his last name.

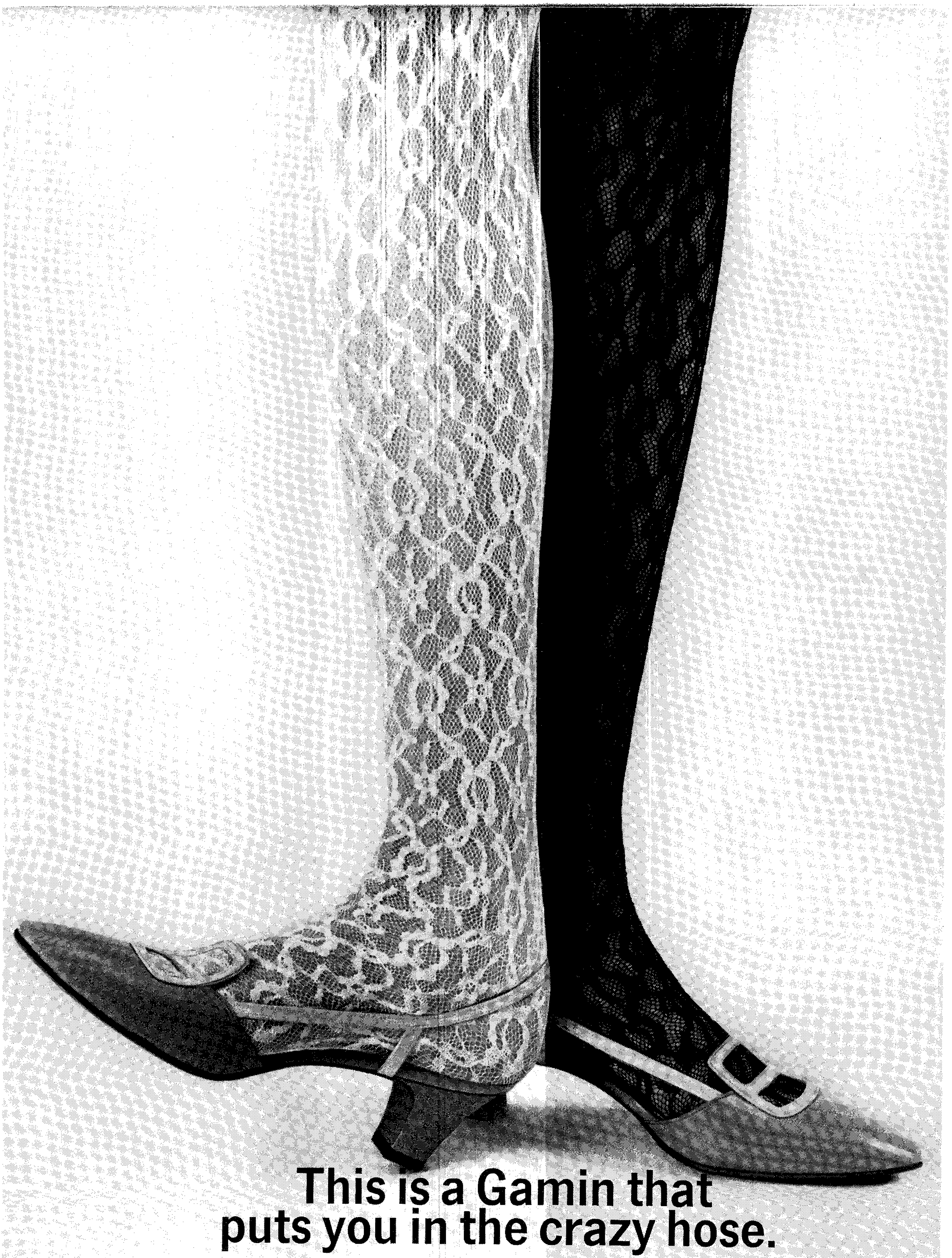
"You're very prompt." He got up from the little table and pulled out her chair. "I thought women were always unpunctual."

And so, in the end, she was annoyed with herself for being on time. However, she smiled and greeted him in an open, almost businesslike way. Let's get this over quickly, her smile said. She sat down beside him and he called the waiter while she looked about the square.

It was a utilitarian piazza in the most modern section of the town. Never having aspired to the magnificence of the town's great central piazza, it had at some stage evidently capitulated completely and agreed to receive the workaday elements of the city's life—the post office, for which the piazza was named, the police station, the main taxi rank, a cinema, and the prim brick headquarters of the local Communist Party. All these were nevertheless arranged with an involuntary meridional adroitness, and the general effect was one of space and color. In the center of the square (it was, more accurately, a circle haltingly sketched) was a series of flower beds filled with purple and white petunias. The café where they sat was freshly painted, and their corner of it faced the piazza's single architectural asset—a church consecrated to one of the town's numerous patron saints, who appeared in marble above the portico with an open book shortsightedly held before his face.

The transitory polite smile on Sophie's face developed into something less fictitious. The scene was so totally lacking in haste and violence. It provided an easy accustomed setting for the long afternoon, which today had such a monumental afternoon quality that it might have been any afternoon in the whole of memory. It was for just these anonymous public pleasures that Sophie came to Italy. Then, there were times, after all, when one was glad of company—and his was perfectly acceptable. She even recalled his last name.

For Claudio, it was the time of year when the seasons ceased to have meaning. Now, try as he would, he could not imagine a cold day, a storm, a shower of rain. There were days in winter when the narrow spiralling streets of this town were reduced to slippery channels banked with snow; when, viewed from the foot of its hill, the city rose up like a symmetrical, frosted fir tree, branching into great terraces of church, palace, and piazza. But every spring Claudio pardoned all this—with true forgiveness, since



This is a Gamin that puts you in the crazy hose.

In assorted colors and leathers, you can find asylum in this Gamin for about $20 at Andrew Geller stores in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Atlantic City and Miami.

GAMINS®

PETTI A-line skirt (left) and culotte (right) of 100% Mooresville cotton in blue MacBeth plaid. Sizes 5-15. Skirt, $10. Culotte, $11. At Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Maison Blanche, New Orleans; and other fine stores.

SCOTCHGARD Repeller is a product of 3M COMPANY

live spotlessly!

(The fabric's protected with "SCOTCHGARD" Repeller)

It's fun to feel free in the latest **PETTI** skirts, and to know ice cream won't mar their crisp beauty. "SCOTCHGARD" Brand Stain Repeller sees to it that spills roll right off. And even when stains are forced into the weave, they'll generally spot-clean without leaving a ring. In Spring a girl's fancy turns to new clothes like these Petti fashions—so much more carefree with "SCOTCHGARD" Repeller!

Scotchgard BRAND STAIN REPELLER

he could not even remember it. The summer light, the predominant light of the countryside, restored all the true shapes and colors; he got up earlier to enjoy the sight of them. Not that he forgot the complications of his life—the wife he no longer loved, the children from whom he was often separated—but these became more bearable in the light of June. Not that in his office he suffered fools gladly or forgave his enemies—but he was prepared to let them off more lightly than usual. This afternoon he could think of himself, here in the piazza, as a personable man with a woman who did him credit—his vanity was satisfied with an occasional glimpse of this kind. (He would have preferred, perhaps, someone less distraught, more companionable; and if she had belonged to him he would never have let her wear that particular shade of green. However, one could not always have exactly what one liked.)

"What would you like?" he asked her.

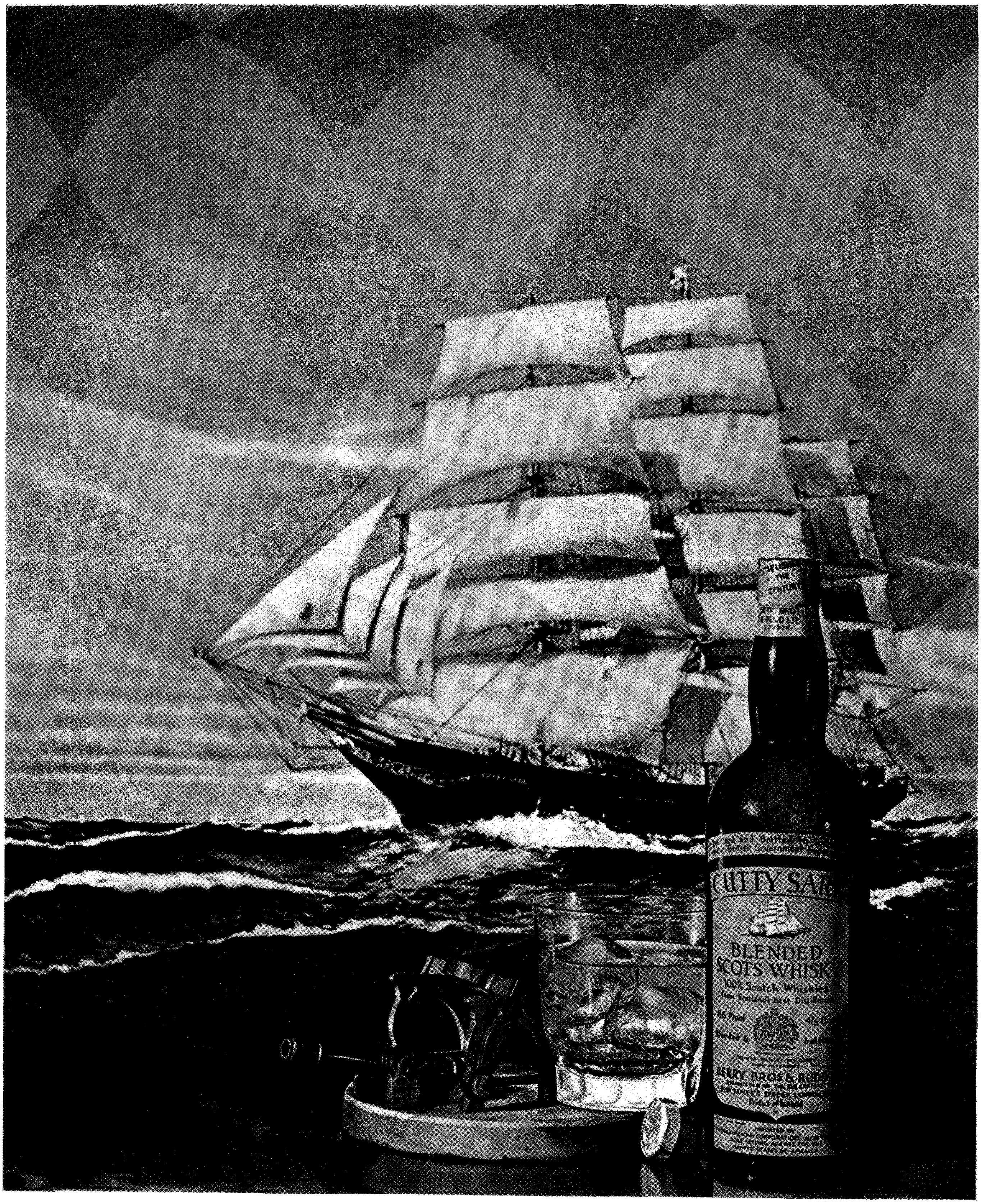
The waiter was beside them—looking on, as Sophie had foreseen, with an interest so undisguised that it practically demanded an acknowledgment. She looked at the waiter, and then at Claudio, and they ordered two glasses of vermouth. There seemed to be no pressing necessity to make conversation. It was the most natural thing in the world that they should sit there without speaking, making no attempt to discover one another. Inside the café, a popular song was being played on the radio, turned low so that only the highest and loudest notes reached them—and those with a reedy remoteness. Outside, at the table next to theirs, a young couple sat with their little boy, who was eating an ice-cream cone aloud, and their black Pomeranian, which had been tied to the leg of the table. A car circled the piazza, looking for a place to park. A station wagon with a little Swedish flag painted in a corner of the window drew up near the café, and a yellow-haired couple got out, followed by a whole matching set of children.

The immune silence ticked toward its end. Sophie laid her hand on the table.

But he spoke first. "What would you be doing," he asked, "this afternoon? If you had not come to meet me."

"Oh—I might have stayed at the hotel," she began vaguely, not bothering to dissemble. "Written my letters. Or gone to see my aunt." She cast about for a more satisfactory answer. "Or taken a walk, perhaps."

"So you see," he said gravely,


CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies
86 Proof
BERRY BROS & RUDD

With scores of brands to choose from, the fact is more Americans buy more Cutty Sark than any other Scotch Whisky. Cutty Sark is "from Scotland's best Distilleries" and the **No. 1** reason is in the bottle. Why not try Cutty Sark yourself?

The Buckingham Corporation, Importers • New York, N.Y. • Distilled and Bottled in Scotland • Blended 86 Proof

PONGEE? NO, PUN CHEE

Remember pongee—its silk-like "hand," its color nuances? Remember how it wrinkled; how fragile it was? Here's a man-made improvement created by Gordon-Ford which accents the positives and eliminates the negatives of pongee. Called Pun Chee, this ingenious blend of 65% Dacron® polyester, 23% cotton and 12% flax makes a magnificently well-mannered suit. Like all Gordon-Ford clothes, the cut of Pun Chee is unobtrusive; it focuses the attention on the wearer rather than the maker. In natural or clay. About $50. R. Meledandri, New York; William Richard, Houston; The Oxford Shop, Augusta, Ga.; Collier Ellis, High Point, N.C.

Prices slightly higher in West

GORDON-FORD
Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

"you're much better off here with me."

She drank her vermouth, shaking the single wafer of ice round the glass. The radio blurted out the climax of another song. Unsettled, trying to recover the dreamlike afternoon, she stared at the piazza. She was aware of his interest—his curiosity, rather—directed at her so strongly that it could be felt like an element on the exposed parts of her body: on her hands and arms and neck, and her averted eyes.

What a shifty lot they are, these northern women, he was thinking, amused. Always afraid you might find them interesting, or treat them as something other than men. There are really only two kinds—they are either strident or repressed. It's the way they're brought up; they can't help themselves. "I wonder if you would help me," he began, and paused maliciously to see how much her apprehension would increase.

But she was quite composed. "Of course," she said. "If I can."

"I have to buy a frame for a painting. The shop isn't far from here. Perhaps you would come and help me choose."

"Certainly," she said. "Though I know nothing about it." She drank again. Across the café, the Swedes had joined two tables together. Three little girls in blue dresses sat up eating *gelati* and swinging their legs, and a tiny boy in a sailor suit sipped inattentively from a spoon presented by his mother. The father, like the marble saint on the far side of the piazza, held an open book close to his eyes. They took turns at talking, loudly and gaily, in their quick tilting voices.

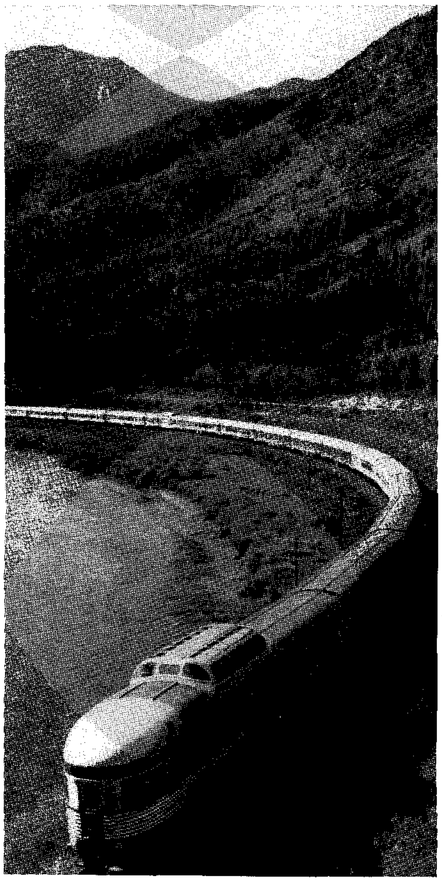
"There are only two kinds of Swedes," Sophie remarked, watching them. "Fearful bores, or very nice."

Claudio counted out some change onto the table. "Those are the only kinds there are of any people," he said. He finished his vermouth, which until then he had not touched, in a single gulp. "But these generalizations are always false, in any case."

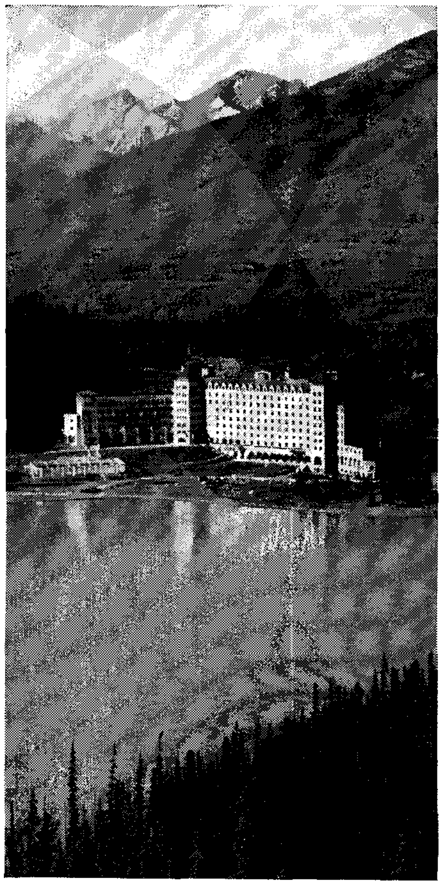
The shop was at the foot of a short street leading down from the piazza. It was a prosperous place, fronted by a double window filled with *cornici* and with various examples of colored shutters that were also sold there. There was a small ceremony of receiving Claudio. The owner was called from the back of the premises, shook hands, and spoke at length about his family and his new car. A space was made for Sophie to put her handbag on the dusty counter.

"Plain gold," Claudio said, "and

We'll give your holiday a foreign flavor all the way (just north of the border)! Rail away with us through the Canadian Rockies. You'll enjoy gourmet food and gracious service while you watch the scenery. Then stop off in Banff National Park at Chateau Lake Louise. Here we'll serve you in the European manner while you relax and play.



Ride the scenic Banff-Lake Louise route through the Canadian Rockies aboard "The Canadian." You'll see 2,881 miles of spectacular scenery from the comfort of a scenic-dome streamliner as you travel between Montreal, Toronto, and Vancouver. You'll enjoy gourmet dining or tasty budget meals, snacks. All accommodations, from coach, tourist, to first class, are reserved.

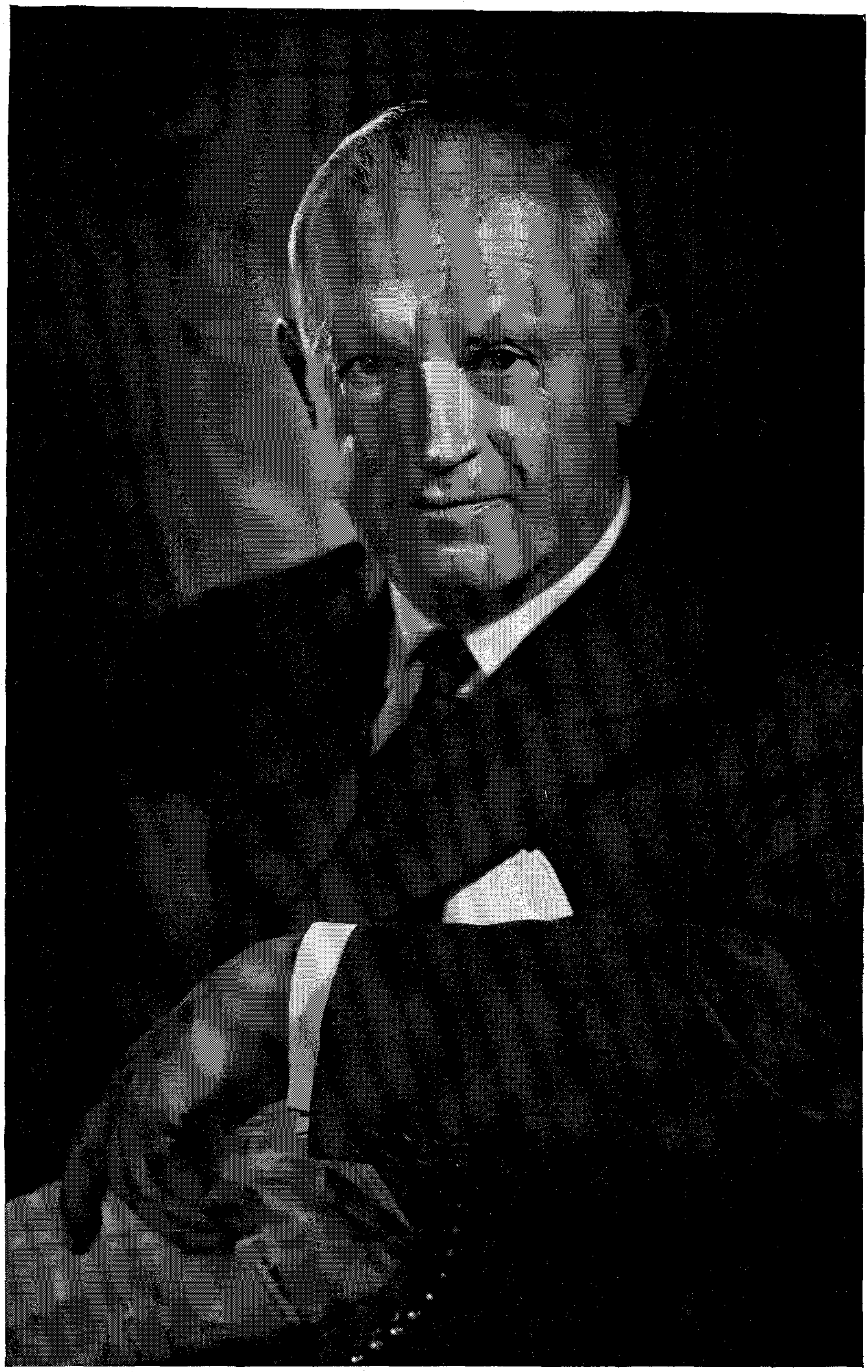


Get away from it all at Chateau Lake Louise high in the Canadian Rockies in Banff National Park. Here you'll enjoy continental cuisine and gracious service in an atmosphere of relaxing informality. You'll fish, swim, dance, ride, hike to the Plain of the Six Glaciers and the Lakes in the Sky. Or just loaf and enjoy the spectacular scenery. Open from June 14 to September 6.

Holiday all the way in Canada with

Canadian Pacific

TRAINS • TRUCKS • SHIPS • PLANES • HOTELS • TELECOMMUNICATIONS • WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM



Heinz Nordhoff, president and managing director of Volkswagenwerk A.G., Wolfsburg, Germany.

First Family
of Photographers
Bachrach
48 East 50th Street, New York • PLaza 5-6233
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Washington • Short Hills, N. J. • Baltimore

quite narrow." The samples dangled in long rows on the wall, and he began handling them. "No, this is too flat. And this too broad."

"This, Professore?"

"No—something simple."

"What about this?" She held it out to him, and he came over to look.

"What an eye you have—absolutely perfect. How did you find it? This is just what I want." He called to the boy behind the counter. Sophie went to sit on a rickety chair while he stood waiting, fingering the slips of gilded wood. When the boy came with his block and pencil, however, she noticed that he ordered a frame slightly different from the one she had suggested. "You'll send someone up to my sister's house, then?" he said to the boy.

"Yes, Professore."

"When?"

"Tomorrow, at this time?"

"No. No, you'd better come in the morning. Early, before I leave for my office."

Sophie, faintly irritated, stood up and brushed at her handbag with the edge of her newspaper.

When they were out in the street again, he asked her, "Where would you like to go? Shall we go for a drive?"

She said, "I'm afraid I must go home."

"Home? Why must you go home?"

She found herself once more on a busy sidewalk with him, looking into his face. She was on the downward side of the steep slope, and had an awkward sensation of confronting him. She said with more resolution, "I mean that I *want* to go home."

"You'll come tomorrow?"

"Oh no," she said.

"The letters," he said with a smile. "The walks. Your aunt."

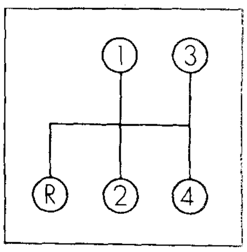
She began to walk slowly on, at his side, up the slope toward the piazza. "I can't," she said.

"Nevertheless, I'll look for you in the piazza. At five?" His head was turned to her as they walked. "Think of me—as another possibility, along with the letters and the walks. A sort of aunt, perhaps." He was not quite laughing, for he wanted to be sure before he left her that she would come. At the top of the street he took her hand and let her say goodbye. He did not watch her walk away, but strolled off across the piazza with his hands in his pockets.

IV

ONE day late in June when the flat modern clock outside the post office said ten past five, Sophie

Does the stickshift scare your wife?



The way the stick shifts

We wouldn't be a bit surprised to learn that the stickshift is all that stands between your wife and a Volkswagen.

She hasn't touched a gearshift in years (maybe not in her life), so why start struggling with one now?

In the first place, it's not a struggle any more. Because the VW has synchromesh on all 4 gears to let you slide easily from one speed to another. In fact, our synchromesh is so smooth that, even if you've never done any stick shifting, you won't ever have to worry about our shift sticking.

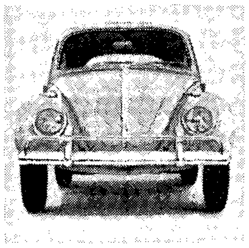
You get better control on slippery roads. Because when you shift down, the motor helps to slow the car. You don't have to hit the brakes as often, so there's less chance of skidding.

The stickshift saves your money, too. (The VW could never average 32 miles per gallon if it had to waste engine power on slippage in an automatic transmission.)

Our fourth gear is really overdrive. When you're whizzing along the highway in fourth, the engine doesn't have to work as hard. Which saves wear and tear (and even more gas).

But a lot of people don't care about the practical aspects. They just want a stickshift for the fun of it. (That's not as weird as it might seem. What's the good of being in the driver's seat if the car does all the driving?)

Some drivers even pay extra to have a 4-speed synchromesh stickshift installed in their domestic cars. But, they still won't get a transmission as smooth as ours unless they do what many auto racers do: First, go out and buy a Volkswagen transmission from one of our dealers. And then, build the car around it.



The package it comes in

If you still can't sell your wife on a VW, there's one more thing you can tell her about our stickshift:

After you use it for a couple of days, it becomes automatic.

© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

began to look up from her postcards, sending unconcerned glances around the piazza in search of his light-colored suit and dark head; turning, just as unconcerned, to see if the navy-blue car had arrived in the parking area. "I miss you all," she was writing, on the back of a Last Judgment, when his shadow fell on the half-inscribed card and his hand on her lifted wrist. She looked up, this time into his eyes.

"Don't let me interrupt you," he said, sitting beside her and still lightly grasping her hand—her right hand, with the pen in it.

She greeted him, unsmiling, happy. "I was wondering if you'd come."

"Was that why you looked so strange? But my dear girl, I'm not late, you know."

"Not really, no. It's just that I have a thing about waiting."

He frowned. "A thing? What thing?"

"I only mean I hate to wait. It's a state of emergency—everything becomes so concentrated."

"You'll get over that," he remarked, releasing her hand and looking over her head for the waiter.

"When?" she asked, amused to think there were habits she might still grow out of.

He looked back into her face. "When you realize that I will always come." The waiter arrived, but instead of ordering Claudio paid him for her coffee and sent him away. "Let's go—I have the car here."

On her postcard she added, "But I am happy here." She fixed the last stamp to it and put it away with the others in her handbag. She knew she need not hurry to please him; he would be pleased whatever she did. She stood up and smoothed her dress. When they left the thin shade of the umbrella she put up a hand to protect her eyes. Not until they were sitting in the car did she ask, "Where are we going?"

"Let's get out of the town, and then see." He swung the car around, leaning out to tip the shabby parking attendant. "It won't be as hot as this once we're moving."

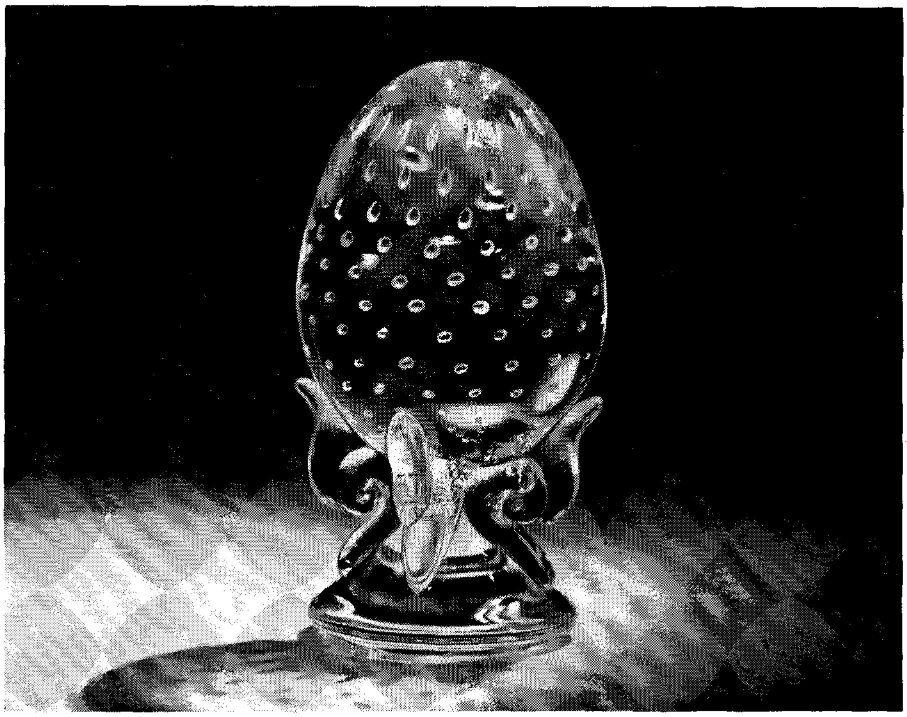
He drove slowly down the town's main street, which was narrow, cobbled, lined with steep handsome buildings and filled with pedestrians and little cars. The shadows from the buildings were red or dark gold. Groups of girls walked with their arms about each other's waists. Friends, meeting in the middle of the street, stayed there to talk. Several people greeted Claudio, and one or two leaned in at the window to exchange a few words. There was

There's a quality about a home with Henredon

Nicest chair in the house to come home to—with its own ottoman to make your comfort complete. Covered in fine leather or fabric.

Henredon fine furniture

For upholstered furniture brochure, send 50¢; for portfolio of living, dining, bedroom collections, send $2.00; to Henredon, Dept. NY4-17, Morganton, N. C.



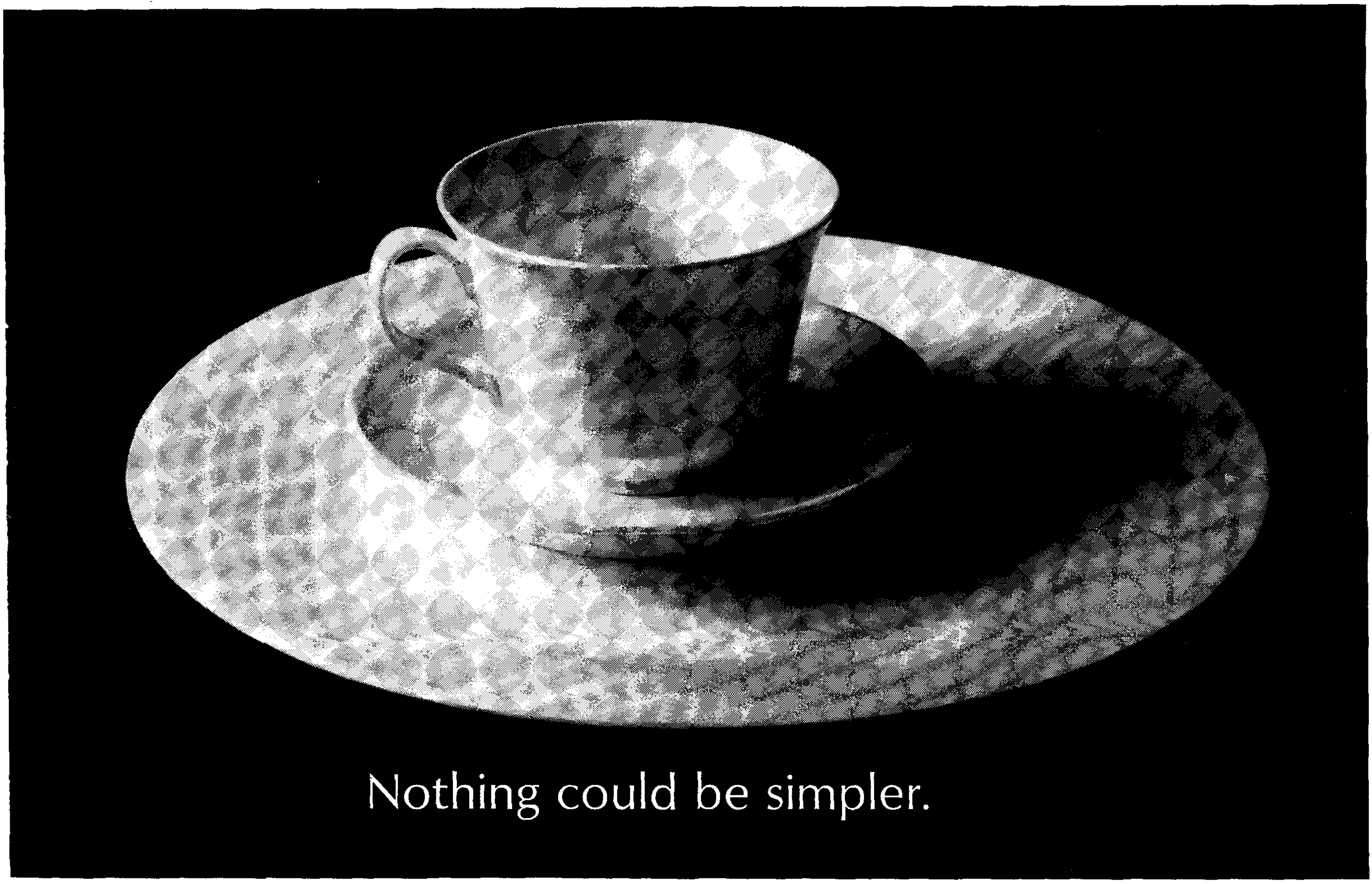
Crystal egg · Height 4½" · $65

For Spring and Easter—
in Steuben crystal

STEUBEN GLASS
FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK · N.Y. 10022

But isn't Minton the china of kings and queens and royal yachts and embassy dinners and millionaire collectors?

Then how can it fit into the modern home?



Nothing could be simpler.

You are looking at a little revolution. It is White Monarch, Minton's newest pattern.

In 172 long years, it is the only pattern Minton ever made with absolutely *nothing* on it.

Nothing, that is, except the unmistakable radiance of a thing supremely well made. Nothing—except sheer *pedigree*.

Minton made Monarch for people with contemporary imaginations. Who feel the bold urge to thrust stark white against stark white. Or against jet black. Who will surround this simple shape with ancestral silver. Or with stainless steel. Monarch cooperates. (All Minton has lovely manners.)

Monarch in white is $13.75 per place setting; edged with gold or platinum, a bit higher. Other Minton patterns go to $250.00 per setting. The china is identical in all. Only the decoration varies.

May we send you a color brochure of Minton patterns? Minton, Inc., 11 East 26th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010.

The world's most beautiful china MINTON English Bone China

THE CLASSIC GRACE OF

SWISS BALLY

From our famous collection of these extraordinary lightweights: the Agra . . . supple black Swiss calfskin, faultlessly styled for both business and evenings. One of the most comfortable shoes you will ever wear . . . $33.

Rogers Peet Co

NEW YORK • HARTFORD • BOSTON • WASHINGTON

TAILORED BY

Grieco

Appropriate for the season. Fine, lightweight tropical worsted suits and sport jackets in a wide selection of subtle patterns and muted colors. Naturally tailored to express quiet dignity.

Cambridge House Ltd.........Spartanburg, S. C.
Harry Coffee.........Fresno, Calif.
Julius Garfinckel.........Washington, D. C.
Muse's Traditional Shop.........Atlanta, Ga.
Phelps Terkel.........Los Angeles, Calif.
Schupp & Snyder.........Louisville, Ky.
Rubenstein Bros.........New Orleans, La.
Arch Wilson.........Springfield, Ill.
Hubert W. White.........Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn.

For stores in other cities write: GRIECO BROS., INC., 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 10019

none of the usual swift anonymity of a drive through a town—this ride had rather the character of a slow progress in an open carriage.

"In the Middle Ages," Claudio said, "there was nothing but foot traffic in these streets. Pregnant women were allowed to ride on donkeys, but even then someone had to walk before them calling out a warning. The streets were never meant to bear this kind of traffic—look how the paving has sunk." He waved briefly to an elderly man in a white suit, and then to a young couple. "It'll be easier when we get beyond the Duomo."

Within a few minutes they passed the turnoff leading to the cathedral, and moved along more quickly until at last they drove under the crenellated arches of an immense double gate.

They might have stepped from a busy house into a garden. The city fell behind them—the encumbered streets, the impeded drive, the glances and voices, all the peculiar suspense of towns. The stillness into which they drove was the more impressive—one might almost have said the more reproachful—for its imminence. It pressed, along with the caper and the climbing roses, upon the city's outer walls.

In this part of Italy, the harvest begins early. By midsummer, the whole countryside is bare, and multitudes of small hills, more shapely than ever in their exposure, have turned to dry gold. The grain is variously stacked, according to the district—sometimes propped in circular, tentlike patterns, sometimes rounded like a series of mosques, here standing austerely, in keeping with the local architecture, in tall indented loaves. Coming so early, the harvest seems to lie at the heart of summer rather than to announce its overthrow. The harvesters' suppers are truly celebrations and not—like the later wine festivals—overshadowed by the autumn.

"This is the main road," he said. "The road for Rome. We'll turn off in a minute."

But it was several minutes before they left the road. They climbed then, over a narrow track of stones and white dust, between low-slung fences of staked vines and tough, stunted olive trees. Pebbles were flung up noisily about the wheels, and behind the car the dust emerged in a languid cloud. The sky, though always watercolor, was a bright bright blue—an injudicious paintbox azure, distantly reflected violet in the farthest uplands.

They jolted slowly over this crest

Do Your Investments Face Needless Risks?

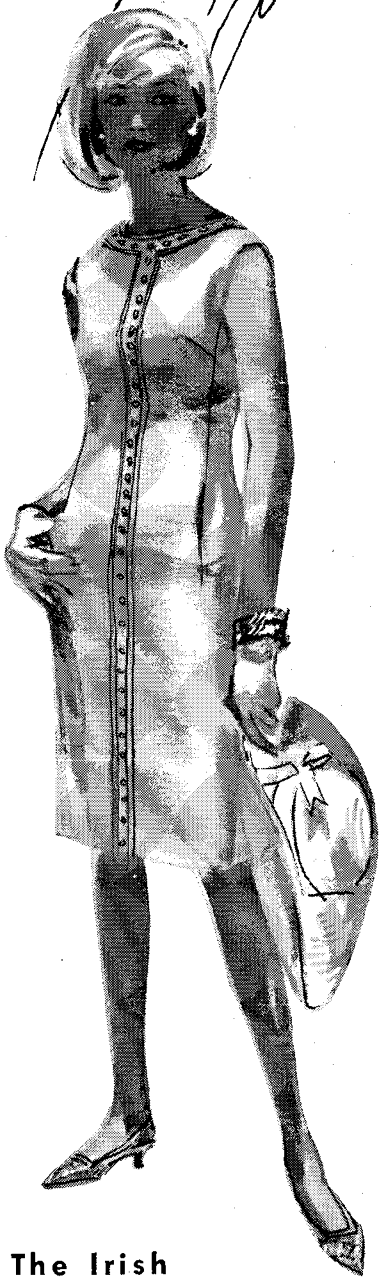
Whether you plan to hold all your stocks and bonds for the rest of your life or trade them frequently, *they need care.* It isn't enough just to put your securities in a safe deposit box or turn them over to others for trading purposes.

A Custody Account at the Trust Company assures you that they will be safe—and that we will be watching for conversion, redemption and exchange privileges and stock subscription rights.

If you wish to lighten your responsibilities—if you want your securities to have the care they deserve—or if you travel—tell us what responsibilities you would like to delegate and we will tell you what the cost* will be.

UNITED STATES TRUST COMPANY
OF NEW YORK
45 Wall Street • Telephone 425-4500

**Minimum annual fee $100—before tax deduction.*



The Irish must love summer—

they make such fine linens! Adele Martin's dress with tiny covered buttons, in pale pink, blue or lemon linen. Sizes 6 to 16, 30.00 Second Floor Career Shop Lord & Taylor—and at all suburban stores

of the fields. Sophie brought a scarf out of her handbag and tied it round her hair. When they came to the highest rise, Claudio had to pull aside to let a loaded truck pass by. He stopped the car in a slight depression below the road, and they smiled to three sunburned workmen sitting on slabs of the quarried stone with which the truck was loaded. A boy perehed at the back waved to Sophie and called out, "*Ca . . . rina.*"

Claudio drove the car back onto the road. A few yards farther on he stopped again and turned off the engine. Sophie lowered her window, which she had closed against the dust raised by the truck, and a slight breeze blew across them.

"Shall we walk a little way?" he asked, turning his head from the view.

She opened her door, which swung back heavily from the car's slight angle, but before she could get out he had come round to help her. The sharp stubble at the field's edge scraped about the straps of her sandals as she stepped down. They walked along the side of the road, ahead of the car. Dust and the little stones of the road found their way between her toes. She had left her purse in the car and, like an adolescent, did not know what to do with her hands. Less solicitous than before, he walked at her side and looked about him.

Here the corn had not been gathered, and lay in loose bundles in the fields. Endless golden hills were posted with clusters or straight lines of black cypresses and sometimes, magnificently, with one splendid tree. A handful of coöperative farmhouses, painted white, faced them on an approaching hillside, but the few other buildings were isolated, ancient, and of gray stone. From the fields the scents were of the dry red earth and the cut grain, and of rosemary.

Claudio's feelings, stirred to an easy Latin intensity, rushed forth to greet the landscape. Although he had been born and brought up far to the south, this countryside was to him phenomenal, possessed of an almost communicable significance. They walked along in silence until she paused to shake a stone from her shoe. Then he stood still and, when she looked up, said to her, "We've come at the right moment—the light is so beautiful." He spoke in a lowered voice, as if the hills were a flock of birds that might get up and fly away.

"Yes, lovely," she replied, in an abstracted, mechanical voice, glancing toward the horizon as she walked on.

The scene might have been of Claudio's own creation, so keen was his disappointment. He watched her with injured pride at such ingratitude, like a chef with whose great dish a diner only toys. And yet, it was this very lack of sympathy, in a person obviously responsive, that attracted him; and even now he wondered how, and if ever, he might tap the spring of a passion sometimes discernible in her expression and gestures.

If the walk had aroused any emotion in Sophie, it was the solitary pang of the expatriate. This countryside—which usually pretended to be exclusively decorative, which posed for paintings and photographs, feigned a private income—was now revealed to her in all its true domestic purpose. She felt like an outsider at a family feast. She wondered, What am I doing here, on this road, with this man, these sights, this language? She wished she were an authentic tourist—an Englishman come to flaunt his reticence, an American secretly hankering for gift wrapping and matching towels. She did not really know where she most belonged. Even those places to which she felt most drawn were mere approximations of home.

"Let's go back," she said suddenly, turning to him, seeing him across this gulf.

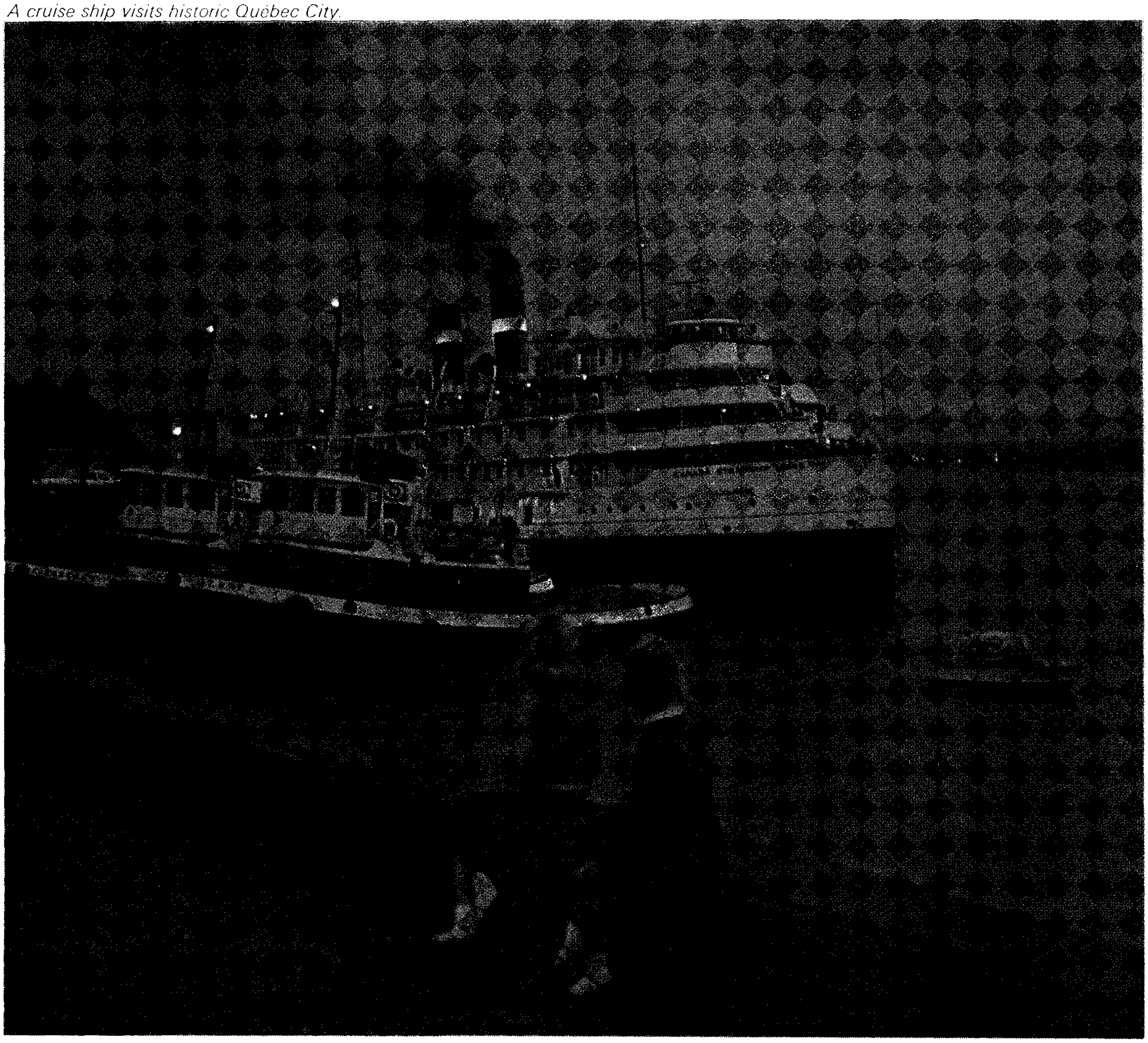
He had recovered his good humor. He stood still again and smiled at her. "You are always wanting to go home," he said and took her lightly by the wrists as if he would detain her.

Her empty hands struggled under the tightening grasp. She experienced a fleeting, irrational terror of a strength superior to her own. When he leaned forward to kiss her, she stepped back awkwardly on the uneven road and said in a high, unnerved voice, "No. I don't want to." It was not simply that she did not want his kiss. She did not want this inadvertent, troublesome encounter. She did not want to be disturbed.

After a second or two, he released her, spreading his hands open in an attitude almost identical to her own. Her scarf had slipped back across her shoulders and her hair fell forward on her cheeks and brow. He stared at her. "Let's go then," he agreed, pained as he had been over her indifference to the landscape. There is no pleasing her, he thought.

He helped her into the car and, with

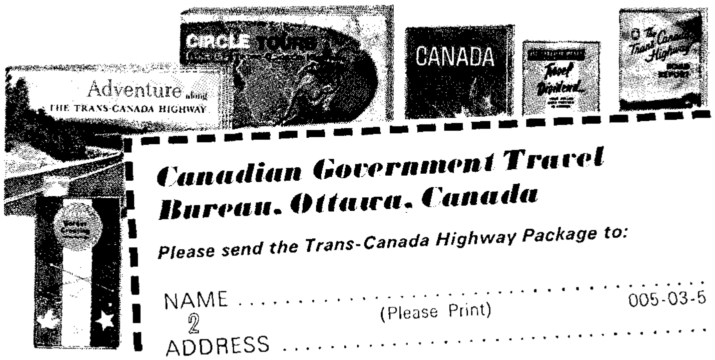
A cruise ship visits historic Québec City.



Head north. Go where toll-free, uncrowded modern highways lead to spectacular sights, sophisticated cities and unspoiled places. Fish, sail, swim in warm fresh-water lakes. Scheduled rail, air and bus travel is always close by. No passports needed. This is Canada. Friendly. Inviting. Exciting. And so close to home. Modern resorts, family accommodation, lodges, motels are everywhere. So is the fun. Mail this coupon for your free Canadian Vacation Package, today.

U.S. dollars have extra value in Canada.

Take a fun-crowded vacation in uncrowded CANADA


CIRCLE TOURS
Adventure along THE TRANS-CANADA HIGHWAY
CANADA
Travel Dividend
The Trans-Canada Highway ROAD REPORT

Canadian Government Travel Bureau, Ottawa, Canada

Please send the Trans-Canada Highway Package to:

NAME 005-03-5
(Please Print)
2
ADDRESS ....
CITY .... STATE ....

USG-65-26

Everything's
old fashioned about
Old Taylor 86

OLD TAYLOR
86

except the people
who drink it

Of course . . . because they know that "old-fashioned" doesn't mean out of fashion. Good taste never goes out of style. Like the great taste of Old Taylor 86. Smooth, rich, mellow. The kind that comes with unhurried care and coddling—78 years' worth. Now there's a tradition of taste that really talks to today's moderns. How about you? *Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof. The Old Taylor Distillery Co., Frankfort & Louisville, Kentucky.*

a little difficulty, started the engine. The anger he was too proud to inflict on her showed in his treatment of the car. The motor roared, he wrenched the wheel around, trying absurdly to turn in one attempt. The turn eventually completed, they pitched forward down the rough road. But when they reached the highway, he slowed again to enter the traffic, and asked her in a perfectly controlled voice where she would like to be taken.

"To the hotel," she told him, her voice less easy than his. Her behavior, since he manifestly thought it so, seemed to her cold and unaccountable. After all, she reasoned with herself, if I have coffee with him occasionally, does that give him the right to make love to me? (But this she knew to be unjust; his right to approach her was implicit in all their meetings.) She thought, It isn't that I am unapproachable; it is the circumstances. She said, and her voice was thin and shaken as it had been when they stood on the road, "I can't see you anymore."

After a silence he said carefully, "Why is that?" and she was touched by the serious inquiry in his voice, as if he found the matter more crucial than anger.

"It *must* be obvious." She too was more earnest, looking at him swiftly, affirming her position by clasping her hands in her lap. His idea of her, she thought, was as superficial as her own impression of this countryside: he saw her on holiday, and not as she actually was—someone with parents, bills, ailments; someone who did the shopping and went to the dentist, and was accountable to friends.

"I'll be in the piazza tomorrow," he said—but without confidence, for the first time.

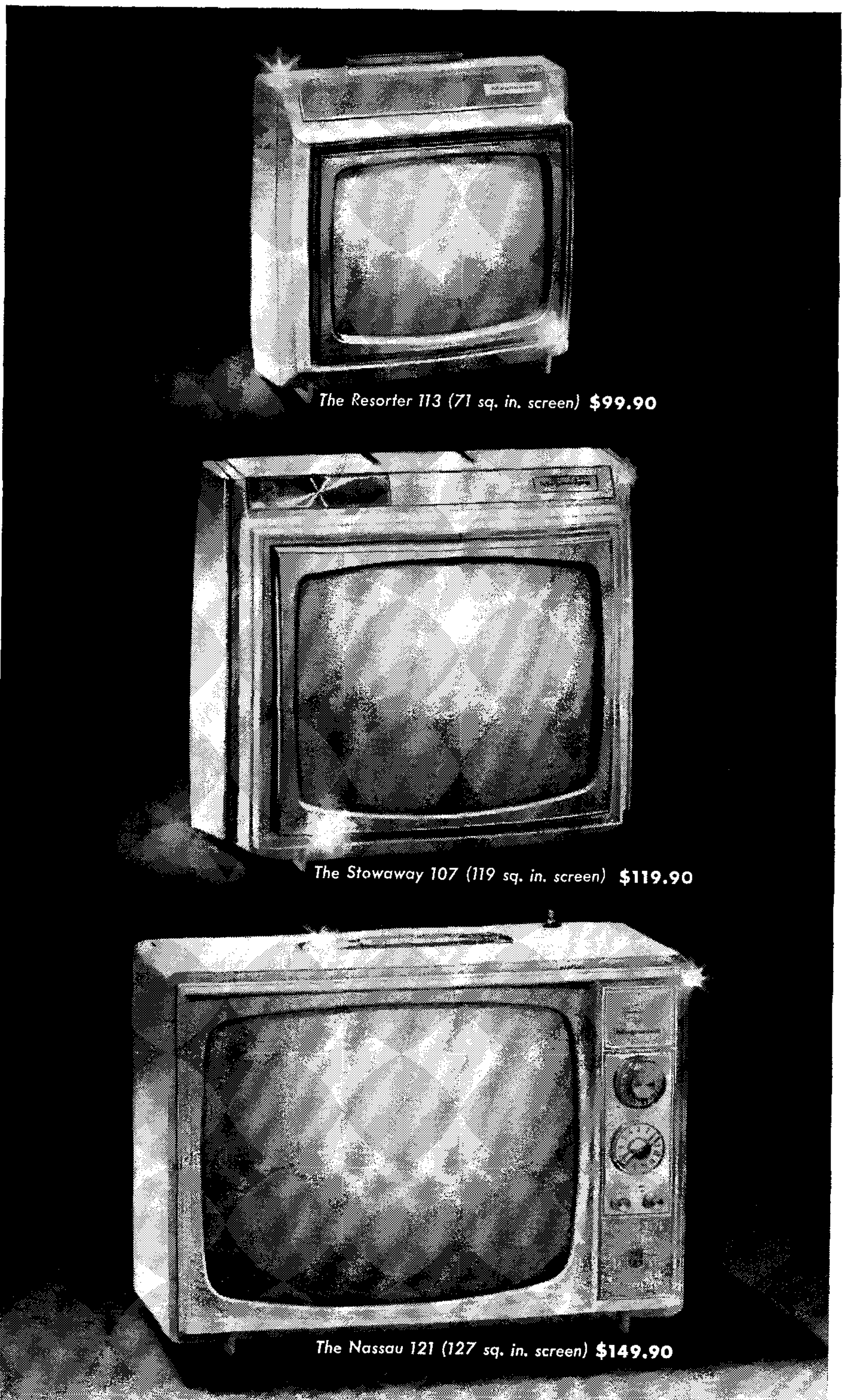
"Please," she said. "I won't come."

The walls of the town were in sight over the slope of the road. He asked her, "Is this because I tried to kiss you?"

"No." And she, for the first time, searched her thoughts to give him an honest reply. "It's because, if things had been different, I would have let you." The fields dropped away, and they entered the city by the Roman Gate.

V

SOPHIE was going out to lunch. It had been arranged that Luisa, with two friends, would call for her at the hotel and take her to lunch at a restaurant in the town. Although she went to some trouble over her appearance and was not ready at the appointed time, the three others were later still. She came



The Resorter 113 (71 sq. in. screen) **$99.90**

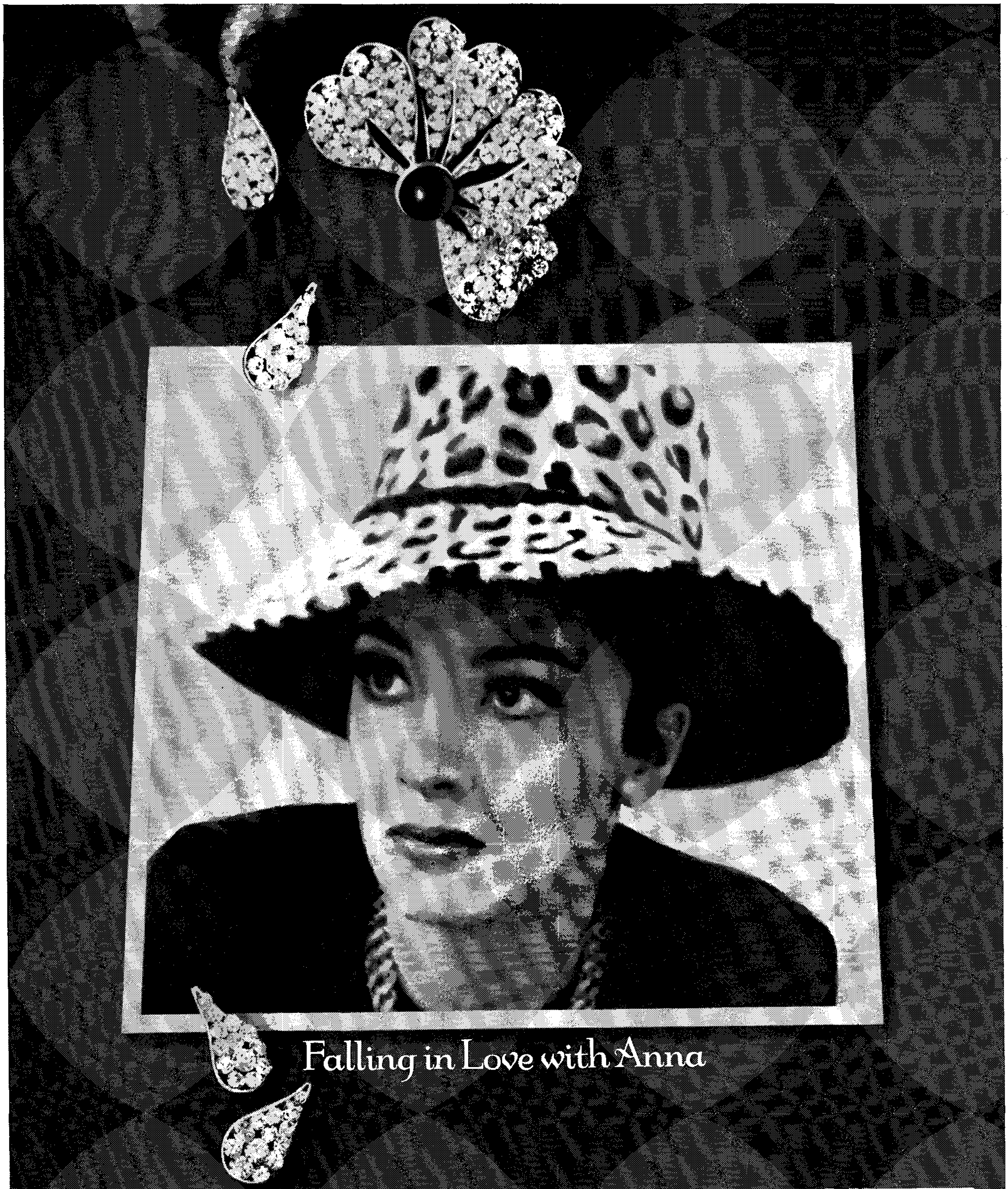
The Stowaway 107 (119 sq. in. screen) **$119.90**

The Nassau 121 (127 sq. in. screen) **$149.90**

Magnavox now costs so little, why settle for less?

Get the best! Portables with Magnavox performance: sharp, stable pictures even from distant stations; famous Magnavox sound; the reliability of exclusive Magnavox Bonded Circuitry plus many other advanced features. Compared every way, Magnavox is your best buy. Sold direct through Magnavox franchised dealers (listed in Yellow Pages)—you pay no middleman costs.

the magnificent
Magnavox
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.


Falling in Love with Anna

If you're not already crazy about this lovely girl with the lovely voice, you will be when you hear her new recordings. One Night of Love, presents Anna Moffo in a glamorous new setting, singing great popular ballads—"If I Loved You," "One Night of Love," "Lover," "Always," and eight more. As Skitch Henderson, her conductor in this album, puts it, Anna sings "with all the *warmth, understanding and clarity of the very best pop singers.*" In her other new album Anna sings and Stokowski conducts Canteloube's Songs of the Auvergne, Villa-Lobos' Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5 and Rachmaninoff's Vocalise. Hear these new Dynagroove albums . . . and you, too, will find yourself falling in love with Anna.

RCA Victor

The most trusted name in sound

One Night of Love
ANNA
MOFFO
Skitch Henderson
conducting the
RCA Victor Orchestra
RCA VICTOR
RED SEAL
DYNAGROOVE
RECORDING

ANNA MOFFO / LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI
American Symphony Orchestra
Canteloube Songs of the Auvergne
Villa-Lobos Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5
Rachmaninoff Vocalise
VICTOR
RED SEAL
DYNAGROOVE
RECORDING

Falling in Love with Anna

The vibrant voice of Anna Moffo has enriched many recordings in recent years. Here are ten delightful performances that will enrich anyone's record collection.

Puccini
LA BOHÈME
MOFFO · TUCKER · COSTA · MERRILL
TOZZI · MAERO
LEINSDORF conducting
RCA VICTOR RED SEAL

Complete opera on 2 L.P.s. Cast includes Tucker, Merrill, Tozzi, Costa. Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Rome Opera House Orchestra.

The Dream Duet with Sergio Franchi

A Verdi Collaboration

Arias from Faust, Bohème, Dinorah, Carmen, Semiramide, Turandot and Lakmé

A Portrait of Manon: Scenes from Manon and Manon Lescaut

La Serva Padrona

La Traviata

Die Fledermaus Highlights

and on 'Victrola'

Madama Butterfly

RCA Victor TMK(S)®
The most trusted name in sound

downstairs and sat on a sofa at the back of the lobby, where long windows overlooked a garden. Below her, in bright morning sun, the plants and flowers flashed with an almost tropical prodigality; beneath her feet, the same flowers, shaded lilac by the overhanging folds of her dress, were perpetuated in faintly crazed tiles. She leaned back and crossed her legs. She sighed.

"You make a pretty picture," her aunt said, appearing at her side. "We'd better not sit down. We're so late already—my fault of course—and we have a reservation. You know Daria. And this is Massimo Tordini."

Sophie smiled to a tall woman dressed in white, with an enclosed pale face and a dome of teased golden hair. She gave her hand to Tordini, who was at once squat and dapper, a retired musician visiting the town's summer arts festival. He held her hand, then kissed it, paid her an extravagant compliment, and reminded Luisa that he had left his car in a forbidden space. They walked back slowly through the hotel lobby in pairs. Daria, incredibly, had brought a white, spiked parasol, which aloofly pecked the patterned tiles at every step. With this, and her high insubstantial hair, she was as self-possessed, as perfectly balanced as Queen Mary. Luisa walked with her, on the opposite side from the parasol—letting her have, as it were, her sword arm free.

Walking behind with Tordini, Sophie contrasted Daria's figure with her aunt's. Luisa's body was also straight and disciplined, but somehow more yielding, more ready to stoop, its pride more intelligible. Her aunt's gray head was inclined toward Daria's, and she was laughing.

Tordini detained Sophie with a finger on her arm. "Someone wants you."

They had reached the door of the hotel, and she turned to find a lame young man from the Reception at her side, with an envelope in his hand.

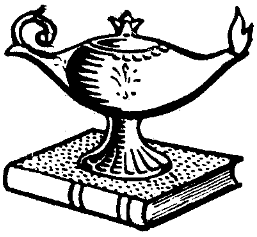
"It just came for you," he said. "An *espresso*."

She took it from him and held it in both her hands, looking at the postmark. Tordini pulled back the heavy glass door and they passed out into the street.

"You have a letter," Daria observed unnecessarily.

"A special-delivery," remarked Luisa.

Sophie screwed up her eyes in the fierce sunlight, still frowning at the envelope. She felt the two women looking at her. "It's from Grosseto," she said. "I don't know anyone at Grosseto." She turned it over to open it and saw



Who has 36,000 employees going to school?

More than 36,000 men and women—about 42% of all employees in the savings and loan business—are taking educational courses in order to serve you better.

Many are studying in local classes or home study courses, conducted by the American Savings and Loan Institute, the educational arm of the business, which was organized in 1922.

At the management level, executive development schools are held in cooperation with the University of Washington, the University of Georgia, and the University of Connecticut, while the graduate school of the Institute is conducted at the University of Indiana.

These are only the highlights of a comprehensive training and educational program aimed at keeping local management at peak efficency and providing it with every necessary skill in the management of your money.

More than 86,000 men and women are now employed by the Savings and Loan Associations serving America. To them the savings and loan business offers satisfying careers. During the past twenty years it has also provided the stimulation and opportunities which come with tremendous growth.

FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN INSURANCE CORPORATION
SAFETY OF YOUR SAVINGS
INSURED
UP TO $10,000

Savings and Loan Associations

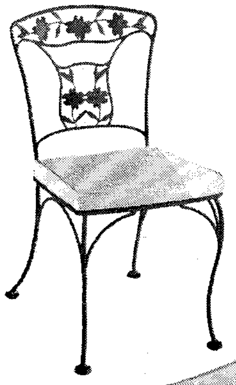
©1965. The Savings and Loan Foundation, Inc., 1111 "E" Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004

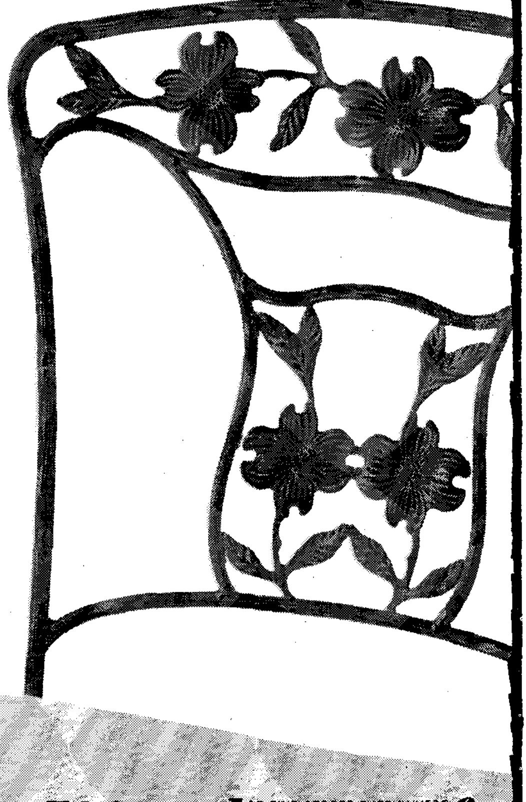
Cartier

DINING REQUISITE
Minaret pepper shaker of sterling silver, 4-1/4 inches high. Matching salt dish with vermeil interior, silver spoon. The set $80. From the Silver Room. Mail orders invited.

Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Second Street, New York · PLaza 3-0111
Cartier, Inc., Palm Beach | Cartier, S. A., Paris | Cartier, Ltd., London

DOGWOOD
blooms year-round in your home, on your patio, by your pool! Frames are enchantingly realistic, down to the last tiny groove and bud. Choice of eleven exquisite hand-rubbed antique frame finishes. Unconditional ten-year guarantee against rust and corrosion. See Meadowcraft at the World's Fair in the House of Good Taste.





AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE
Meadowcraft
BIRMINGHAM ORNAMENTAL IRON COMPANY, 4363 FIRST AVE., N., BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

the name on the back. I had never even seen his handwriting, she thought.

Daria sat in the front seat of the car with Tordini. Sophie, in the back with Luisa, laid the unopened envelope on her knee. She resisted pleasure, as for days she had resisted sadness. She pretended to herself that she was Daria, blank, erect, armored in white silk.

"Massimo," Luisa complained, "this car is like a furnace."

"We have hardly any distance to go," he said. "Can I turn down here—is this a one-way street?" A shriek of horns assured him that it was. "Keep an eye out for a parking place."

In the end, they parked beside the restaurant, in another forbidden spot. The interior of the restaurant was cool; its thick red walls and low, curved ceiling gave a sense of being underground. They had a table in a corner and Daria laid her parasol on the floor since, despite repeated attempts, it could not be made to stand against the wall.

"It will get dirty," said Luisa.

Sophie said, "Will you forgive me if I open my letter?"

"Of course, dear. I can't imagine how you've waited so long."

"It's nylon," said Daria. She was speaking of her parasol.

Sophie slit the envelope with her finger and drew out a single sheet written on both sides.

"It must be a love letter," Tordini said, teasing her.

"My sweet Sophie," the letter began, "This is not a love letter."

"Of course it is," Luisa agreed.

"Have you thought about what you want?" Tordini waved to the waiter. "We're ready to order. What's good today? Is the fish fresh?"

Sophie read on. "I went to the piazza, as I said I would. I find that I too have A Thing about waiting, when it is for you and you don't come. . . . On Friday I drove to the coast—"

"Sophie, will you have *antipasto*? Two, then. And red or white?"

"—to visit my children, and I am spending the night here at Grosseto on business on the way back. If you will see me when I return, please send a note to my house tomorrow."

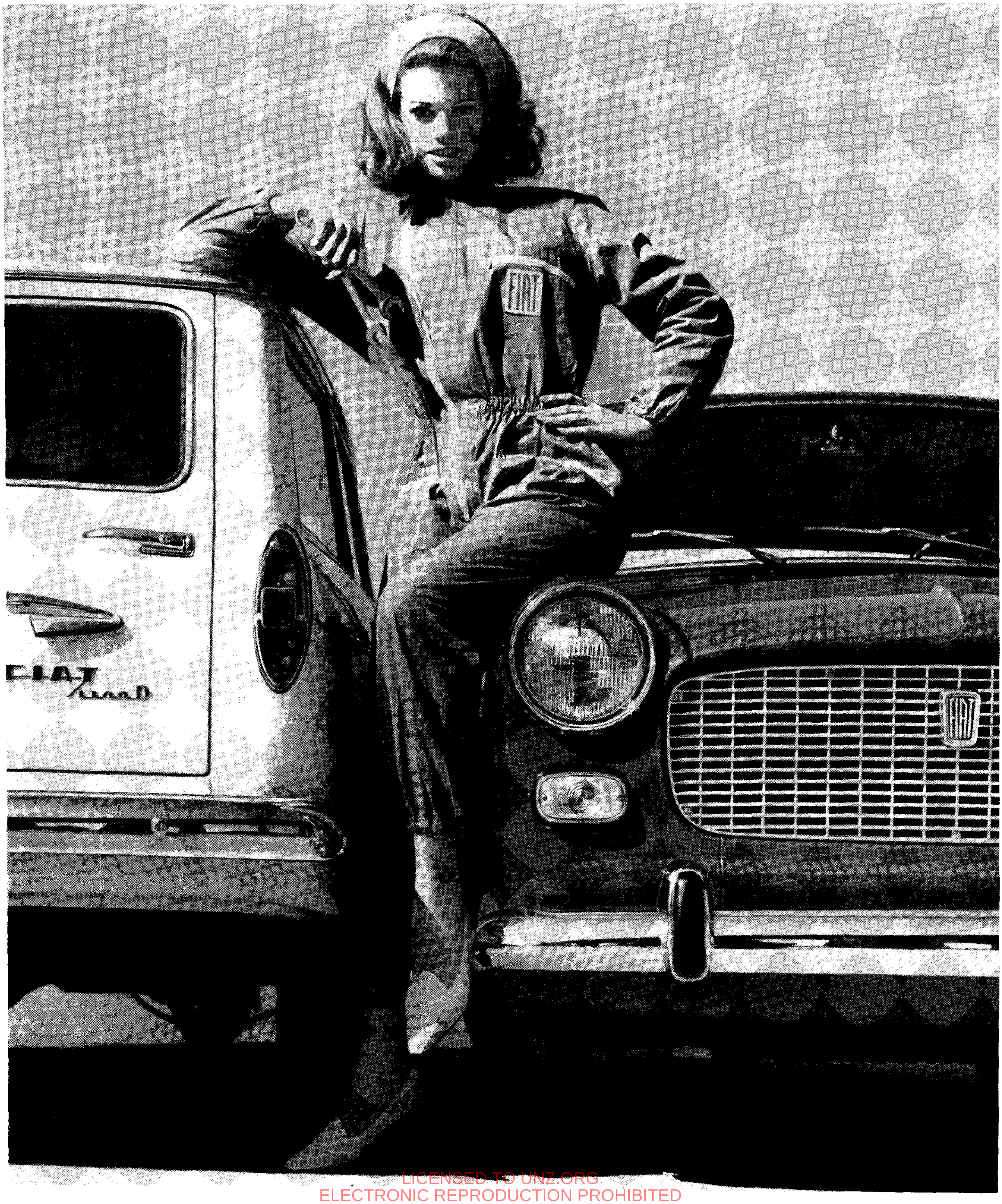
She folded the page in two without finishing it, and laid it beside her plate. The concluding lines of the letter, written in a more impetuous hand, started up from the white cloth between her plate and her wineglass, but she could scarcely decipher them: ". . . explain myself . . . if you were made of flesh instead of air."

Tordini said, "It's strange that love

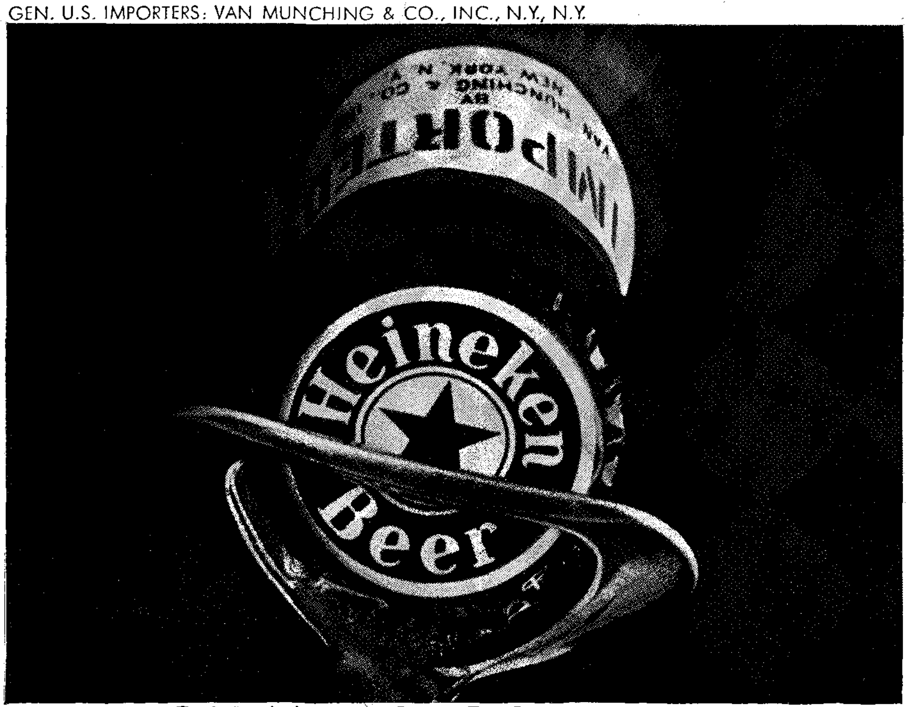
Drive Your Fiat Home to Rome—in Minutes!

Rome is never far away for anyone who owns a Fiat. Drive into any of 425 Fiat Service Centers all over America. They are factory trained. And they have an Italian kind of feeling for the art that is part of every Fiat. Chances are no replacements will be needed, unless you lose the Battle of the Freeways. Because this 4-door sedan and this 5-door station wagon of Fiat's 1100D series* are made like fine jewels with love and precision. Especially engineered for the U.S. market. But when something rough does happen, it's a comfort to know you can drive your Fiat home to Rome—often in minutes! Your mechanic may not be as shapely as the one photographed here but he will be an expert. *Always have at least one* **FIAT**

*Sedan $1595, Station Wagon $1759 suggested p.o.e. New York. See the Yellow Pages for your nearest Fiat dealer Overseas delivery through dealers and travel agents, or write Fiat Motor Co., Inc., 500 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10036



GEN. U.S. IMPORTERS: VAN MUNCHING & CO., INC., N.Y., N.Y.

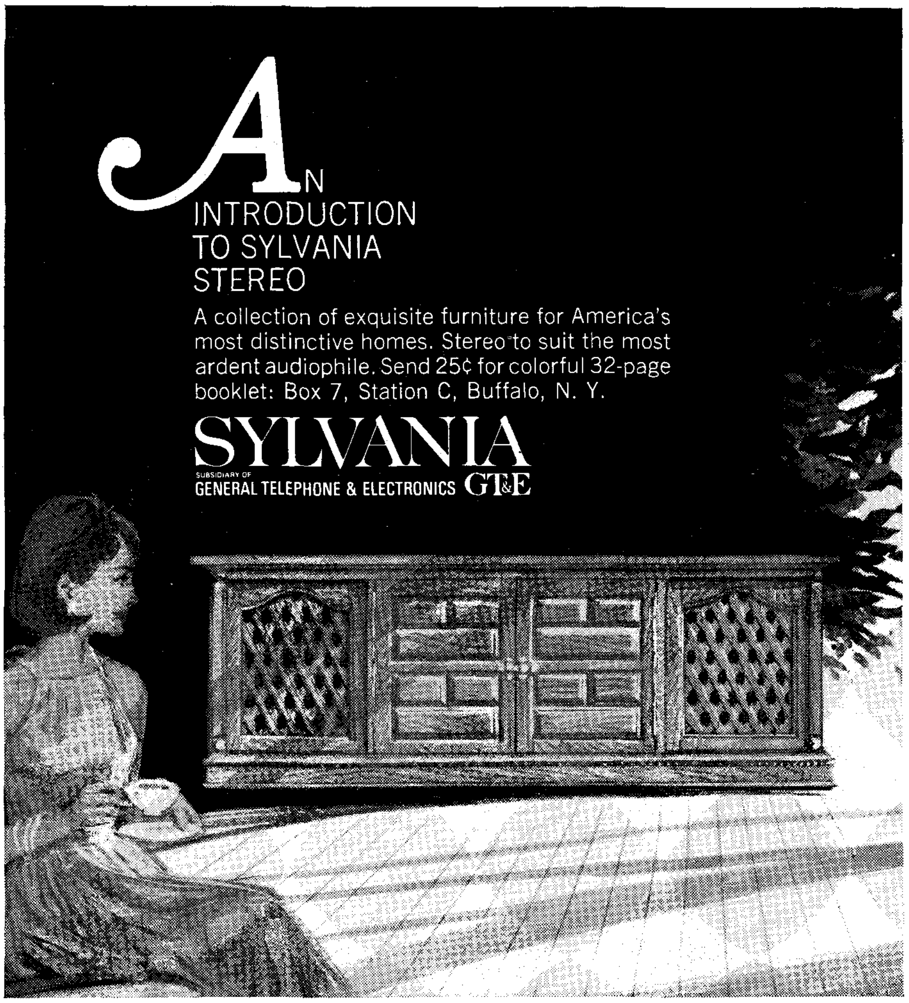


HOLLAND'S PROUD BREW

Everybody should drink it all the time. Or at least once in a while.

Why? Because better beer just isn't made. Need a for instance? O.K. Our brewmasters actually *age* Heineken for three months. That makes for *naturally tiny bubbles.* And the smaller the bubbles the better the beer. So if you drink Heineken often, you know what great beer is. And, if you enjoy it just once in a while, you know what your regular beer should be.

HEINEKEN IMPORTED BEER



AN INTRODUCTION TO SYLVANIA STEREO

A collection of exquisite furniture for America's most distinctive homes. Stereo to suit the most ardent audiophile. Send 25¢ for colorful 32-page booklet: Box 7, Station C, Buffalo, N. Y.

SYLVANIA
SUBSIDIARY OF GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS GT&E

letters"—he had forgotten how the subject had come up—"to the Anglo-Saxon mind always take on the character of ravings."

"Unless they are very understated," Luisa agreed.

Sophie sipped her wine. Her eye fell again on the fold of the letter. "*Se invece che d'aria tu fossi di carne.*" It's well phrased, she thought—like a line from a libretto.

"But I suppose," Tordini went on, "that kind of language *is* pretty appalling, if you take it seriously."

"Anything's appalling," said Luisa, "if you take it seriously."

Sophie ate an olive from her *antipasto*, and a slice of ham. Of course, she thought, I can't see him. Of course I can't. She smiled at Tordini, who had started telling jokes. Only—why should I mind as much as this? She felt, for their meetings in the piazza, an exquisite nostalgia, as if they had belonged to a distant idyll in a country never to be revisited.

Tordini was saying, his hands spread open before him, "And then this Italian says to his friend, 'Why are you always with foreign girls? What is it they do that's so special, these foreign girls?' " The waiter took away his plate and put down a dish of pasta. "Thank you. And the friend replies, '*They leave.*' "

Sophie laughed. For a moment she thought, I am going to cry. No, I can't cry here. Only children cry in public. It's the sort of thing one should do in childhood, quickly, before it's too late. The events of the morning rocked before her—the blaze of flowers by the hotel window, Daria spiking the colored tiles with her parasol at every step. Perhaps I have a touch of the sun, she wondered. Or too much wine. And then she thought sharply, I won't see him. She shifted her foot determinedly beneath the table.

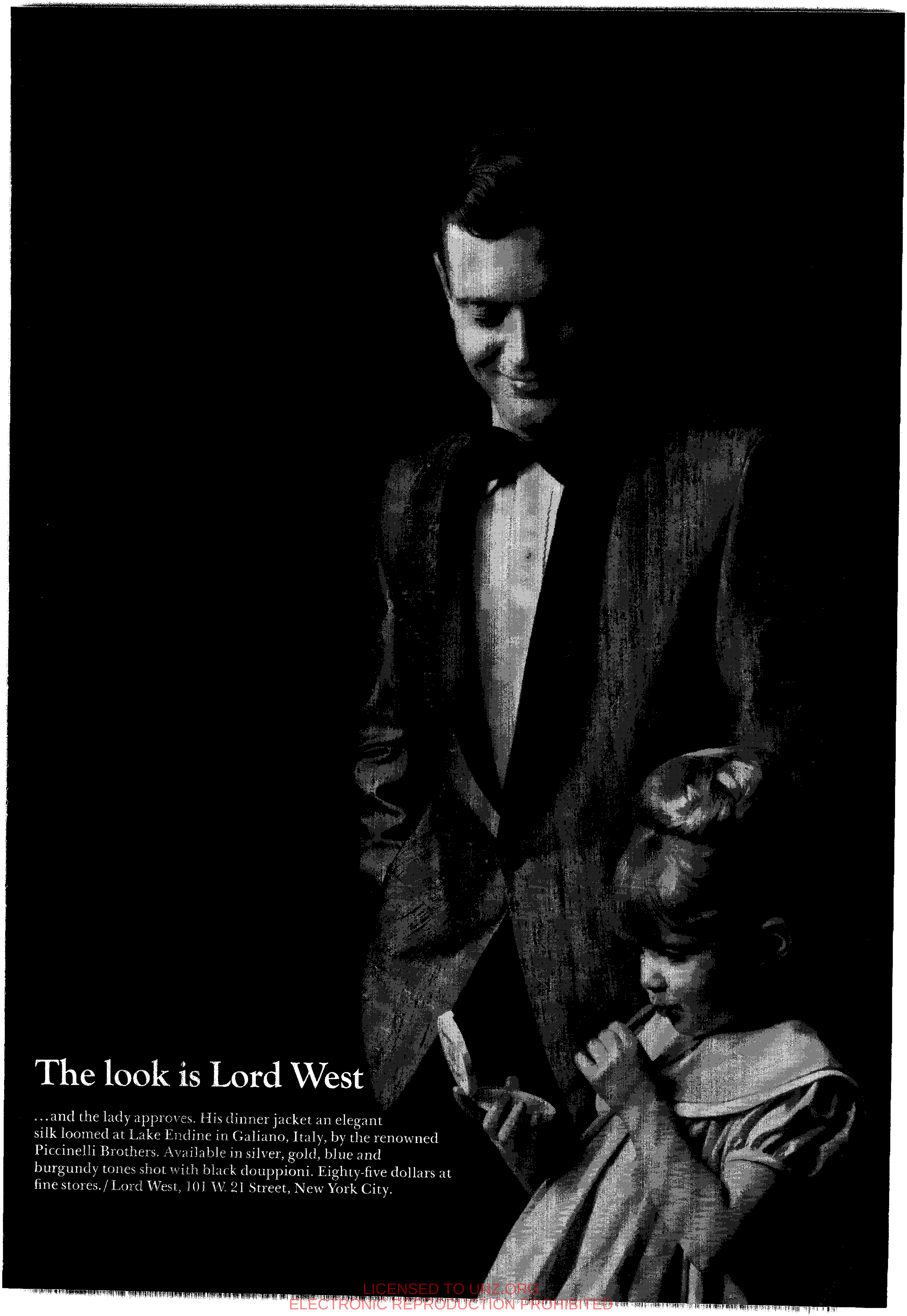
"I'm so sorry," she said to Daria. "I trod on your sunshade."

VI

A BOY with a handcart was selling carnations. They were only a hundred lire a bunch, according to the sign, and didn't look in the least wilted.

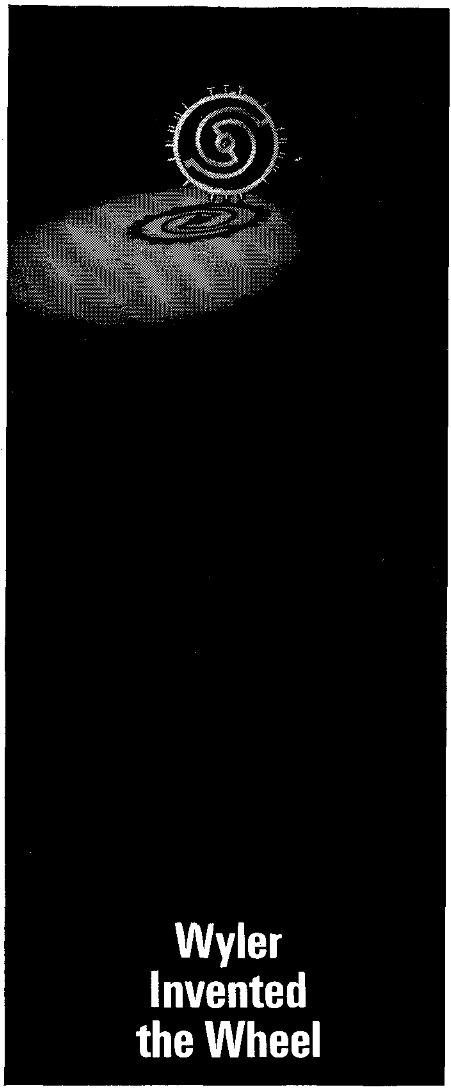
"How large is a bunch?" Sophie asked him. He held it up for her, the flowers wobbling on their long, supple stems. "Two pink, then. And one of the deep red."

He wrapped the ends in newspaper and she paid him, holding the sheaf of flowers awkwardly on her arm and counting out the coins. He put the



The look is Lord West

...and the lady approves. His dinner jacket an elegant silk loomed at Lake Endine in Galiano, Italy, by the renowned Piccinelli Brothers. Available in silver, gold, blue and burgundy tones shot with black douppioni. Eighty-five dollars at fine stores./Lord West, 101 W. 21 Street, New York City.



...the Incaflex balance wheel, that is. Saves 9 out of 10 breakdowns due to sudden jolts, because it *gives* with shock. The Incaflex balance wheel is exclusive with Wyler. Guaranteed for the life of the watch. If it *ever* breaks, we'll replace it as soon as we recover from our shock.

14K Gold Case, 2 Diamonds. $225 p.t.

Wyler
incaflex

WYLER WATCH CORPORATION, NEW YORK 10

money in a black cloth bag. "It's a beautiful day," he said.

"Oh yes." She smiled, and shifted the carnations into the crook of her arm. How absurd, she thought, to have bought these flowers; now I have to go home and put them in water. And she began to climb the steep street she had just come down. The stems in their damp paper rested against her body, and the strong delicious scent rose over her face. But they *are* lovely, she thought, and they'll last until I go.

Her way back to the hotel lay past the post office. She crossed the wide, unshaded piazza without a glance at the café, although it was early in the afternoon and in any case she knew he wouldn't be there. It was two days since she had received his letter. In another two days she would be gone. Except for the possibility of such an accident—running into him in the street or the piazza—she need never meet him again. It was for this reason, perhaps, that she imagined she saw him so many times as she walked down the main street of the town.

Yet, oddly, as she strolled along, she thought of Claudio only indirectly. She was thinking, rather, of a man she had loved when she was a schoolgirl, and she saw herself walking up and down with him in a garden, anxiously listening to his complicated exposition of the reasons he could not love her in return. It must be the carnations, she thought suddenly—the smell of the carnations—that brought that far-off garden and that other summer into her mind. She had not thought of it for years, and yet she was glad now to be reminded of the intricate, lasting nature of any form of love.

The entrance of the hotel was beautifully cool after her walk through the streets. She went over to the desk for her key, but the young man at the Reception came limping out to meet her. He thought she did not understand what he said to her, and repeated his message, directing her to the back of the lobby with his hand.

Claudio had seen her first, and in the instant before their eyes met he had a strong impression of her appearance. He thought involuntarily (as he sometimes thought if he saw a stylish woman walking alone in the evening, or a girl leaning out of a window), She is in love. So detached was this judgment that his first response to it was a pang of jealousy.

He stood up as she came across the colored tiles to where he was waiting by the windows. She made a movement to put the flowers from her, as if they gave her an unfair advantage. He took them gently out of her grasp and, calling one of the bellboys, asked for them to be put into water. She made no attempt to give him her hand or to speak casually. She came and sat beside him on the sofa with her head slightly lowered and her hands in her lap.

"Don't be annoyed," he said.

"I'm going away soon."

"Because of me?"

She glanced up and half smiled. "You're a threat to me."

He said seriously, "You must forgive me for that."

"You don't deny it," she observed. "Are you always like this?"

"Like what?"

"Following the score instead of listening to the music?"

She shook her head, but not in answer to his question. He lifted her hand onto his knee and laid his own hand over it. "You won't leave," he said.

She stayed in her slack, acquiescent attitude—like a defeated general, not accounting for the errors that led to this predicament.

He said, "You aren't happy now. But I promise that you will be." When he removed his hand, hers remained on his knee as though she had placed it there to comfort him. "Tomorrow," he said.

Tomorrow seemed to her as remote, as unlikely as the end of the summer. She thought that probably she would not go away, after all; they could have their afternoons again, for a while, in the piazza. Nothing need be undone; nothing more need happen. She thought that, since he said so, perhaps she would be happy.

"Tomorrow," he said, "we can make some plans."

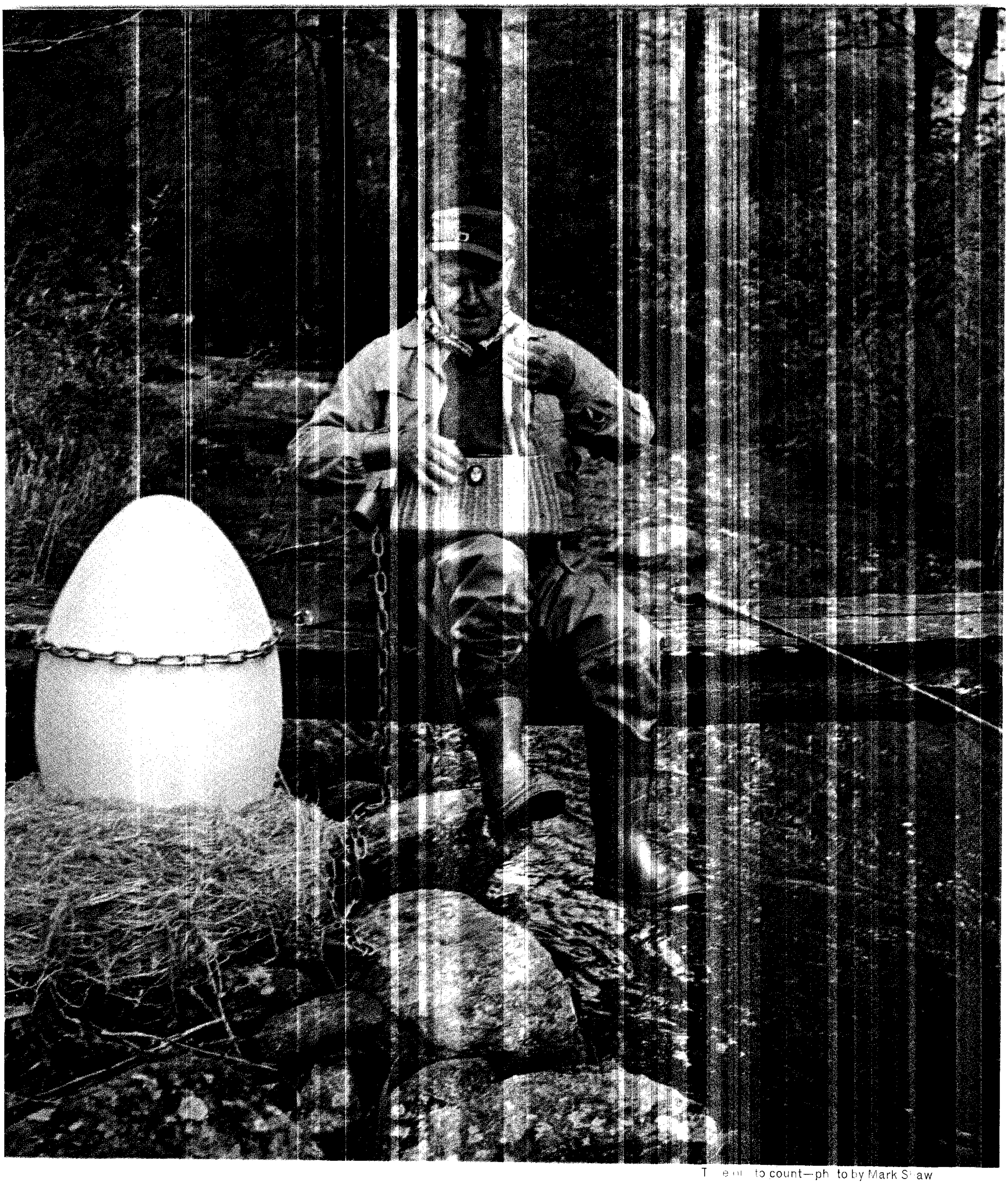
She looked up at him. "Plans?"

"It would be better," he said, "not to go on meeting in the piazza."

She sat up straight. Their heads, which had been almost touching, now parted. She moved her hand back into her lap. And the bellboy, who had been hesitating in the middle of the lobby, seized the opportunity to come up with her flowers in a brass vase.

VII

IN this town every summer a festival is held to celebrate an ancient battle—to celebrate the battle, rather than the victory, which was gained by the opposing side. It was, in fact, a decisive victory, a turning point in the town's brief but illustrious medieval prominence. But the men of the town conducted themselves so valiantly in the

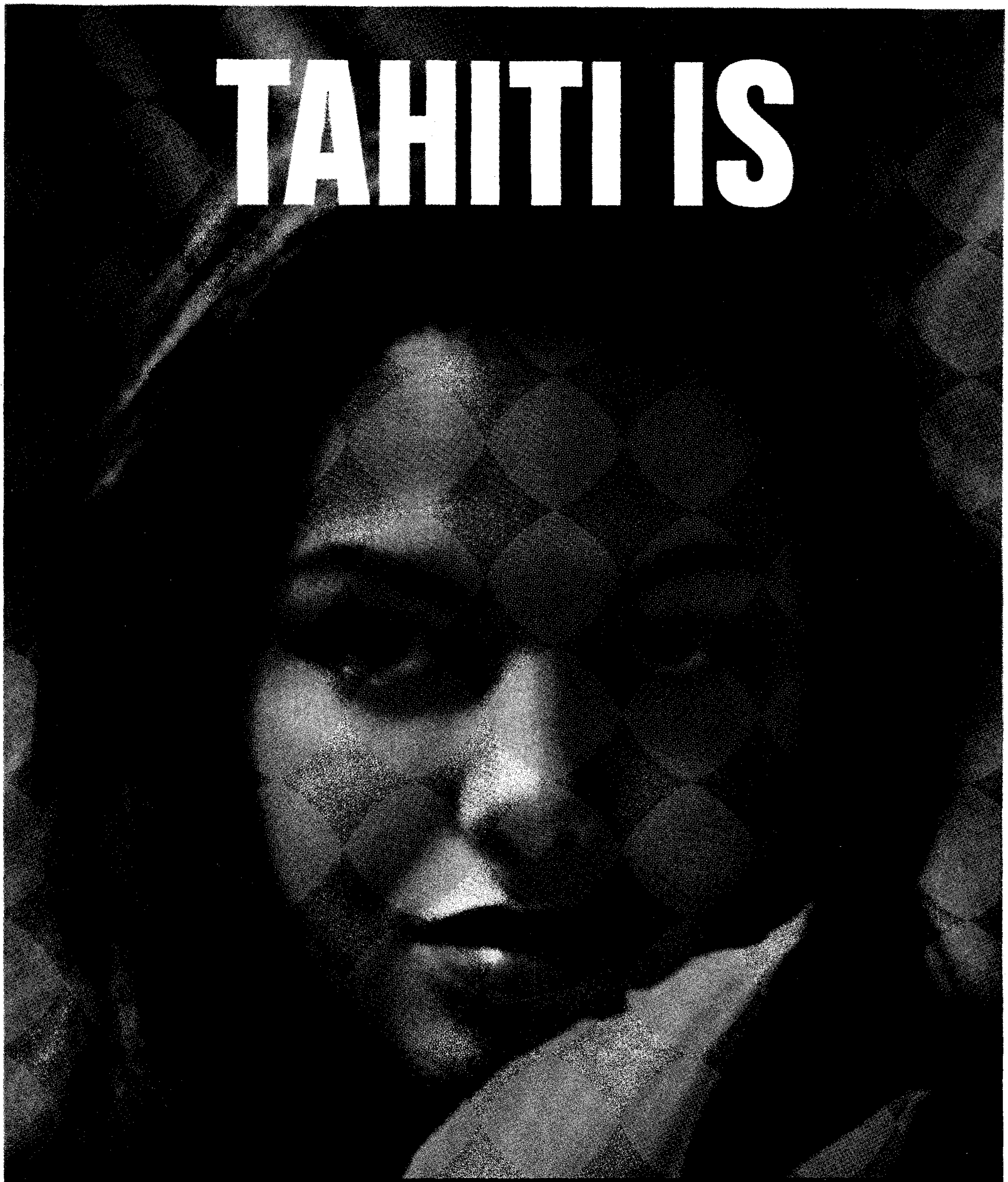


[illegible] to count—photo by Mark Shaw

Unshackle yourself. You have a friend at Chase Manhattan to help you care for your nest egg and act as your trustee. Delegate us at your convenience.

THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK

Head Office: 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza, New York, New York 10015



Tahiti is French to its fingertips, and so are we. Now, in only 8½ jet hours from Los Angeles, you can discover this legendary isle of Gauguin — *still as beautifully unspoiled as his paintings of it.* The capital city of Papeete is a bit of Paris in a South Seas setting. You'll see romantic Bora Bora, too . . . we take you there at no extra charge on a 1½-hour trip in a flying boat! Then we jet you on to Fiji and Australia, if you wish. Our Los Angeles-Tahiti-Sydney flight is the most exciting new journey *of the year, and it's ours alone. Anyone for* adventure? Our flights are very global, very gourmet, very DC-8 jet. For UTA French Airlines reservations, see your travel agent or any office of AIR FRANCE, our general agents.

UTA
FRENCH AIRLINES

field, under so gallant a commander (Guelph or Ghibelline, it is not easily established), and the defeat was in all its aspects so utterly conclusive, that its celebration each year has become one of the town's, and the nation's, greatest events.

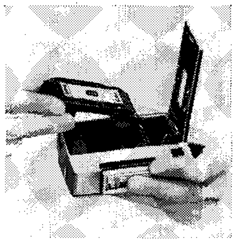
During the festival the town can be entered only on foot. Empty cars and buses stand along the roads outside the walls, and even in the fields. At the railway station, which is beyond the main gate, special trains deliver tourists and visitors for a week beforehand, and in the town itself every hotel and *pensione* is full to bursting and every spare room is let. In the vast main piazza, each window is draped with tawny or crimson cloth, and on the night of the festival the campanile of the Palazzo Pubblico is lighted from top to bottom with flares. The main streets are decorated with embroidered banners and with the shields and devices of the city's saints and heroes. (These personages originate without exception in the Middle Ages; in fact, it is said of this town that when its citizens speak of "the turn of the century," they mean the fourteenth century. In 1944, when the retreating German front approached the city walls with the Allies in close pursuit, the townspeople closed the gates—with some mechanical difficulty, since this had last been done in 1416.)

The festival takes the form of a procession, through the streets and into the piazza, of the members of the city's ancient guilds. The trades that the guilds represent have mostly become obsolete and the guilds have long since been translated into associations comprising various factions of the town. These factions command a fanatical loyalty within their own ranks and maintain a bitter opposition toward one another. The Halberd Makers are so irrevocably set against the Embroiderers and Weavers, and so on throughout twenty guilds, that marriage into another guild is unthinkable to a truly staunch member. At the time of the festival, when feeling is at its peak, it becomes dangerous for the members of one society to appear in the domain of another.

The procession takes several hours to pass through the city to the main square. It moves in solemn silence except for an occasional flourish of silver trumpets or a roll of drums, and the steady, portentous tolling of the bell in the campanile. The members of the guilds wear rich medieval costume, silks and velvets heavily embroidered in clear, flashing colors; a few dignitaries appear in helmet and breastplate and on horse-

Kodak
TRADEMARK

does practically everything for you automatically

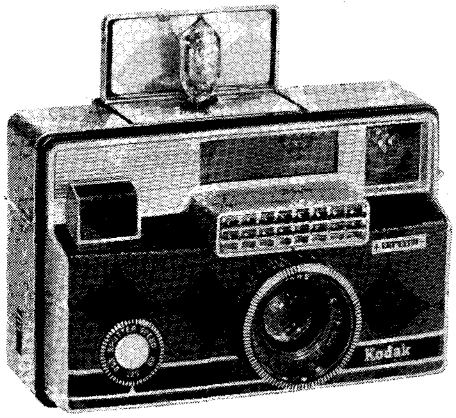


and loads instantly, too

The KODAK INSTAMATIC 800 Camera is the most convenient, most automatic, most helpful precision camera in the world today. It loads *automatically*...*automatically* adjusts for film speed...*automatically* advances the film for you after each shot...*automatically* adjusts the fast *f*/2.8 lens for correct exposure...*automatically* warns when you need to use flash... *automatically* switches to flash speed when you pop up the built-in flash holder...*automatically* sets itself for correct flash exposure as you focus... *automatically* indicates by rangefinder when focus is correct ...and more, much more! This extraordinary precision camera costs less than $130. See the KODAK INSTAMATIC 800—and the many other KODAK INSTAMATIC Cameras—at your Kodak dealer's.

Price subject to change without notice.

KODAK INSTAMATIC 800 Camera



EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

J. PRESS INC.

ENGLISH 'SUPERTROPIC' WORSTEDS

J. PRESS SUPERTROPICS, introduced last year, are regarded by many as the epitome of Ready to Wear Lightweight Clothing. New editions of these 7½ oz. pure Wool Worsteds woven in Huddersfield, England and finished for permanent shape retention by a unique cloth setting process, are the highlights of our Spring and Summer programme........$120

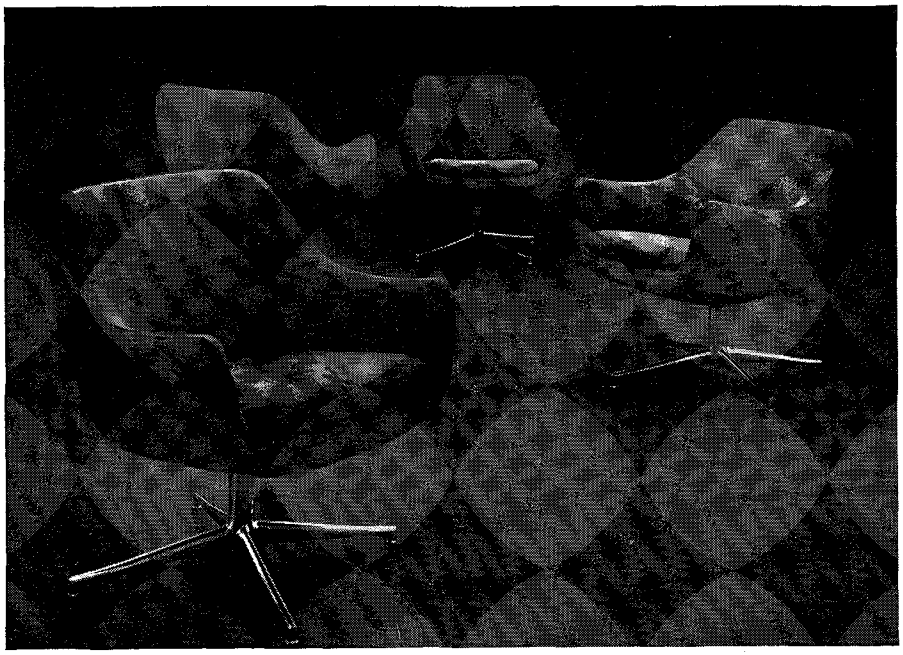
Sample Swatches & Brochure Sent On Request.

Regular Exhibits To 33 Principal Cities. Enquiries Invited.

SINCE 1902

NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK *

262 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN
82 MT. AUBURN ST. CAMBRIDGE
16 EAST 44TH ST. NEW YORK
COAST TO COAST TRAVEL EXHIBITS



Conversation pieces! They're Nordic inspired "bubble" chairs. Luxurious comfort. Same standards of craftsmanship as in Stow & Davis fine wood desks, cabinets and tables.*

stow & davis

DISTINGUISHED FURNITURE FOR DISTINCTIVE OFFICES

**Please send for folder. Write 12-D Summer, N.W., Grand Rapids, Michigan, 49502*

back, the horses also hooded and heavily accoutred. Arriving in the square, the guilds present their banners to the assembled nobles of the town—a collection of tremulous elderly gentlemen bearing certain of the proudest and most infamous names in European history. In the evening, the guilds disperse through the town in order to work off their heightened animosities. Feuding families reaffirm mutual antagonism, duels are fought, blows exchanged, and occasionally a life taken.

The festival is one of the most splendid sights in Italy. It may also be said to reproduce in miniature all the rancor and intolerance of the world.

The preparations for this festival had completely disrupted the simple routine of Sophie's day. The courteous, fatalistic character of the town was now transfigured into something clamorous and obsessive. She was continually being offered, at the hairdresser or the money-changer, even in the hotel, a ticket for a window along the route of the procession, or a knot of colored ribbon which would indicate her sympathies for a particular guild. The central piazza had been filled with rickety wooden stands that would seat leading citizens of the town during the ceremony of the banners, and it could scarcely be entered, much less crossed. The main streets, though empty of traffic, were filled with little men carrying large planks or trestles, and were sometimes barricaded for a rehearsal. In the churches there were special services to bless the respective guilds. Sophie, who loathed public spectacles but thought it priggish to say so, was drawn along in this meaningless drama like someone who, lacking the strength of will to become a conscientious objector, reluctantly participates in a war.

Claudio, himself something of a deserter in this annual conflict, had gone to the coast again to visit his children. This year he would willingly have stayed in the town because of Sophie; instead, because of her, he found himself at the sea.

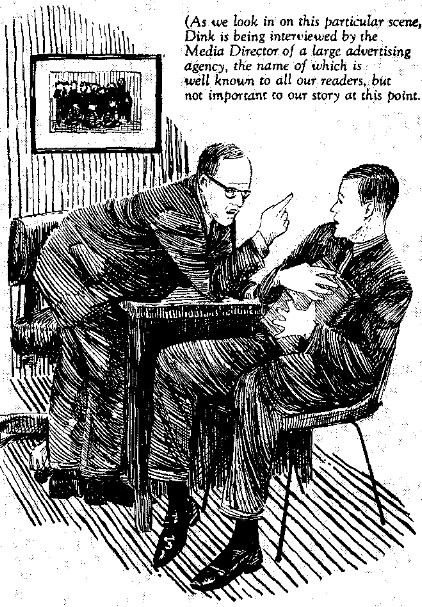
Sophie in these past two weeks had been both submissive and withdrawn—greeting him, when he came to see her each afternoon, with an intense, confiding pleasure, then relapsing into apprehensive silence or listening too attentively to his idlest remark. He understood, or thought he understood, that she felt herself in some way committed and that this was for her a means merely of gaining time. He patiently came to her every day, and on weekends took her for long drives during which he talked a great deal or—what

(*Advertisement*)

№ 27

DINK STOVER AND HIS FIRST JOB IN ADVERTISING OR "OUT INTO THE WORLD!"

In which our hero Dink Stover leaves school to assault the ramparts of Madison Avenue and, with the same grit and determination that earned him many honors on the playing fields of Yale, wins a post in a large advertising agency — much to the envy of his chums who were vying for the same position.



(As we look in on this particular scene, Dink is being interviewed by the Media Director of a large advertising agency, the name of which is well known to all our readers, but not important to our story at this point.)

"STOVER," barked the Media Director gruffly, "why do you want to get into the advertising business?"

"To tell the truth, sir," answered Dink honestly (who never in his life had done otherwise and who had no intention of starting now), "advertising has always appealed to me, particularly the media end of it, and while I have had but little actual experience I should be most thankful for an opportunity to prove my worth. However, I hasten to assure you that I do not expect a title immediately or even a private office, and I would be quite content to labor for a small salary for a few months until I learned the business."

"DINK"

Here Dink paused, for he was a modest lad and did not wish to overstate his case.

"You say advertising has appealed to you and that you have had little actual experience," growled the Media Director (trying to disguise the fact that he was really all heart), "can you tell me why it appeals to you and what experience you have had?"

"Yes sir," said Dink proudly, "my father is in advertising and I have always enjoyed taking part in the many discussions we have had at our house over hot cocoa and cookies, and I can honestly say I have been able to contribute a suggestion of some merit from time to time."

". . . over hot cocoa and cookies."

The Media Director casually toyed with an analysis of Boston newspapers, which was on his desk and looked at Dink keenly.

"Is your father the same Stover who is the advertising manager of ————?" Here the Media Director mentioned a very large company indeed, the name of which is well known to all our readers but not important to our story at this point.

"Yes sir," answered Dink even more proudly than before. "But I trust that it will in no way reduce my chances of gaining employment with you."

"Not at all," smiled the Media Director kindly (for he felt now that Dink needed reassurance). "If you are employed by us it will be because we believe that you are a young man of talent and ability who can contribute much to our agency. Your father's position has nothing to do with it."

"I am happy to hear that sir, and I for my part would want it no other way," said Dink fervently.

"However," continued the Media Director, "in all fairness to ourselves and the other applicants I must first give you a test in order to make sure that you are the best man for the job."

"I am ready when you are sir," smiled Dink confidently, "and I for my part would want it no other way."

". . . assuming a stern air."

"All right," went on the Media Director, assuming a rather stern air once again, "if you were working up a media schedule for an important client, what Boston newspaper would you recommend?"

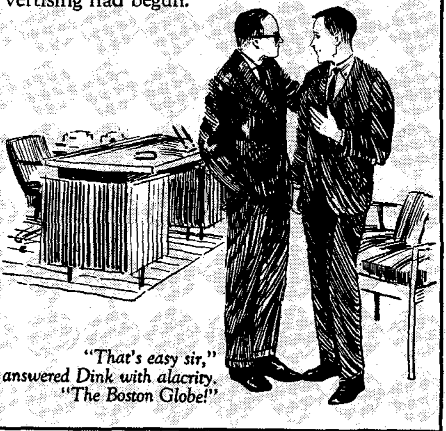
"That's easy sir," answered Dink with alacrity. "The Boston Globe!"

"Why?" demanded the Media Director, obviously pleased and impressed.

"Because The Globe is first in readership, first in advertising and first in the hearts of Bostonians," concluded Dink in ringing tones.

"You're hired!" proclaimed the Media Director. "Come, I'll show you to your office and you can start work immediately."

Dink smiled happily. His career in advertising had begun.



"That's easy sir," answered Dink with alacrity. "The Boston Globe!"

ATTENTION STAUNCH ADMIRERS OF DINK STOVER! Follow the stirring adventures of our hero faithfully — as recorded in this journal by the number one newspaper in Boston — The Globe (which has more readers and carries more advertising than any other Boston newspaper). The Boston Globe. Morning, Evening, Sunday. A Million Market Newspaper. New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

Have you looked into Waterford?

Every facet on this page is cut by hand with love in Waterford, Ireland. The Colleen, top view, $8.50. Side view, Kathleen, $5.50. Waterford signs every piece. For complimentary brochure, write to Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Wm. Smith & Sons Ltd., Toronto, Canada

was to him more alien—sat for long intervals in silence, her wrist beneath his unavoided hand. He drove her all over the surrounding countryside. They admired the natural beauty of the landscape, and the architecture of the towns; they climbed the towers, stared at the pictures, criticized the dim light in the churches and the steepness of the ubiquitous steps. He was pleased to be in these beautiful places, which he had known all his adult life, with someone who gave them a new sense of being enjoyed. It was only in the car, alone with him, that she became subdued and melancholy. Once, after a particularly pleasant afternoon at Cortona, she burst into tears. His forthright Italian sensuality found her behavior neurotic and absurd. Nevertheless he accepted it, and was surprised by his own forbearance. He saw that she was apprehensive, not of what she must prevent but of what she knew must occur. And for this reason, when she urged him to go to the sea as he had planned to do, he at last agreed.

Sophie herself thought that she desperately wanted him to go. Now, in his company, she was like a traveller who stands one morning on the deck of a ship in a strange harbor, studying the country where she is to live; who wonders which of these grouped houses is to grow familiar, which of these streets most travelled, whether those parks, so attractive in the early sunshine, will become perhaps sinister by night. She did not even ask herself, Where will it lead?—assuming that she could only come, as it were, to grief. His awareness of this, his disarming, undemanding kindness, could not reassure her. Such reassurance is not within anyone's power. Someone who says "Trust me" must always hope in his heart that you will keep something in reserve; "Never leave me" can only represent an inquiry into present intentions.

And so Claudio went for a week to the sea and Sophie stayed for the festival.

On the morning of the actual day, a ceremony was held in the Duomo. On the floor of the cathedral, a famous series of Biblical scenes in marble inlay was annually uncovered for the occasion—it was protected by wooden boards during the rest of the year. Sophie, who had never seen this floor, found it impossible to get into the church, and waited outside in the hot sun for the crowd to disperse after the ceremony. Even so, when she eventually got inside she had only glimpses of the inlaid scenes; the most fragile areas were roped off with twists of scar-

To see the KLH Model 20, look here:

New York City Area
Liberty Music Shops, Inc./New York
G. Schirmer, Inc./New York
The Audio Exchange, Inc./Jamaica
Macy's—Custom Sound Department
New York
Harvey Radio Co., Inc./New York

California
Sherman Clay & Company/Fresno
May Company/Los Angeles
Penny Owsley Music Co./Los Angeles
Capwell's/Oakland
Thearle Music Co./San Diego
Walker-Scott Company/San Diego
Stereo Hi Fi Center/Gardena
Crenshaw Hi Fi Center/Los Angeles
Henry Radio, Inc./Los Angeles
McDaniel's Hi-Fi/Menlo Park
High Fidelity House/Pasadena

Connecticut
G. Fox and Company/Hartford
David Dean Smith/New Haven

Delaware
Willard S. Wilson, Inc./Wilmington

Florida
Viviano Stereo Center/Tampa

Georgia
Rich's Department Store/Atlanta

Illinois
Lyon & Healy/Chicago

Maryland
Audio Center/Bethesda

Massachusetts
Audio Lab, Inc./Cambridge
The Music Box, Inc./Wellesley
Star TV-Beecher Hobbs/Chestnut Hill

Missouri
Aeolian Company of Missouri/St. Louis
David Beatty
Custom High Fidelity/Kansas City

New Hampshire
Manchester Music Company/Manchester

New York
Lent's Music Store, Inc./Ithaca

North Carolina
Troy's Hi Fi Stereo Center/Durham

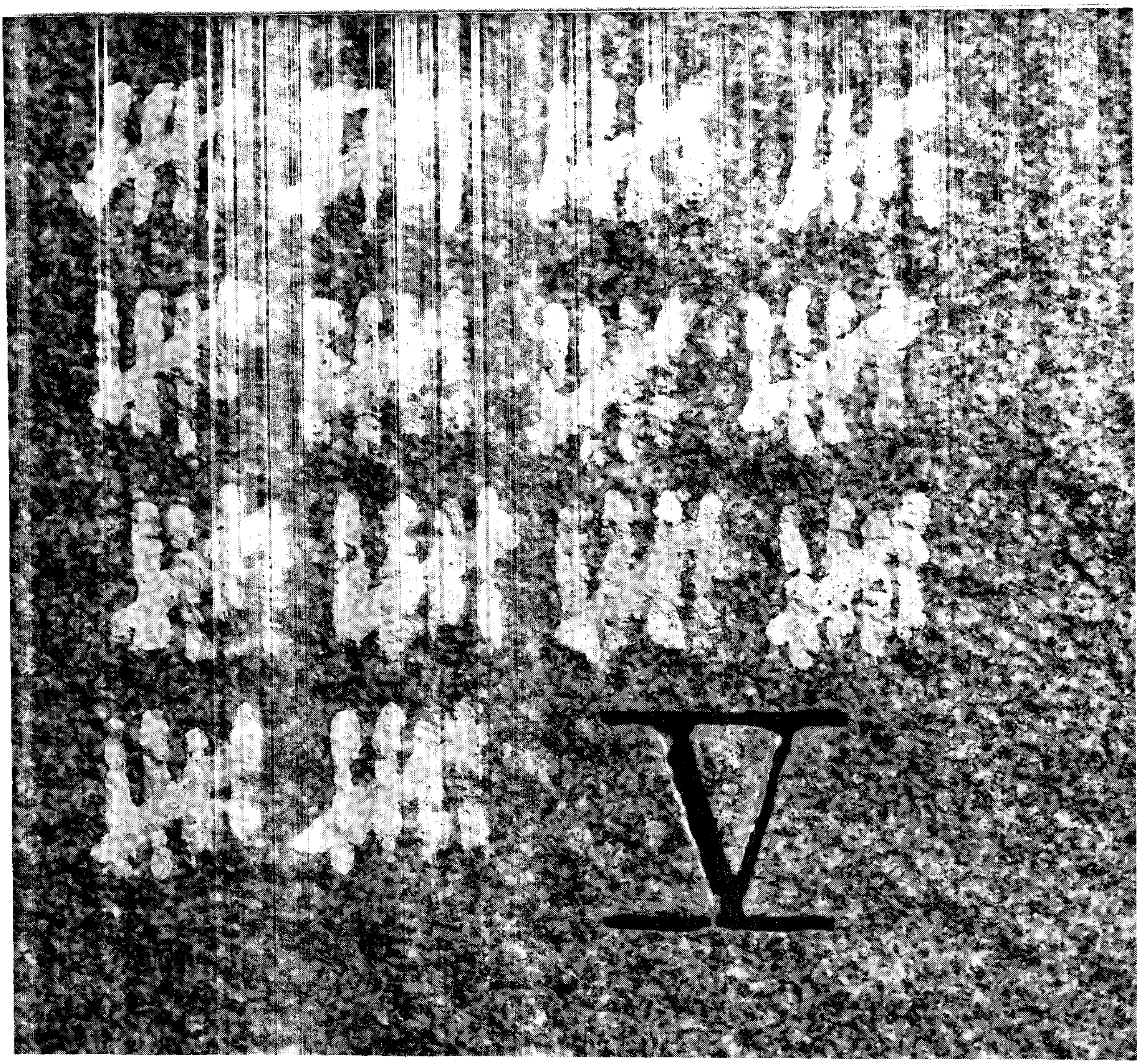
Ohio
Audio Craft Co., Inc./Cleveland
Lazarus/Columbus

Pennsylvania
Danby Radio Corp./Philadelphia
Hess's—Custom Sound Department/Allentown
Strawbridge & Clothier/Philadelphia

Washington, D. C.
Campbell Music Co., Inc.
Emco, Inc.
Shrader Sound, Inc.

And there are 400 more. Write:

KLH Research & Development Corp.
Consumer Service Department
30 Cross Street
Cambridge, Mass.



There's one in every crowd

Always.

Someone who's looking for a better way to do things. A simpler way. A more efficient way.

Maybe you know someone like him. Like the man who made the first nylon stocking.

Or developed aerated shaving cream.

Or created the Model Twenty.

What's the Model Twenty?

It's a stereo music system like no other. A combination of the most advanced transistorized amplifier and FM stereo tuner, plus a specially-built record changer and a pair of high-performance loudspeakers—all integrated to work as one.

Listen to the Model Twenty—you'll recognize the difference.

It's not a component hifi system (with all the expense and complicated mixing and matching you have to go through to get the kind of sound you want).

It's not a console (where frills and furniture are important and sound quality...well, who knows?).

It's a new breed, this KLH Model Twenty. Each part perfectly balanced and matched with every other part—with no compromises, no short cuts. It has KLH quality *throughout*. In the speakers, in the amplifier, in the tuner—everywhere it counts.

The Model Twenty is compact, tasteful, flexible, complete. And way ahead of its time.

Who knows? Someday someone might even improve on it. Probably the same kind of guy that discovered five could be written as 5 easier than as V. And he'll probably be working for KLH, too.

See the
KLH Model Twenty.
About $399.95
(suggested retail price)

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

FIGARO

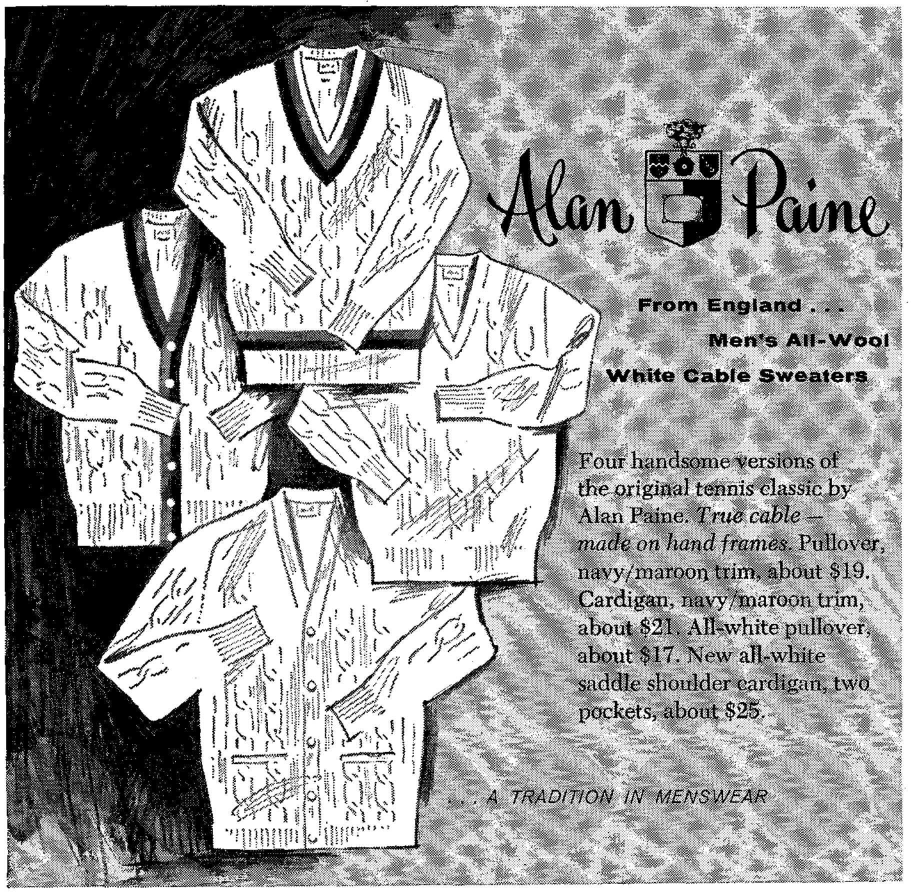
the beginning of a new
international gift habit

FIGARO
VETYVER
LAVANDE

Cologne 3.75 Talc 2.00
After Shave 3.00 Soap 2.00
PLUS TAX

MONSIEUR LANVIN
FIGARO COLOGNE

MONSIEUR LANVIN



Alan Paine

From England . . .
Men's All-Wool
White Cable Sweaters

Four handsome versions of the original tennis classic by Alan Paine. *True cable — made on hand frames.* Pullover, navy/maroon trim, about $19. Cardigan, navy/maroon trim, about $21. All-white pullover, about $17. New all-white saddle shoulder cardigan, two pockets, about $25.

. . . A TRADITION IN MENSWEAR

Boston, Mass. . . . . . R. H. Stearns Co.
Chicago, Ill. . . . . . . Capper & Capper
Cleveland, Ohio . . The Halle Bros. Co.
Detroit, Mich. . . . . . . Capper & Capper
Los Angeles, Cal. . J. W. Robinson Co.
Louisville, Ky. . . . . Rodes
Minneapolis, Minn. . . . . Dayton's
New York, N.Y. . . . . . B. Altman & Co.
New York, N.Y. . . . . . Bloomingdale's
San Francisco, Cal. . Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Seattle, Wash. . . . . Littler, Inc.
Washington, D.C. Woodward & Lothrop

For other stores write: **FRANK L. SAVAGE, INC., 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.**

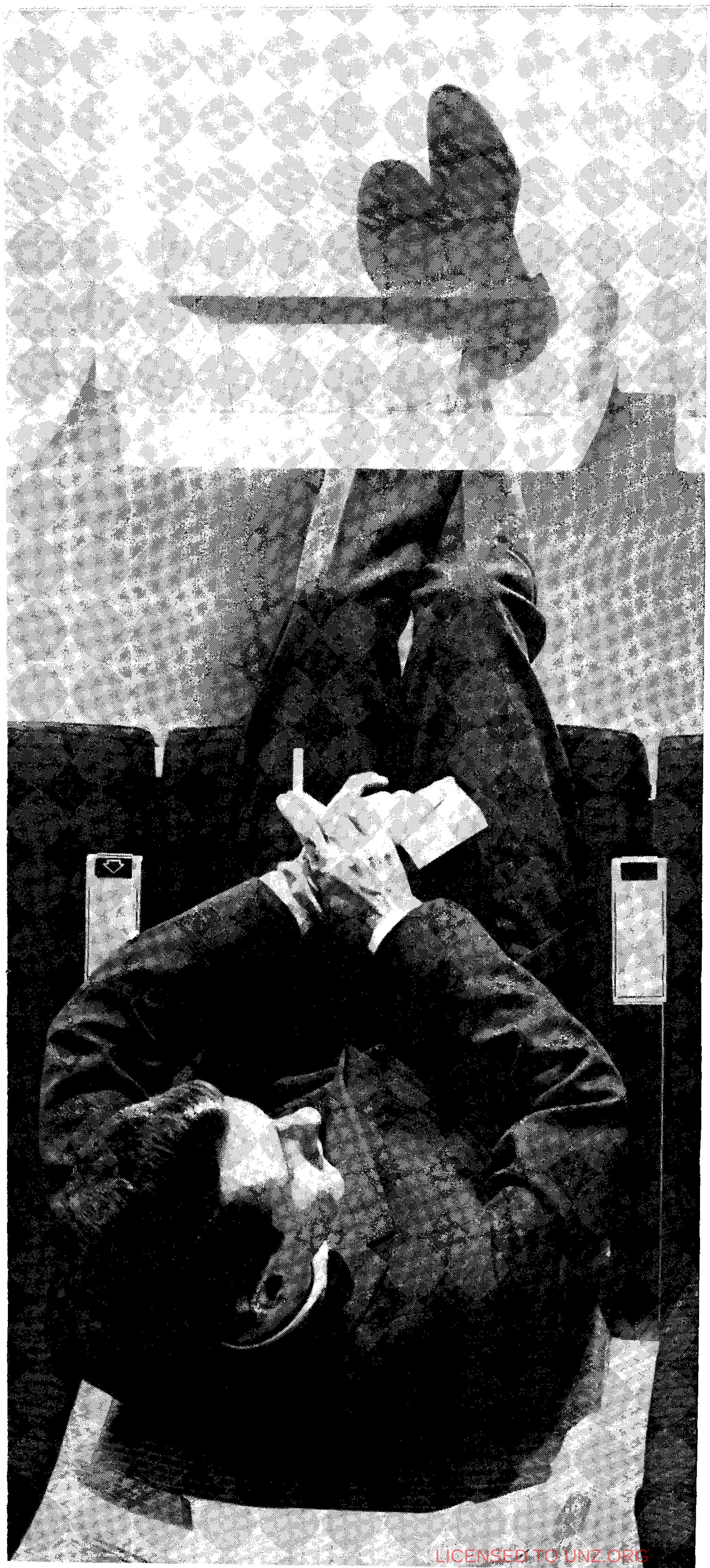
let silk, and the remainder lost beneath her own feet and other people's. The crowd—of townspeople, children, and tourists—was so dense in the cathedral that she could not get back to the main door, and finally found her way into the baptistery and out through a small domestic door there. This led onto a flight of long marble steps, which in turn descended into one of the busiest streets of the town.

Sophie sat down on one of the worn steps, solitary, above the street, and watched the crowd. Everyone wore their best clothes—the girls in crisp cottons, the women in demure silk or linen suits. The men also wore light colors, their white shirts open at the neck, their jackets thrown across one shoulder. There were children everywhere, only slightly cowed by their best clothes and their mothers' constant injunctions. The little men of the trestles and the barricades still pressed through the crowd. Of much greater consequence were occasional figures in gold or scarlet—members of the procession already in costume. These were mostly young men wearing dark fringed wigs and exalted expressions, and they made their way through the crowd easily enough, since it fell back respectfully before them. They were impressive, these young men, in the magnificence of their regalia, the centuries of interbreeding reflected in their lean, haughty faces. And for the style, the very conviction that they brought to their nonsensical rites.

Except for these melodramatic interruptions, the crowd passed steadily back and forth. From time to time someone, glancing upward, stared curiously at an unexpected detail—the foreign-looking young woman in print dress, sunglasses, and sandals, her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands—on the otherwise deserted steps of the baptistery. The curiosity, however, was brief; the crowd, engrossed, had no real interest in her judgment.

When she could stand the sun no longer, she got to her feet and went down into the crowd. By now the press of people was sorting itself out, going home for an early lunch in order to be in time for the procession, which started at three. The young men in costume had all disappeared. Sophie wound her way slowly among families and around lovers, and reached the main street and her hotel.

"You'll be going out to the procession?" said the lame young man who gave her her key. His certainty made it unnecessary for her to do more than smile. There was a note from Luisa:



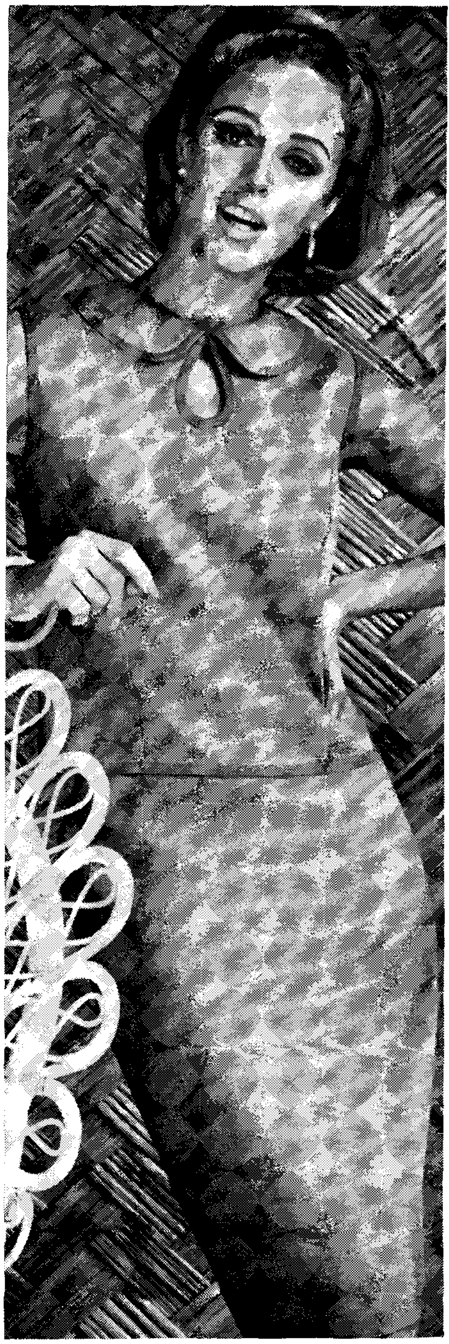
The story of the remarkable $350,000 medically-tested, scientifically-cushioned, extra-leg-room, totally new kind of sinfully luxurious economy-class seat designed especially for the BOAC Super VC 10.

What do you do when you've designed a jet aircraft that's six years ahead of its time? Put the same old seat in it? You could. But it would be a shame. So we tried to design a seat just as advanced as the BOAC Super VC 10. And we think we succeeded.

First we took a look at every seat now in use. And threw them out. (O.K. for standard-size people. But who's standard?) Then we took hundreds of personal measurements, listened to medical opinions, checked passengers' comments and found the first clue. The seat had to be thin. (The space saved would give more leg room.) Out went metal frames. (Too bulky.) Out went conventional woollen padding. (Wouldn't shape itself to the body.) Finally, 2 years and $350,000 later, we came up with the answer. A light, immensely-strong, molded plastic shell padded with a special synthetic foam. We honestly think it's the most comfortable economy-class seat you ever sat in. Like to sit in it? You know where it is. On the BOAC Super VC 10, now flying from New York to London. And to Bermuda, Nassau and Jamaica,* as well. Also direct to London from San Francisco. Call your Travel Agent or British Overseas Airways Corporation.

*One plane through service to Jamaica via Nassau effective April 30. Subject to Government approval.

BOAC
AND BOAC CUNARD
SERVICES OPERATED FOR BOAC CUNARD BY BOAC



Peck & Peck

A lively look for the Peck & Peck Girl: colour contrast

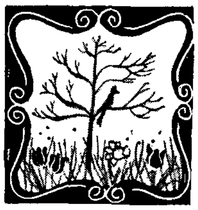
No-wilt rayon inseparables—
with the singing colour
of contrast binding.
In navy on emerald, toast on coral.
Or cocoa on black. 8 to 16, 25⁰⁰

Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia
Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis
Indianapolis • Atlanta • Minneapolis • St. Paul • Buffalo
Kansas City • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

"If you want to take refuge from the festival, come out to the house whenever you like."

She went to her room. The shutters had been closed, and she lay down on her bed in the dark. She would not see the procession. She would not go out to her aunt's villa. She would lie on her bed in the dark. She missed Claudio.

She was awakened by the slow tolling of a bell. It was the great bell in the campanile announcing the opening of the festival. It would toll all the afternoon while the guilds made their way through the streets of the town. Now the whole city was crammed along sidewalks, into doorways, onto balconies and ledges, even on top of roofs, to watch the spectacle. The silver trumpets were blown, and blown again. The drums rolled. The procession must now be appearing in the main street. No one would applaud or speak; no one (and this in Italy!) would call out, "There's our Giuseppe!" or "Bravo, Tonino!" First would come the trumpeters, and small boys with kettledrums; then, at some distance, the officers of the guild, on horseback; and on foot the lesser representatives, all magnificent in array, austere in expression, unshakable in purposelessness. A cross would be carried, and a likeness—if such it may be called—of the Virgin. And ancient weapons such as one sees in the Tower of London, here glittering as if they went in constant expectation of use.



Sophie got up and stood by the window. Her room at the hotel looked down a hillside, over the city walls and on the countryside. She had no reason to suppose that the festival would have made a change in the scene—and there was none. Only, as she opened the shutters, the bell boomed louder, widening into the room. She leaned her head against the window frame. One may not in the least want to see a festival; one may think it foolish, infantile, a great nuisance. Nevertheless, one may not wish to be the only person in the world *not* attending it.

How can a telephone bell, even when it rings, miraculously, from a distance of a hundred kilometres, compete with the tolling of a colossal ceremonial bell that has been rung at measured intervals, for momentous occasions, during the last eight centuries? The telephone, a device of wires and plastic, cannot hope to sound other than ephemeral, bleating into the bronze face of history. And this being the case, why should such a negligible sound have excited a greater response than the inexorable voice proclaiming from the campanile? For Sophie even closed the shutters, hastily, to muffle the tolling of the bell before she crossed the room; even pressed her hand to her exposed ear, to shut out the voice of authority as she picked up the receiver and spoke.

"Can you hear me?"

She sat down on the bed. She smiled. "Only just. There's this blasted bell. Where are you?"

"At Porto Santo Stefano."

"What ever are you doing there?"

"I'm on the way to Florence to see my lawyer." There was a long silence, eventually interrupted by the operator, who thought the call was finished. "We are talking," said Claudio inaccurately. They were silent again.

He said, "I have to tell you something. Don't be horrified." She still said nothing and he went straight on. "I am in love with you."

There was another long pause. At last she said, "You have a funny idea of what's horrifying."

"I could reach you by this evening. Would you come to Florence with me?"

"Yes," she said.

"That damned festival—I won't be able to come into the city." He paused again, calculating. "I can be there, outside the main gate, by eight o'clock. Can you get to the railway station? I'll pick you up outside the station."

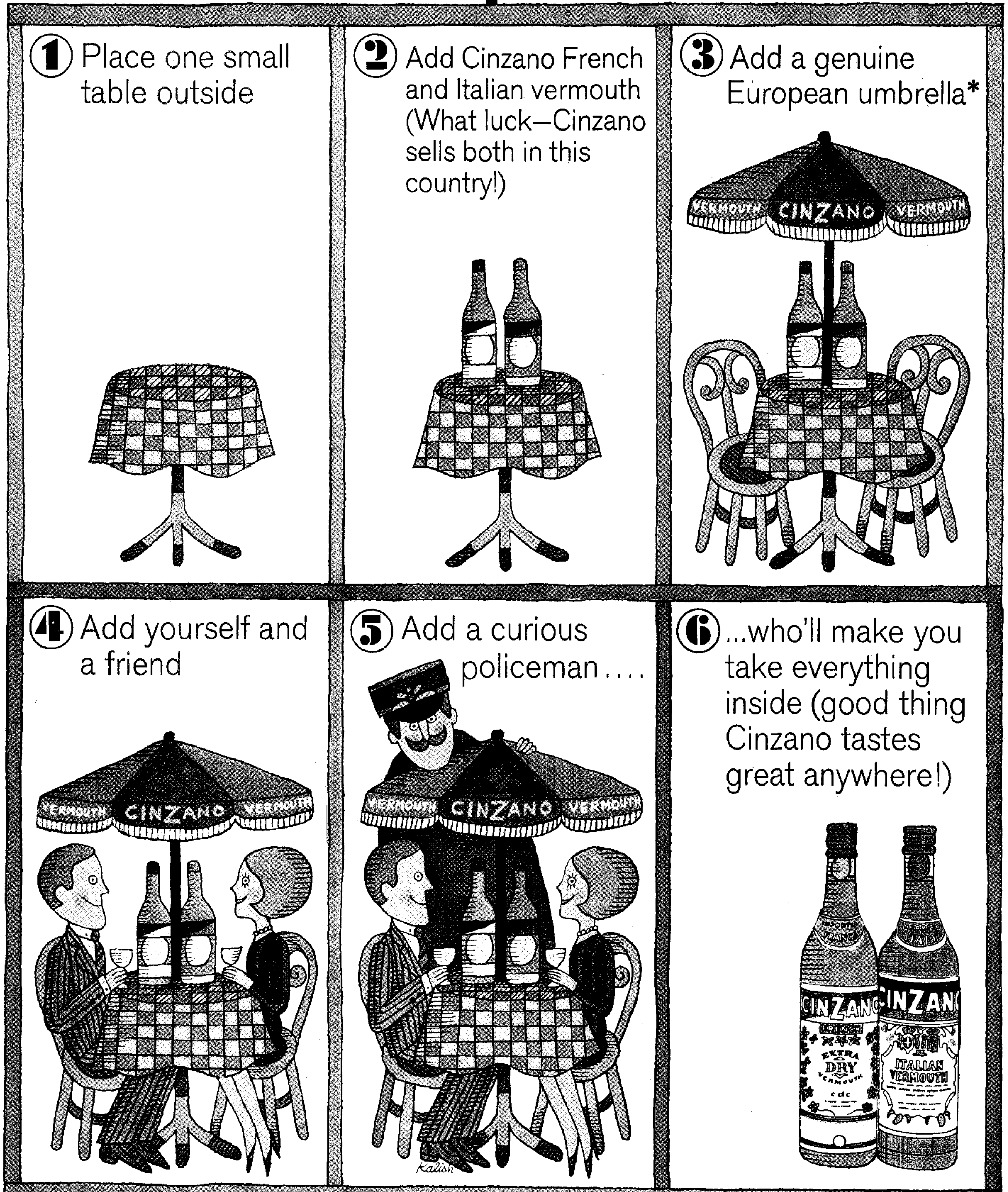
"But we'd never reach Florence tonight."

"No. We'd have to stop somewhere along the way and go on tomorrow."

She pressed her free hand more closely to her ear, but he said nothing more. "Be careful on the road," she said.

When she replaced the receiver (the telephone gave a few shattering terminal cries), she lay down again on the bed. The apprehension of these last weeks with him resolved itself into a series of practical concerns, and she occupied herself with these as though there were nothing else to be considered. Money, her passport, clothes she would need for a day or two, a sweater for the drive; nothing heavy, since she must cross the town on foot this evening to get to the gate. She would allow herself half an hour for the walk—a little more, perhaps. The procession would be over at seven, the participants and the crowd dispersed. Half an hour would be plenty. . . . She felt not as if she had taken a decision but as though

How to build an authentic European sidewalk cafe


VERMOUTH
CINZANO
VERMOUTH
CINZANO
FRENCH
EXTRA DRY VERMOUTH
CINZANO
ITALIAN VERMOUTH
Kalish

① Place one small table outside

② Add Cinzano French and Italian vermouth (What luck—Cinzano sells both in this country!)

③ Add a genuine European umbrella*

④ Add yourself and a friend

⑤ Add a curious policeman....

⑥ ...who'll make you take everything inside (good thing Cinzano tastes great anywhere!)

WHEN YOU MIX WITH CINZANO YOU MIX WITH THE BEST!

---

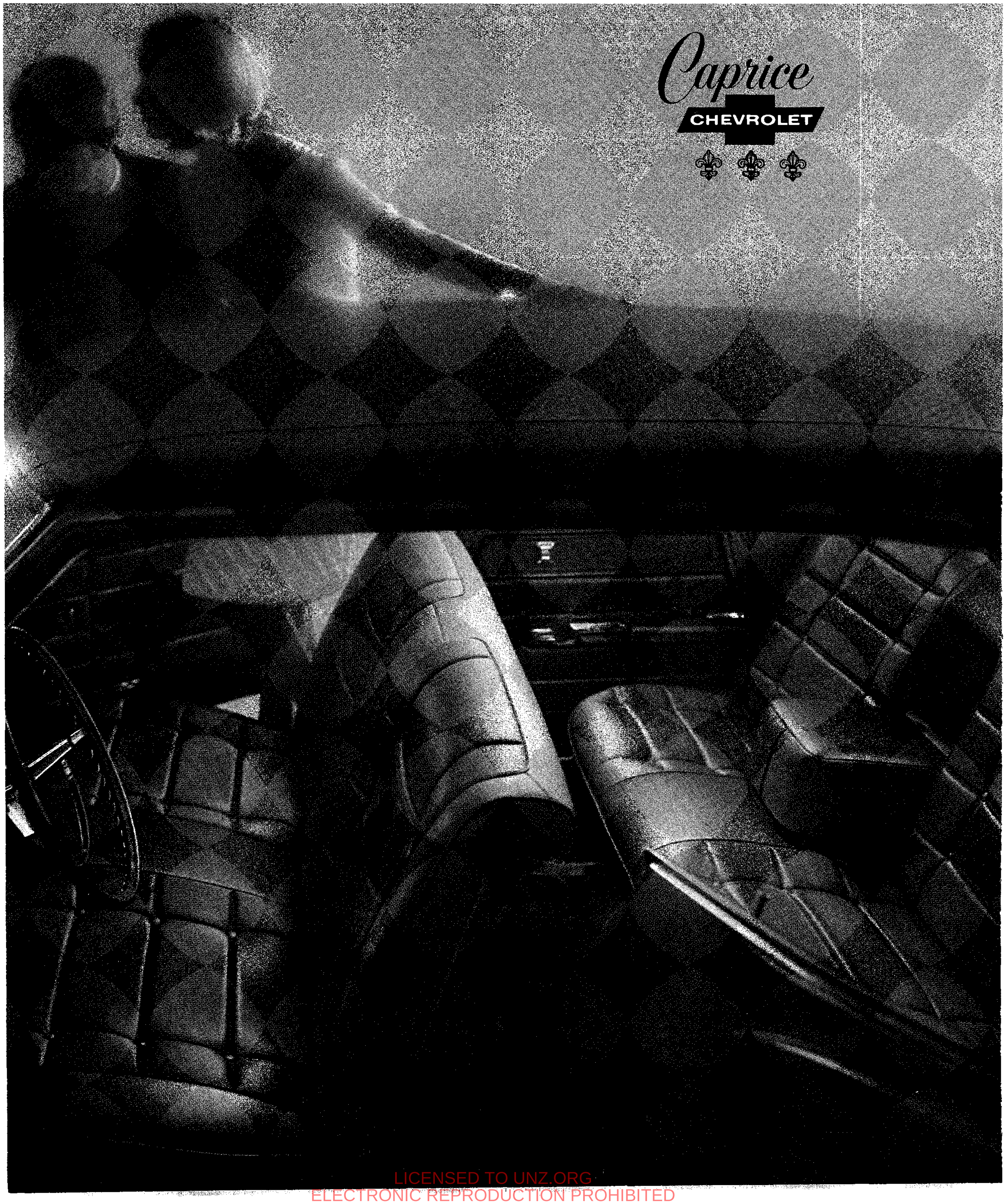
*Imported Cinzano Umbrella, Send $14.95 (check or money order) to: Munson G. Shaw Co., Import Plaza, Dept. A, P.O. Box 222, Harrison, N. J. / Munson G. Shaw Co. sole distributor U. S. A.

Consider an automobile that has the look of hand-rubbed walnut trim on every door; that seats you on deeply tufted fabric and has deep-twist carpeting underfoot; that relaxes you with a bolster center armrest; that cushions and quiets your ride with extra soundproofing, a heavier frame, a stronger body and a softer suspension . . . that is a Chevrolet Impala luxury option so it won't cost you a king's ransom.

Consider it done.

INTRODUCING THE CAPRICE CUSTOM SEDAN BY CHEVROLET

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan



she had now relinquished any possibility of doing so. She slept.

She walked out of the hotel in the evening carrying one small bag. At first the streets were almost empty, although a scattering of papers testified to the passing of the crowd. A few straggling spectators, mostly in family groups, were making their way home. But when she approached the piazza, the crowd became suddenly thicker until, in the main street, she could scarcely move against it. She was, as far as she could see, the only person in the entire town going in this particular direction. The press of people surged upon her with a frantic disregard, shouting, jostling, careering along—one would almost have thought, in flight. Sophie, frightened, drew back against the wall to let the commotion pass by. Strained, excited faces flashed into hers, insistent cries deafened her; a woman or a child was screaming, caught in the irresistible advance.

There came an interruption in the rush of people—who, Sophie realized, were only now dispersing from the piazza. Abruptly, terrifyingly, the way ahead was filled with the blue-and-crimson costumes of one of the guilds, and the young men of the procession strode into the wake of the retreating crowd. They were not now in the perfect order of the procession but pushed one another, shoulder to shoulder in a close group, like a clan of marauding youths. The coarse hair of their wigs, black and sometimes auburn, squarely swept their shoulders. Some had taken off the cushionlike velvet caps they wore and carried them in their hands, the long plumes reaching the ground. Others rested their hands on wooden swords or daggers fixed at their sides. They spoke—not hysterically like the crowd but tersely, among themselves, savoring the awe of the spectators but detached from it.

Pushing her way along beside the wall, Sophie managed to get to a corner and turn into another street. This was the street she had come down that morning from the Duomo, and she reached the foot of the litter-strewn but empty steps leading up to the baptistery. The crowd here seemed penetrable, and she was about to pass the foot of the steps when there was a sharp roll of drums and another of the guilds, this time in gold and black, appeared in the street before her. In this group there were horsemen. The horses pranced nervously and reared at the drums. The crowd, shrieking, began to run. Sophie climbed up two or three steps. Standing there above the crowd,

5 plans of action if your local bar isn't serving The Real MACKENZIE scotch.

1. Start a barroom brawl.
2. Carve
THE REAL MACKENZIE
on the bar.
3. Refuse to tell the bartender your troubles.
4. Have your wife phone you every three minutes.
5. Tell your friends to go down the street where the MACKENZIE is served.
MACKENZIE
Blended Scotch Whisky

A scotch drinking man has a right to expect his favorite bar to pour The Real MACKENZIE.

After all, isn't The Real MACKENZIE the Scotsmen's scotch? The light, smooth one so good they've been keeping it all to themselves for 138 years?

So feel free to try any of the above measures.

Now, if all this fails, go home. Your wife may be glad to see you.

Blended and bottled in Scotland at 86 proof. Sole importers Thompson Cellars Company, Louisville, Kentucky. ©1965

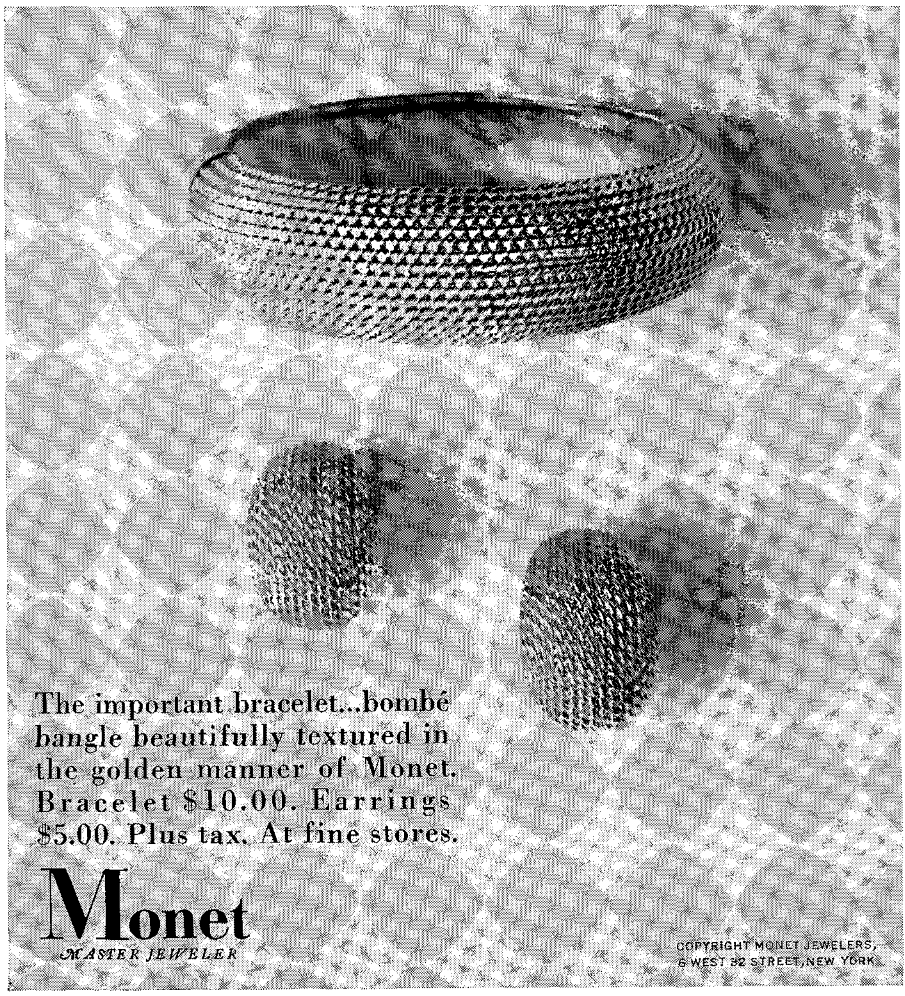
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

head for summer looking cool and chic in a jersey-stitch knit of a smooth blend of Herdmans® *linen, arnel-triacetate and tycora,* white edged with black, 8 to 16 sizes 50.00

mail orders (add 55¢ for shipping) to union square san francisco or to 3240 wilshire, los angeles or telephone your nearest i. magnin & co. store

I. MAGNIN & CO

SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND • PALO ALTO • SANTA CLARA • SAN MATEO • CARMEL • FRESNO • SACRAMENTO • PORTLAND • SEATTLE
LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • PASADENA • SAN FERNANDO VALLEY • SANTA BARBARA • SANTA ANA • LA JOLLA • PHOENIX



The important bracelet...bombé bangle beautifully textured in the golden manner of Monet. Bracelet $10.00. Earrings $5.00. Plus tax. At fine stores.

Monet
MASTER JEWELER

COPYRIGHT MONET JEWELERS, 6 WEST 32 STREET, NEW YORK

she could see that the street ahead was completely blocked.

Panic now rose into her own throat. It was after seven-thirty. She thought in despair, I will never get through this. Never. I'll have to walk right round the walls—it will take me hours.

She remembered then the side door into the baptistery. It was getting dark, and she went up the steps unnoticed and put her hand against the little wooden door. It was open, perhaps through an oversight, and she went inside, into the dim, cold marble silence of the baptistery, and passed through to the transept of the cathedral.

Intimidated, she stopped. She stood resting one hand against the fluting of a huge column and looked down the dark empty church. The nave, cleared for the ceremony that morning, was marked only by its double row of colossal pillars and by the banners that projected from them on thick gilt rods. The fading daylight came, greatly diminished, through high and very narrow windows and from a circular window above the altar. The smell of incense and age, the smell of religion, was itself lightless. She began to walk down the center aisle. Her sandalled feet, on the precious paving that had been obscured from her view that morning and was now once more almost indistinguishable, made a light ringing sound that echoed up into the roof of the cathedral—a sound as superficial and profane as it might have seemed in a tomb. In the half-dark she walked into one of the silk ropes protecting a section of the floor, and farther down she stumbled over the raised edge of a commemorative plaque.

When she reached the end of the nave, she stopped again. The cathedral was normally entered by two ordinary doors set at each side of the portico. On the morning of this day, however, the ornate bronze doors, panelled with reliefs of Old Testament scenes, had been opened for the hours of the ceremony and the small doors were barred from the inside and padlocked. She went to a side door that led out beside one of the chapels, but this had been locked with a key. With a moan of alarm, she twisted the handle, then turned back helplessly into the church. From the shadowed walls, the agonies, the depositions, the Pietàs looked down—but not at her. There is nothing to be done, they said—not addressing her.

There was a rustle in the transept, and quick footsteps. Someone had come in, through yet another door. There was now almost no light in the church and Sophie stood still by the wall while

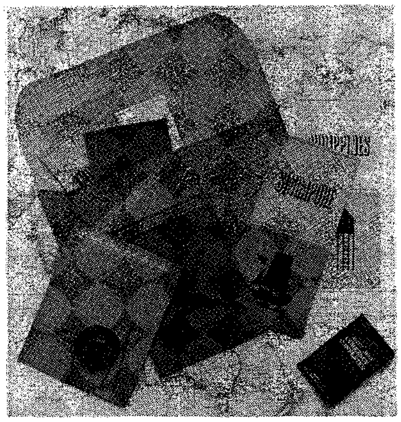
We're going to tell you where to go ...and you'll love us for it!

The place to go is the South Pacific... the spot dreamers long to escape to! That's why you're going to love us. We're not only going to make it possible for you to go... we're going to make it seem almost impossible not to—simply by dispelling a few myths.

Myth 1: you need a fortune to travel the South Pacific. Nonsense! It costs far less than you think and we have the figures to prove it. Take $1,008 for openers. That gets you all the way to Australia and back, starting from the west coast of the U.S. or Vancouver, and you visit New Zealand, New Caledonia, Fiji, Samoa, Tahiti and Hawaii at no extra cost! What's more, food and lodging in most of these places is far lower than almost any place you can visit ... including the city nearest your home! Add just $123 and you can visit the entire Orient as well. Naturally, you can spend lots more. Your choice is unlimited when you consider the vast Pacific.

Myth 2: you need months to see the South Pacific. Balderdash! Two or three weeks is quite adequate to see much of the South Pacific. The journey above, for example, can be done handily in three weeks. Others in two. Or, enjoy the enchantments of the sea in the grand tradition of a Pacific cruise. On this point, we have something that can settle any questions you have:

How to travel, what to buy, what to wear, what to eat and what to see. Our Pacific Explorer's Kit. It has a Trip Planner to help you plot main routes and regional side trips; a marvelous map; a Currency Converter; a general booklet—Pacific Specifics—on the entire area and individual booklets detailing the special charms of each country. It's all you'll need to get you ready and set to go ... except for your travel agent. He can simplify your life, make all the final arrangements for you. Send 360 yen, 20 ticals or—according to our Currency Converter—one U.S. dollar, with the coupon below, to us. We'll post-haste your kit to you. That's about it... except for Bon Voyage!



AUSTRALIA
BURMA
CANADA
CEYLON
FIJI
GUAM
HAWAII
HONG KONG
INDIA
INDONESIA
JAPAN
KOREA
MACAU
MALAYSIA
NEW CALEDONIA
NEW ZEALAND
PHILIPPINES
SAMOA
SINGAPORE
TAHITI
TAIWAN
THAILAND
UNITED STATES
VIETNAM

PACIFIC AREA TRAVEL ASSOCIATION
442 Post Street, Department NY-4, San Francisco
California 94102

I yearn to know more about the exotic lands of the Pacific. Please post me your Pacific Explorer's Kit today. I enclose one dollar.

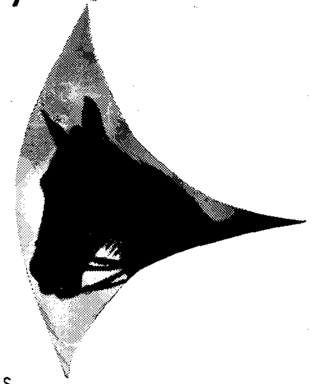
Name________________________

Address________________________

City____________State____________Zip___

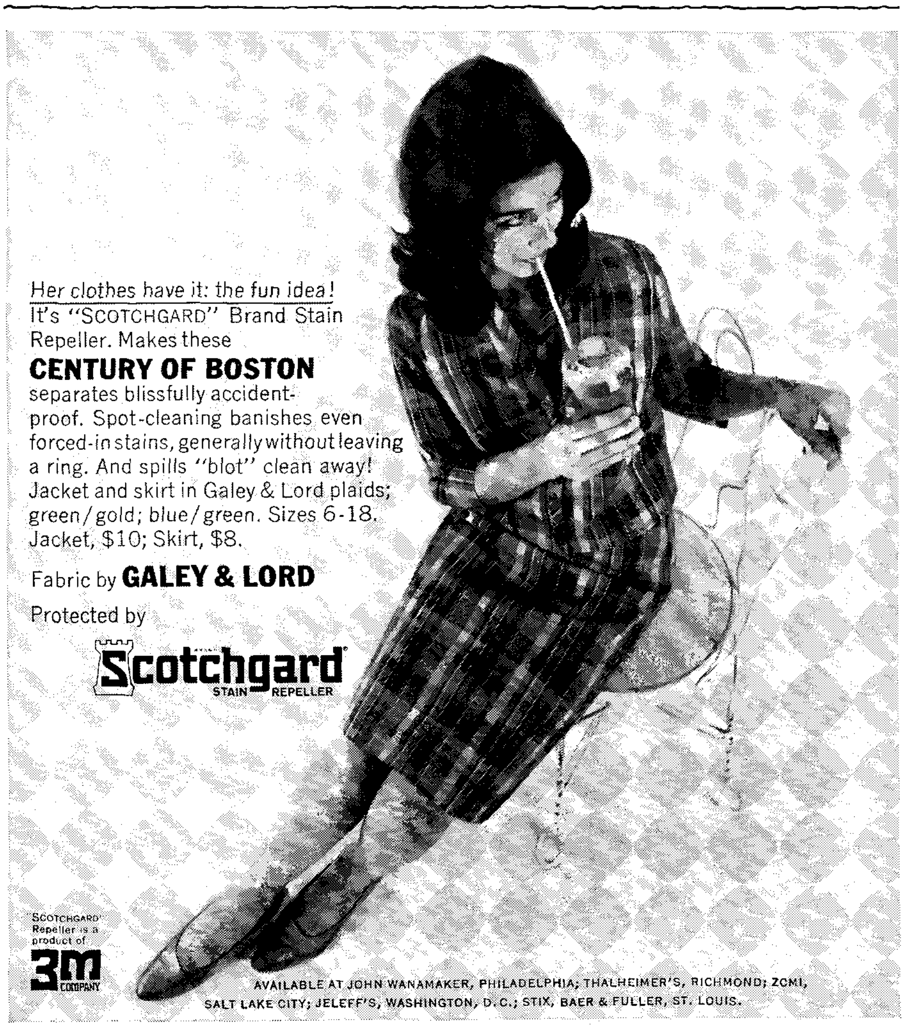
MAPS © RMcN RL 64-SF-8

Lord & Taylor



On Ascot Derby Day

Newton Elkin's spectator
is marvelous. Brown or
navy calf spanked with
white calf, 29.00
Designer shoe collections
at all Lord & Taylor stores



Her clothes have it: the fun idea!
It's "SCOTCHGARD" Brand Stain Repeller. Makes these
CENTURY OF BOSTON
separates blissfully accident-proof. Spot-cleaning banishes even forced-in stains, generally without leaving a ring. And spills "blot" clean away! Jacket and skirt in Galey & Lord plaids; green/gold; blue/green. Sizes 6-18. Jacket, $10; Skirt, $8.

Fabric by **GALEY & LORD**
Protected by
Scotchgard STAIN REPELLER

"SCOTCHGARD" Repeller is a product of 3M COMPANY

AVAILABLE AT JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA; THALHEIMER'S, RICHMOND; ZCMI, SALT LAKE CITY; JELEFF'S, WASHINGTON, D.C.; STIX, BAER & FULLER, ST. LOUIS.

the unhesitating steps drew nearer—circumnavigating the silken rope, rising over the ridge of the plaque. The figure did not speak but came straight toward her. She herself could not utter a word. When they were face to face she saw that it was one of the domestics of the church—not a priest but a small elderly man in a black, apronlike overall who sometimes admitted visitors to secluded chapels or, if they had obtained special permission, showed them into a room behind the altar to see the treasure of the church displayed behind glass.

He nodded to her politely, as if it were the most natural thing in the world to find her there that evening. He smelled like the church, of marble and incense and worn cloth. She began to explain, to apologize, her voice wavering, high-pitched, up the nave. He did not reply, but while she was talking drew a bunch of keys out of the square pocket of his overall. He sorted these expertly, without hurrying, and they dangled from his hand with a metallic rustle, being too large and too numerous to jingle. He fitted into the lock of the little door a key that might have opened the great gate of the Bastille. The door swung back, letting in faint daylight and a rush of warm air.

Sophie thanked him. She stood in the doorway, looking into his grave face. He still had not spoken. It did not seem possible to tip him.

"Good evening," she said.

"Good night."

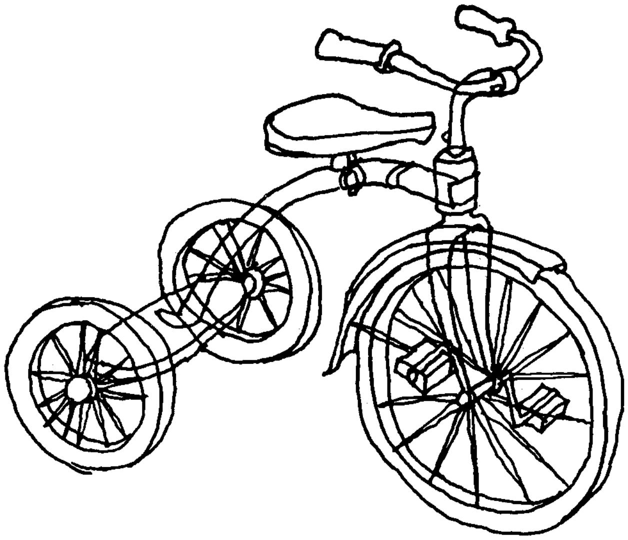
She ran down the few steps into the street. She heard the door being locked again behind her.

The square in front of the cathedral was empty. She crossed it and started at a half run down the road. She was now in a residential area, not prosperous but respectable. Lights had been turned on in the streets and in the rooms and the occasional shops that lined the sidewalk. (The way was so narrow that there was in fact no sidewalk, only a white painted strip to guide pedestrians; but tonight, in the absence of traffic, a thin stream of people had moved into the center of the road.) Here the crowd was small and the faces cheerful. Only the children cried out in exhaustion, slung over their fathers' shoulders, clutching ribbons or tiny flags. There was no sign of the members of the procession. Rounding a bend in the road, Sophie slowed to an ordinary walk. A clock struck a quarter to eight. She had plenty of time.

She had plenty of time. As she walked along she smiled, from a sensation of deliverance, a disproportionate sense of danger past. It was night

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN / *The Child*

When a toy has more value than a fortune



Values change at every stage of a man's life.

A battered toy in childhood . . . in youth, adventure . . . accomplishment in maturity . . . in older age, understanding.

"All the world's a stage" Shakespeare reminds us, and the years bring their changing scenes to every family.

We serve as financial guardian of many children, a responsibility given to us by parents and grandparents. Our personal trust organization also serves as executor and trustee to meet the changing needs of families.

Whatever your family situation, you and your attorney are invited to review your estate affairs with one of our trust officers at any time.

MANUFACTURERS HANOVER TRUST

Personal Trust Division—350 Park Avenue, New York

TRIBUNO
EXTRA DRY
EXTRA DRY
TRIBUNO
VERMOUTH
DRY
FOR PERFECT DRY MARTINIS
"21" Brands, Inc.

VERMOUTH INDUSTRIES OF AMERICA, NEW YORK, N. Y.

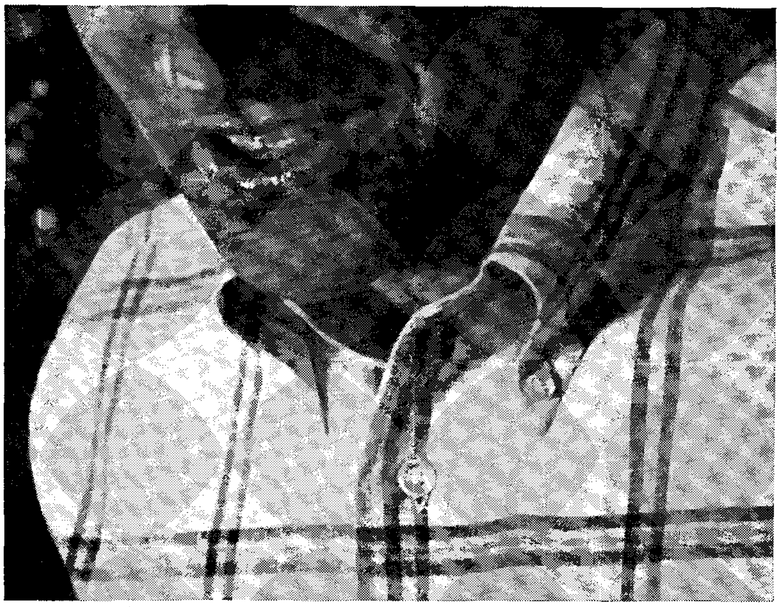
Only one man knows Tribuno's secret...

...and he keeps it under his hat!

If you were John L. Tribuno — and possessed a treasured secret for producing one of America's great Vermouths—would you tell? ■ The secret of Tribuno's smooth, delicate extra-dry flavor consists of blending 30 rare Botanicals imported from the remote corners of the world. ■ No other vermouth can endow your cocktails with the unique taste and flavor of Tribuno. Extra dry, extra-light, never overpowers. Extra dry for Martinis, sweet for Manhattans. Try Tribuno—today?

"21" Brands, Inc. SOLE AGENTS IN U.S.A.

TRIBUNO Vermouth



collector's item—Men with a yen for original sport shirtings will respond to this colorful India Village cotton. Tailored with typical Gant élan. Softly flared button-down collar, trim elbow length sleeves. Oversized checks are blue, red or green combinations on white ground. At all 15 Wallachs stores. Sizes S, M, L, XL. **8.95**

wallachs

15 Fine Men's Stores in Greater New York & New Jersey
Mail orders to: 32-36 47th Ave., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

now. The lights were going on one after another, and from almost every doorway there were the smells of dinners being cooked, special dinners for the evening of a festival. The people in the street became fewer and fewer, then disappeared altogether. Looking up, she saw for the first time the shape of the gate ahead of her, its merlons and crenellations carved on the blue night sky and the stars. The road widened; she heard the swish of the cars on the highway outside. She began now to think of him and wondered if at this moment he might be there waiting for her beyond the gate, but she did not quicken her pace; there was something so delicious in this certainty of meeting that she went along more slowly still. As she left the sidewalk and crossed the open space to the gate, she changed the bag into her left hand and put up her right to arrange her hair. And in the shadow of the archway she hesitated—not in trepidation but from delight.

VIII

SINCE they left Florence the dark had come down completely, and the moon stood before them in the sky however the road turned. It was two days since the night of the festival, and they were on their way home. They had been driving for several hours, and now she sat inclined toward him, her head lowered not quite to his shoulder. She touched him only with one hand, resting the tips of her fingers on a fold of his linen jacket.

The previous day, on their way to Florence, she had sat up straight beside him in the sun, her scarf tied over her hair, her elbow on the open window, his cigarettes and matches in her lap, and watched the woods and fields pass by. They played a game of identifying the trees, because he claimed she did not know their Italian names.

"*Questo, cos'è?*"

"*Leccio.*"

"*E quello?*"

"*Tiglio.*"

"*No—quercia.*"

Or they spoke about themselves, confirming to one another that they were there together.

"I was afraid you wouldn't be at the station."

"I thought you wouldn't come."

"So it seems that one must believe in miracles after all. Not the miracles of the Church but of the railway station."

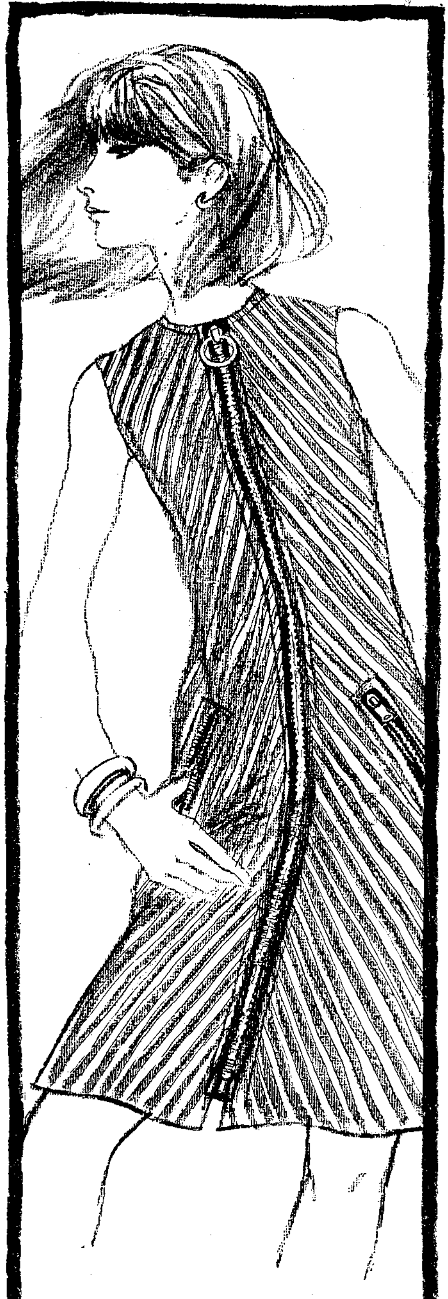
"Just *think*—there must be miracles at the railway station every day."

They had reached Florence in the afternoon, crossed the river, and found a place for the car near the cathe-

CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.
86 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

DISTILLED LONDON
BOMBAY
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND

How to make a Bombay Martini. Take 4 parts gin.



The Big Zip is the new
Mod theme. By Crazy Horse
in all cotton striped ticking.
Cranberry or moss green stripe...
each on white. Sizes 5 to 13.
$15.00 Mail orders filled.

Gus Mayer
NEW ORLEANS
NASHVILLE BATON ROUGE
JACKSON BEAUMONT

LEVY'S, Memphis
AL ROSENTHAL'S, Okla City
SELMAN'S, Louisville
BERKELEYS, Fresno

dral. They went to lunch in a nearby restaurant where, because of the lateness of the hour, they were almost alone—and where, because of their happiness, no one seemed to reproach them. When they came out of the restaurant, the city was reviving from the afternoon closing. They walked about the streets with their arms linked, he on the road and she on the narrow footpath. Almost everything they said was irrelevant.

“Ghiberti made the doors because Brunelleschi designed the dome.”

Or “Look—they found the head of the Primavera.”

“Do you read Pratolini?”

“That's the Palazzo Strozzi.”

If they stopped to look at one another and to ask without speaking the same question over again and give the same reply, they walked on again smiling. They must have been smiling all day, she thought, from the pleasure of being together.

She discovered that he collected paintings of battles—an odd taste in someone so attached to life. In the Via de' Fossi they inquired in one antique shop after another without finding what he wanted.

“Do you have any battles?”

“No, Signore, there are no battles here.” . . . “There aren't as many as there used to be.” . . . “No, we don't even expect any.”

He gave up the pursuit of battles and bought instead a pair of earrings—long, dusty gold loops that he fixed into her ears while she stood before the mirror in a cluttered shop.

It was cool in the early evening and they walked along the river. A group of young men were casting a net from a boat, one standing up to ship the oars against the current, the others spreading the lines of the net in the clouded green water. The boat swung very slowly in a half circle, resisting the river with an air of purpose and necessity that contrasted oddly with the evening bustle of the town. Lights from the bridge fell on the intent brown backs bent over the water and on the silent, upright figure of the oarsman.

“How strange.” The stone parapet of the Lungarno is exactly the right height for leaning, and she leaned on it. Inches from her back, the traffic roared past. “This, in the center of the city.” They looked at the boat and then into the river.

“D'Annunzio wrote a poem about the Arno.”

“Can you say it?”

“No.”

They leaned side by side, their bent elbows not meeting, their lowered faces not seeing.

“Oh Signorina.”

“Ah Professor'.”

The boat had drawn toward the opposite bank and they walked away, forgetting it.

“Do you remember where we left the car?”

NOW she sat silent beside him on the dark road and he could not be sure if she slept or not. When she moved her hand on his side, he glanced at her and saw that her eyes were open. “Sleep, darling.”

“Yes. Yes.”

But she would not have slept for anything. Tilting her head she could see the red moon and the stars rising and lowering over the uneven road. The car rushed between rows of sloping pines whose trunks were barred with white paint, and past an army of advertisements for gasoline, Chianti, and men's hats. Once in a while they passed through a village whose main and single street shone like a fair with a confusion of neon lights, and in whose unadorned cafés children, too late out of bed, slept on their mothers' laps. As clearly as if it were day she could picture the symmetrical Tuscan landscape that extended on either side. She had made this journey from Florence a dozen times before without ever finding it too short, but tonight the numbered notices of decreasing kilometres seemed to be posted at every turn. She wanted to go on forever—but wanted it intensely, as if it were a possibility. She wondered whether she had ever been as happy as this.

She put up her hand to his, on the wheel. “There are no battles here.”

“And we don't even expect any.”

She withdrew her hand and replaced it at his side. “I don't ever want to arrive.”

She would have a good dinner when they reached home, and a warm bath; she would wash her face and brush her hair, and they would make love. Even so, she did not want to arrive, for this safety, this perfection, would have passed, and there was no way to detain or even acknowledge it; no pact she could make, if she were willing, with that notoriously bad keeper of bargains, God.

He turned his head once more. “Look at me. Will you love me as much as this tomorrow?”

He had asked this rhetorical question

Yul Brynner in "Invitation to a Gunfighter," co-starring Janice Rule. A Stanley Kramer production, in color by Deluxe, released through United Artists. By Inflight Motion Pictures Inc.

United's new Jetarama Theater! The widest choice of entertainment coast to coast... wide-screen movies, plus 6 channels of stereo and monaural listening... on many of United's Red, White & Blue jets.

Here's a unique new experience in travel entertainment: United's Jetarama Theater . . . a superb variety of entertainment available only on United.

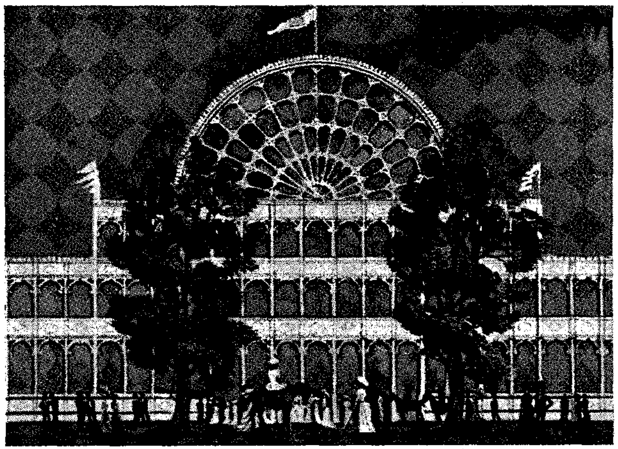
You can watch a wide-screen movie. Or listen to classical music in stereo. Or a variety show in stereo. Or light classics. Or popular music. Or jazz. Even children's stories. Head phones and controls at every seat allow you to make your own selection.

Only United gives you so many choices . . . there's something for everyone. But don't worry if you're not in the mood for entertainment. You're free to ignore the whole thing . . . with United's new movie system it is not necessary to darken the cabin.

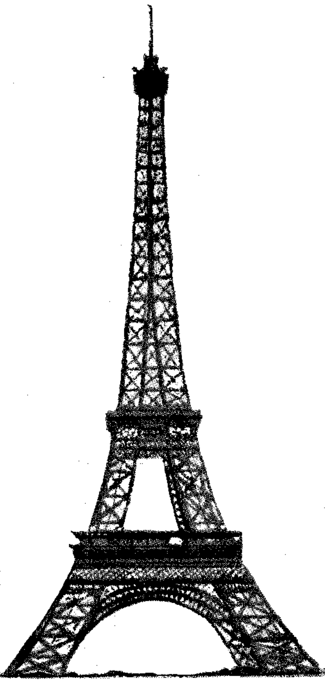
Jetarama Theater is yours to enjoy (or ignore) on most transcontinental Red, White & Blue flights . . . the flights with three choices of service: Red Carpet First Class, Standard and Coach. Just call United or your Travel Agent.

UNITED
®
THE EXTRA CARE AIRLINE
WELCOME ABOARD

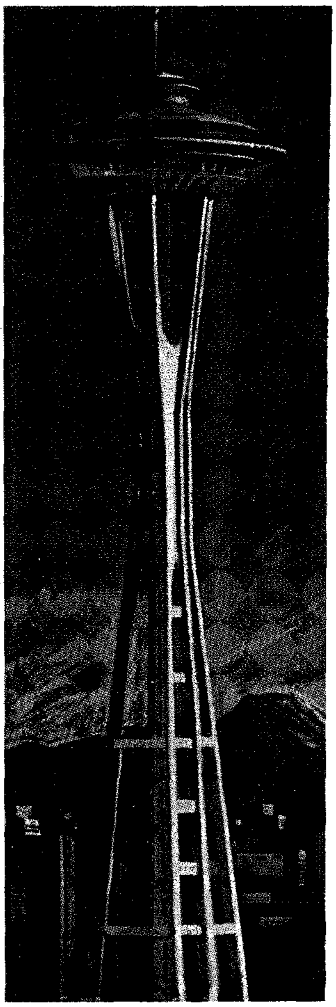
Copyright 1965 United Air Lines, Inc.



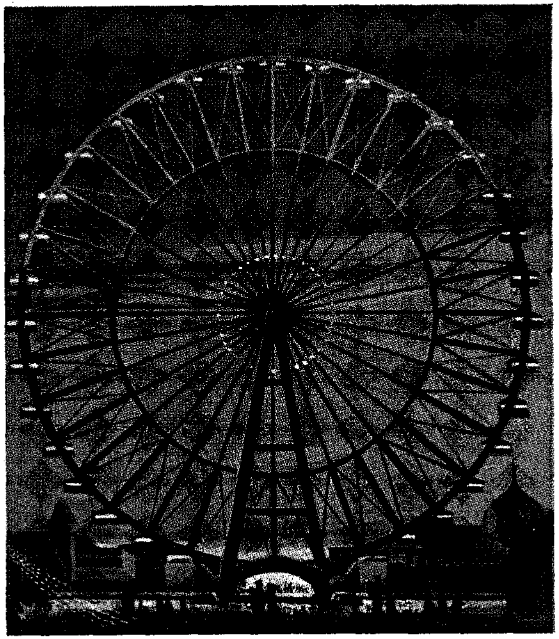
Crystal Palace—Great Exhibition, London 1851



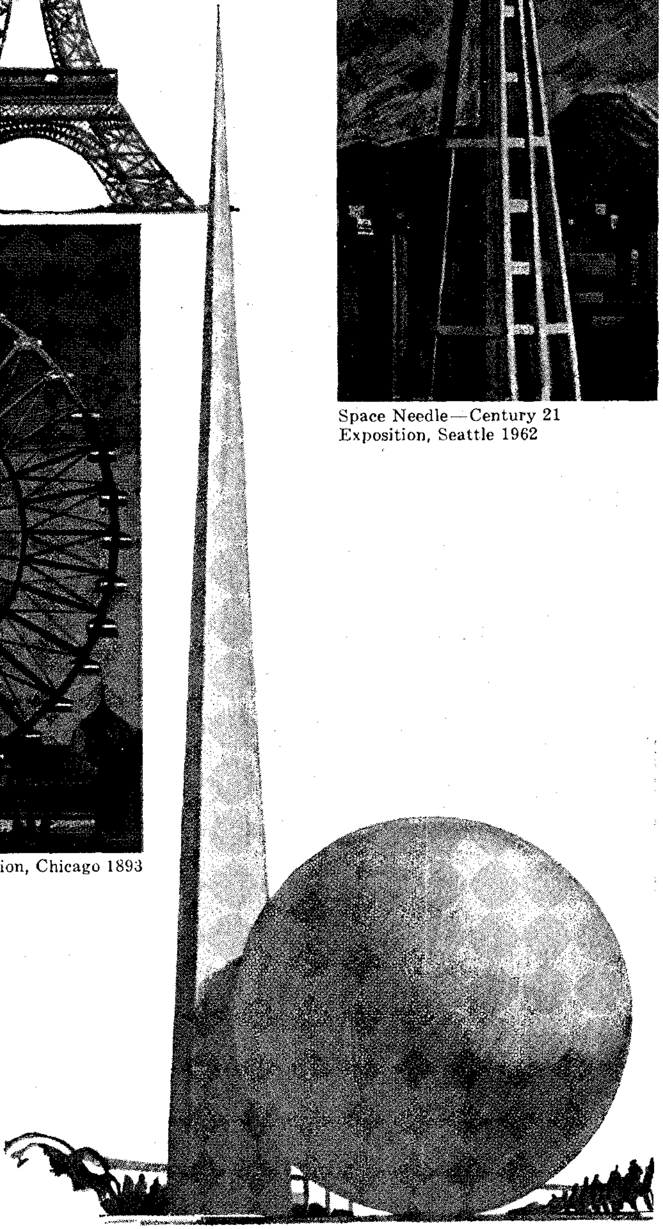
Eiffel Tower—
Universal Exposition, Paris 1889



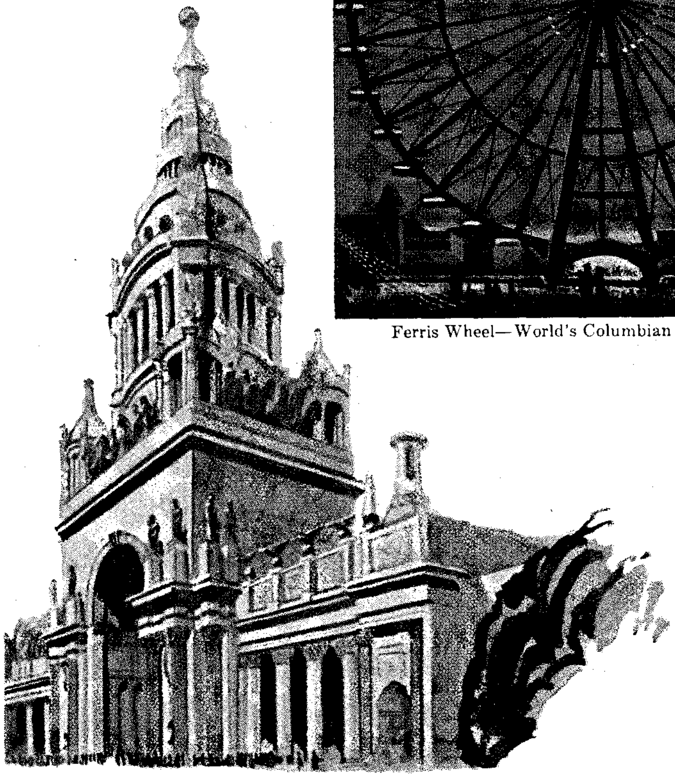
Space Needle—Century 21
Exposition, Seattle 1962



Ferris Wheel—World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago 1893



Trylon & Perisphere—New York World's Fair 1939-40



Tower of Jewels—Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco 1915

Unisphere® presented by United States Steel ©1961 New York World's Fair 1964-65 Corporation

Atomium—World's Fair, Brussels 1958

In 1851, the year of the world's first truly international fair, the Irving Trust Company was founded. Since then, through steady growth and expanded services, it has become known both at home and abroad as "the bank for bankers and businessmen."

IRVING TRUST COMPANY

One Wall Street, New York 15, N.Y.

Capital Funds over $175,000,000 *Total Assets over $2,000,000,000*

GEORGE A. MURPHY, Chairman of the Board WILLIAM E. PETERSEN, President

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

Think ahead-

Only Smith-Corona makes portables with snap-on Changeable Type today!

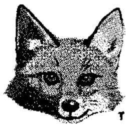
SCM SMITH CORONA
GALAXIE II

You want to type a foreign language, science or math? Simple. Just change the optional Changeable Type™ characters on your Smith-Corona. Snap off the old. Snap on the new. Only Smith-Corona builds portables with this and with so many exclusive features. Fact is, Smith-Corona has a habit of being first with innovations that others follow years later. The only manufacturer of electric portables. The only portables with a jeweled main bearing. The first portables with an all-steel frame. The first all-steel case. The first five-year guarantee. Just a few of the reasons why more people buy Smith-Corona portables than any other brand. Get Smith-Corona — the only portables with a future built in!

Think ahead—think SCM

GUARANTEE: ANY SMITH-CORONA BRANCH OFFICE WILL REPLACE WITHOUT CHARGE (EXCEPT FOR LABOR AND SHIPPING) ANY PART THAT PROVES DEFECTIVE WITHIN 5 YEARS OF PURCHASE DATE. NO LABOR CHARGE WITHIN 90 DAYS OF PURCHASE. WARRANTY COVERS ALL PARTS EXCEPT MOTOR, RUBBER PARTS, ENERGY CELL OR CHARGER AFTER 90 DAYS. DOES NOT COVER DAMAGE FROM ACCIDENT OR MISUSE AND EXTENDS ONLY TO ORIGINAL OWNER.

SMITH-CORONA® PORTABLES



SCM®

SCM CORPORATION, 410 PARK AVENUE,
NEW YORK, 10022. IN CANADA: SCM LTD.,
29 GERVAIS DRIVE, DON MILLS, ONTARIO

during the day and they had laughed at it. Now she turned her cheek against the hard leather and didn't reply. It was the question no one could answer, and her reason for not wanting to arrive. Whether tomorrow she would love him, or he her, as much as this, or more, or less, no one could say. The road, the city (whose lights and towers could now be seen below the stars), the warm bath, the comfortable bed and their sleep together, all brought that tomorrow closer. And the thread of her happiness was no stronger than the clasp of her fingers on his coat, no longer than this last mile of their journey.

IX

WHILE they were sitting at lunch, a great storm broke. At this time of year, the height of summer, there were brief thunderstorms almost every day, but this was something special. The sultry day was split by lightning—not crackling flashes but a series of full, silent illuminations, weird as moonlight—and by explosive thunder. Then the rain came down, white, torrential. The day darkened. The shutters of the dining room had to be closed, and they could hear one of the maids doing this throughout the house. Isabella, the old servant who was waiting on the table, switched on the lights, but a moment later the electricity failed, on a peal of thunder, and the three of them went on with their meal in the half-dark.

They were seated, Luisa and Sophie and Claudio, at equal distances around the circular table, and were in this way quite far from one another. At first the storm was perfectly discussible. Luisa spoke about certain leaks in the upstairs rooms, cracks that she had meant to have repaired. Claudio mentioned the risk of the threshing, and the possible damage in the orchards. It was even a means of animating an awkward conversation, for this was the first time Luisa had seen Sophie since she had gone to live with Claudio in his own house. They were in love, presumably. And why, Luisa had been wondering when the storm broke, did one qualify the situation to oneself in that way? One would always want to think of oneself as being on the side of love, ready to recognize it and wish it well—but when one was confronted with it in others one so often resented it, questioned its true nature, secretly dismissed the particular instance as folly or promiscuity. Was it merely jealousy, or a reluctance to admit so noble and enviable a sentiment in anyone but oneself? Charity, talent, love were real,

Mona Lisa
would've
if
she
could've
carpeted
The Louvre
with
Carpet by Magee

Because Magee is fashion.
And fashion makes a woman happy. Any woman.

The Magee Carpet Company, Fifth Avenue, New York

English Leather®

...*the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION, $2.00, $3.50, $6.50
...*the ALL-PURPOSE SPRAY LOTION, $5.00 (refill $2.00)
...the SHAVING CREAM, $2.00...the PRE-SHAVE LOTION, $1.50
...*the ALL-PURPOSE POWDER, $1.50...*the DEODORANT STICK, $1.00
...*the AEROSOL DEODORANT, $1.50...the SHOWER SOAP ON A CORD, $2.00
...*GIFT SETS from $3.00 to $10.00 *prices plus tax

©M.C. MEM COMPANY, INC. 347 Fifth Avenue, New York

Leonard Macy's Hampton walk shorts—in this light and likely plaid of Fortrel and cotton from Galey and Lord. For your nearest retailer write us at 1407 Broadway, New York. Burlington

Galey & Lord

perhaps, only to the sufferer and the beneficiary, and abstractions in the eyes of others.

When the storm began they were all glad of the interruption. There was quite a lively conversation about storms in general. Darkness, in this long, large room lined with furniture and dim paintings, drew them closer together. As it went on, however, the storm ceased to be welcome, or even socially acceptable. The heavens gaped and roared above the house. Isabella ran out of the room with her hands to her ears, and could be heard having hysterics in the kitchen. It was frightening in the way that an earthquake is frightening, because it was so immeasurably beyond anyone's control. Their talk subsided. They came to the end of the fruit, and sat on around the table without speaking.

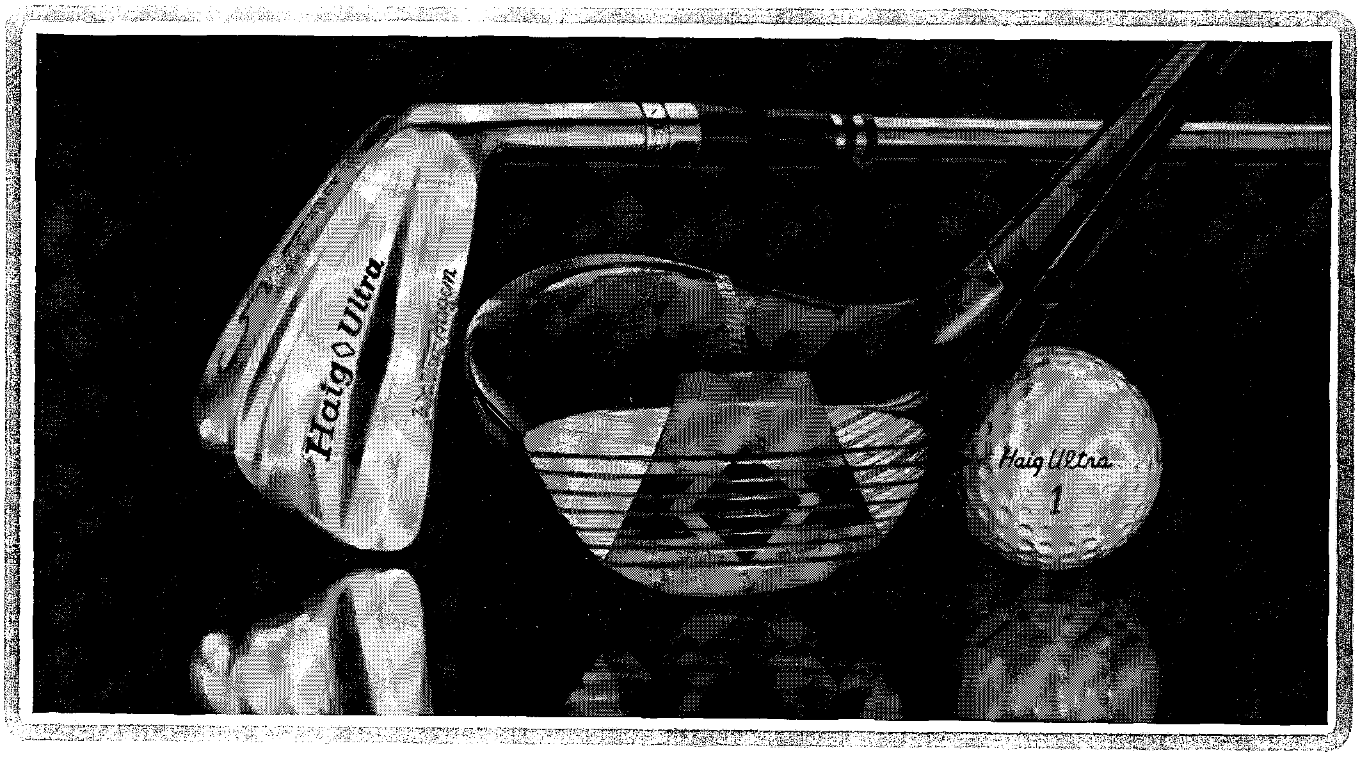
Or is it simply, Luisa went on to herself (turning up, as it were, the volume of her thoughts to make them coherent through the storm), that love so often makes for trouble, for such a fuss? Claudio had a wife and children. And in Italy there is no divorce. It could only end badly for everyone concerned. (She included herself in this "everyone.") What a fuss about nothing. Then— No, she corrected herself; not about nothing. If it was a fuss, it was a fuss in the way that life itself is a fuss. She could concede them that.

"There *are* candles," she said. But no one spoke.

She tried another conversation, about the crops, because the two of them began to seem quite chastened, as if she were censuring them as they sat there on either side of her. And in this way they passed the time, while the storm continued, until Sophie suddenly exclaimed, "But this is awful!" Their minds were running so much in two directions that she herself added, "This storm."

"It's dying down," Claudio said. He moved his hand on the cloth as though he would reach across to comfort her, but the table was round and he and she across from each other. Indeed, the storm was receding. The lights came on again, but soon were not required. The hysterics in the kitchen ceased, and Isabella came back to remove their plates. They could hear the thunder going away, grumbling, in the direction of Rome.

"Let's see what's happened to the garden." Luisa got up, pushing back her chair, placing her napkin on the table decisively, as if she were physically changing the trend of all their thoughts. She went through into the living room



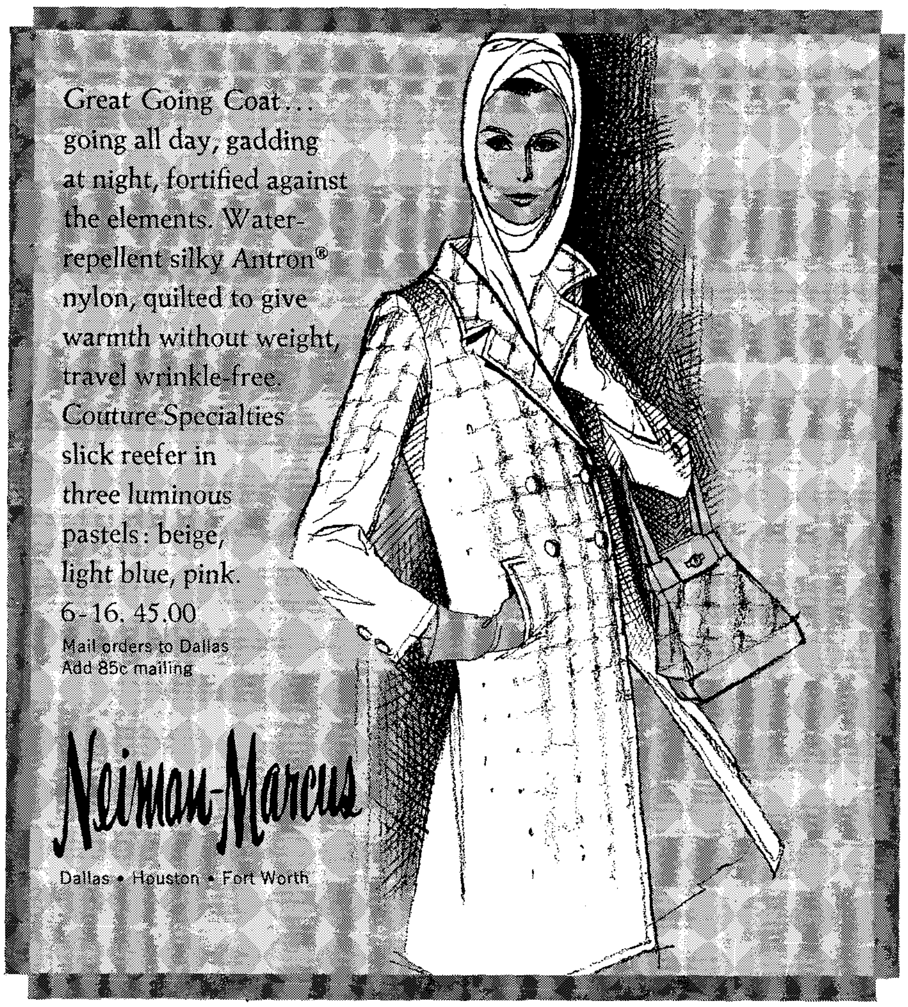
"You don't have to be a millionaire to play like one."

Walter Hagen

STRIDE down the fairway with pride when you carry a new Haig Ultra® wood or iron. With a Haig in your hand you can feel the sensitive balance, delicate touch and powerful response that never vary within the set. Each club is perfectly balanced because the flex of its shaft is individually matched to the weight of its club head. Each wood is hand-finished in bold Presidential Black. Each iron is polished to a gleaming, jewel-like finish. Swing a set of Haigs today. They cost no more than the next best clubs. And they're a great way to lord it over the fairways.

Haig Ultra

Walter Hagen Golf, Grand Rapids, Michigan
Available only through golf professional shops



Great Going Coat... going all day, gadding at night, fortified against the elements. Water-repellent silky Antron® nylon, quilted to give warmth without weight, travel wrinkle-free. Couture Specialties slick reefer in three luminous pastels: beige, light blue, pink. 6-16. 45.00
Mail orders to Dallas
Add 85c mailing

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

People used to think the British were, well you know, sort of ☐.

They haven't seen them lately.

Call it "Americanization", call it a protest against the class system, call it anything you like, but we think you'll agree, after a few weeks in Britain that things have changed. The music is wilder. The clothes are louder. The TV commercials are noisier. That famous English restraint—stiff upper lip and all that—seems to be giving way to a more unguarded and outspoken way of life. You can learn all about Britain and her swinging new breed of people in the current issue of Venture, a rather swinging new travel magazine. Venture's philosophy of travel is this: stay loose. Take in the British Museum, but don't forget the pubs. See the Parthenon, but see the Greek countryside, too. Do as you please. It's more fun that way.

VENTURE
VENTURE...The Traveler's World. 488 Madison Ave., New York City 10022. MU 8-0300.

before the others had time to rise from their seats.

Claudio came round the table to Sophie, but now it was he rather than she who seemed in need of comforting. He wanted to touch her in order to reassure himself, but Isabella was still clearing the table. He reached out and adjusted one of her earrings instead.

"Don't worry—it's not like that." She said this as if she had understood Luisa's thoughts as well as his. They walked into the living room.

He said, "It's not *like* anything."

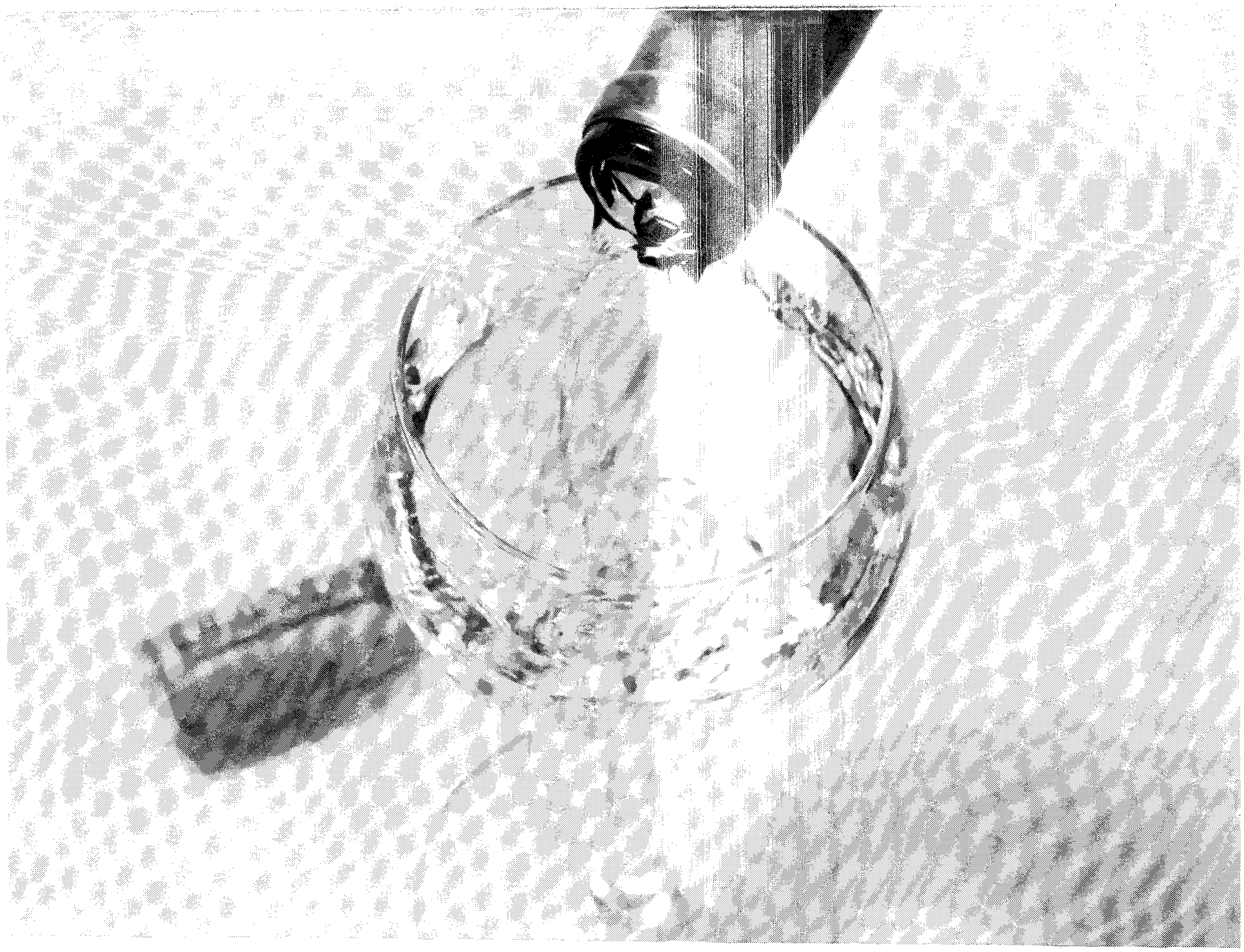
He helped Luisa to open the doors into the garden. It was still raining, and from the trees and the eaves of the house large drops of water came splashing down like stones. The wind had died with the storm and the sky had cleared, but there was no sun, no color whatever. The entire countryside looked blanched and beaten. On the surrounding hills, the crops, the vineyards, the harvested and freshly tilled fields might all have been of the same texture.

The garden had been treated with a violence that seemed almost intentional. A row of terra-cotta urns holding orange and lemon trees had been bowled off their pedestals and lay about the stone paths in the attitudes of the slain. Some of the urns had smashed, and rested in pools of their spilled red earth. Others had stayed intact, but in them the trees were crushed or broken. The lemons themselves were cast about in the grass and the flower beds.

"What a sight it must have been," Luisa said—unexpectedly, for the others were waiting for her to lament the losses—"these great things reeling about, being swept off their perches."

They came down the steps from the house. The whole length of the garden was littered with fallen flowers and with the dropped leaves of the trees. Taller plants were bent double, and shorter ones laid against the earth. All the depressions of the grass and paths were filled with water. They walked slowly over squelching pebbles, around plots of petunias and dahlias. The rain ceased now altogether, and a thin, chill breeze came up. There had been so many days of extreme heat that at first the sensation was practically unrecognizable. The palm trees swayed, and water was shaken down from the oleanders and the laurel. Sophie folded her arms across her waist and shivered in her cotton dress.

"I'll get you my sweater from the car." Claudio went around the house by one of the sodden paths, and in a few minutes came back with an olive-



WHY DOES THE HOST GET THE FIRST GLASS OF WINE?

NOW that is a very interesting question, especially when you consider how the practice probably got its start.

Some authorities believe it was originally *mandatory* that the host take the first sip; only then would the guests follow.*

Nowadays the reason the wine steward pours a little in the host's glass first—or, at home, the host pours it for himself—is just so he can see whether he likes it and whether it is good enough for his guests.

Actually, there are two steps before one gets around to either sniffing the bouquet or tasting the wine. First the waiter shows you the bottle before it is opened, and then he opens it and gives you the cork to examine.

These first two steps are important. Although not everyone has the palate of a wine expert, anyone can and should check the label and ask any questions that may occur to him as he reads it. And he ought to check the cork to see that it is firm, and sniff it to see whether it smells nice (this is not only prudent, but looks impressive, too).

Speaking of cork, that is another reason for pouring the host first. If there are any little bits of cork floating on the top he gets them.

The only other thought we have on this comes *before* the first sip: that you order from a list of wines you have confidence in. May we recommend ours? Paul Masson has a large variety of reds, whites, and rosés. If you would like to know more about them please write us at the address below and we'll send you a kit containing descriptions of our wines and how they may be used plus the labels from each so that you will recognize them at your wine dealer's or when the waiter brings one to your table.

PURE CALIFORNIA MOUNTAIN
VIN ROSÉ SEC
A PEERLESS GRENACHE ROSÉ
Paul Masson

**This was not politeness so much as curiosity: first they wanted to see whether he dropped dead. Another popular social form was also born in fear: handshaking started as a search for concealed rocks.*

©1964 PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, DEPT. Y-2, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA (An hour south of San Francisco; do come visit.)

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Splash

Great pulsing sweeps and
swirls of color . . . the kind
of painting that relieves tension
and releases the inner you.
The kind of dress in which to
fling caution to the winds. Run
away from home. Buy a ranch
in Montana. Strong-surfaced
cotton in Blue, Green, Red, or
Gold. Sizes 6 to 16.
*About eighteen dollars at good
stores and college shops*

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

©THE VILLAGER, INC., 1965. MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

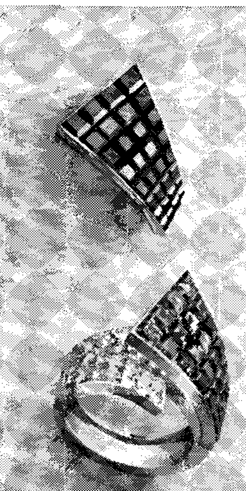
green pullover. She arranged it across her shoulders with the sleeves hanging down on her breast.

Now the gardeners began to arrive, and one or two laborers from a farm near the house. Luisa talked to them as they walked back and forth among the ruined urns, pointing out this and that—how one bush was virtually undamaged, another split in two. They paced about, like doctors and orderlies on a battlefield, assessing the situation before they went to work, taking account of the losses but more engaged with what could be saved. Claudio went over to help the men lift up the urns. Four or five of them, pushing and struggling, finally forced the few unbroken vases back onto their stone blocks.

They all set to work—raking up the rubbish from the grass, staking and tying the larger plants and building up earth about the small ones. To Luisa, this activity was instantly comforting. Why do we make such an issue of everything, she wondered, putting in order a row of zinnias, pressing the wet soil so firmly into place that her fingerprints remained around each plant. It was all in the course of events—things blowing about, being set to rights, flowering again. We forget, she thought, about the resilience of things; that these plants are designed with just such storms in mind. She said to herself, It is their nature.

Claudio's labors had the opposite result. Ever since the dispiriting lunch, he had wanted to get away, to take Sophie home, to see how his own garden had fared. And now, with everyone manfully setting things to rights, it seemed impossible to leave. He watched Luisa rise from the plot of zinnias, survey the scene in her high-minded, high-handed way. He could not move. In the storm, a fig tree had been wrenched away from a low wall that supported it, and he found himself holding it up in his arms while one of the gardeners attempted to truss its dangling branches. Water slid down the enormous leaves above his head and pelted his face and clothes. The man went to fetch a piece of cord, and Claudio, still embracing the tree, leaned against the wall and looked across the garden at Sophie.

A boy was collecting the lemons in a hessian bag, and she was going about with him, picking up the fruit and handing it to the boy or dropping it in the bag. She had tied the sleeves of his green pullover around her neck. Her hair was rather wet and hung flatly down against the sides of her

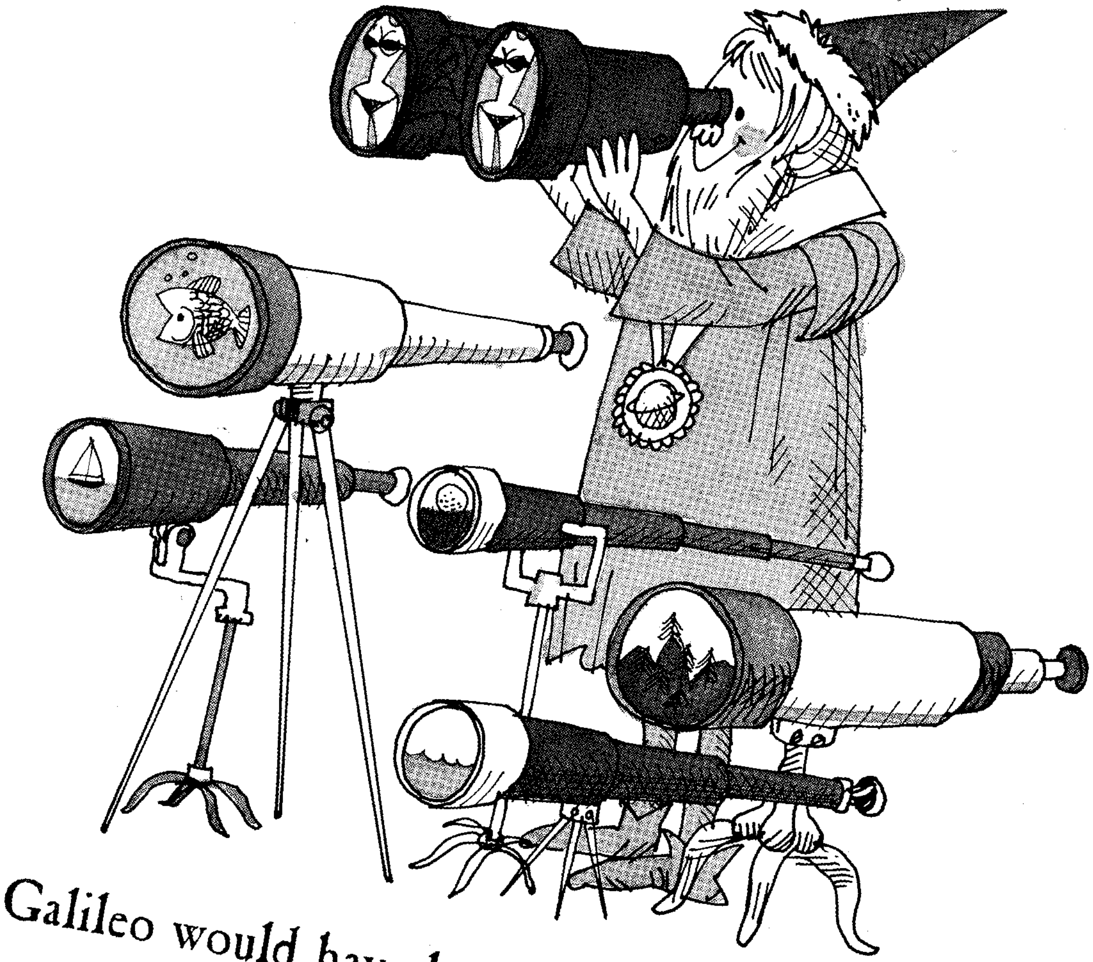


Dual Personality . . .
Ruby or sapphire settings
to interplay with
diamonds. Each jewel
invisibly set in platinum.
Exclusively imported for our
precious jewels collection.
8,000.00
Price includes federal tax.

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

JULIET PROWSE
is the girl guide in the
PERSIAN
ROOM
April 7-May 4
Performances at
9:15 & Midnight
For a lovely evening, call
PL 9-3000
THE PLAZA
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

LITTLE PICTURE! BIG BROCHURE!
SEE BIG PICTURES in our brochure, "Furniture for Gracious Living" ■ Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorator's Mart, 425 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. ■ Also at leading stores everywhere ■ For brochure send 30¢, Department N, **UNION-NATIONAL, INC., JAMESTOWN, N.Y.**

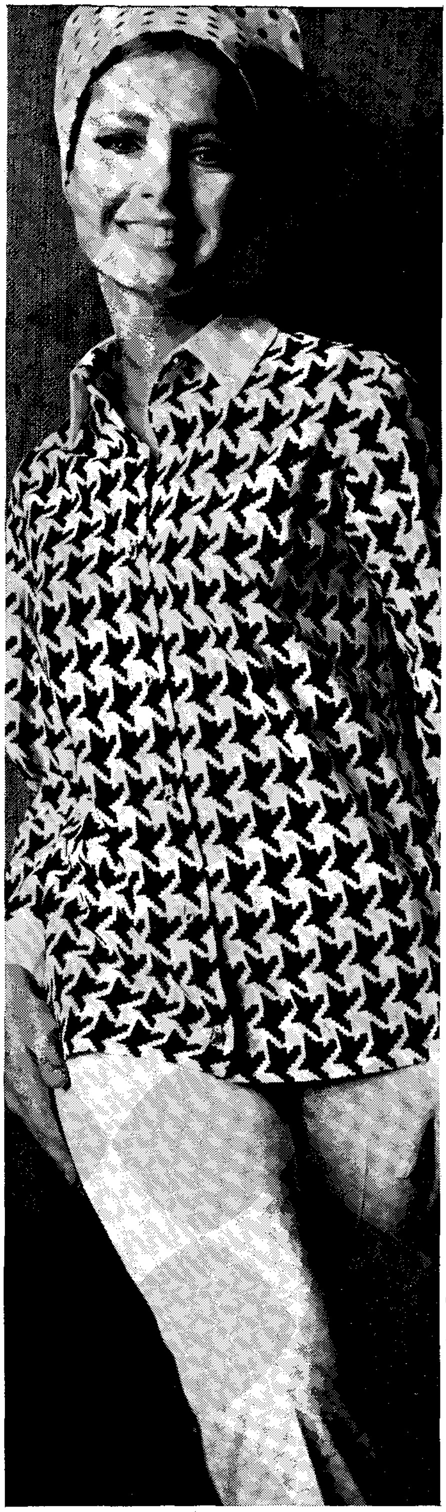


Galileo would have loved Long Beach

There's so much to see. With the sun out year 'round, 70° average summers and 55° winters, he'd really have been in his element. Being farsighted, he'd have leaped at the chance to visit Disneyland, Marineland, Knott's Berry Farm, Hollywood and the spectacularly modern Port of Long Beach. He'd have found sunglasses more practical than any type for playing golf in January or casting a line into the world's most famous sport-fishing waters. As for staring at heavenly bodies, there'd always be time for that on the 8-mile beach. But this is no time to moon about Galileo's loss. Plant your baggage in reasonably-priced, near-the-ocean quarters and telescope a lifetime of outdoor fun into a one-stop vacation as our star boarder in Long Beach.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!
NY-4
LONG BEACH CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU
130 PINE AVENUE • LONG BEACH, CALIF. 90802
GENTLEMEN: Sounds like Long Beach really lends itself to sightseeing and outdoor fun. We'd like to gaze at your free, full-color-illustrated brochure.
NAME____________________
ADDRESS____________________
CITY__________ZONE_____STATE________

long beach
CALIFORNIA



Majestic
has the look for you
(made with Arnel of course)

It's pure smash! Sass! Cause Arnel
keeps the houndstooth, bold—
the pants, white. Easy to wash—
little or no ironing. Cohama's
knit sharkskin of Arnel triacetate.
8-18. Black/white. Shirt, $10; lined pants
$10. At Lord & Taylor, New York
& branches; Bullocks Wilshire,
Los Angeles; Neiman-Marcus, Texas.
Prices slightly higher on the West Coast.

Celanese® Arnel®

head. Her dress was wet too and clung to the backs of her legs as she bent down to pick up the lemons. To Claudio she looked unbearably mortal, a prey to her present circumstances, to himself, to mysterious events to come. She seemed so intent on her simple task, so fastidious—rubbing the muddied fruit on the grass before it went into the bag. Each time she looked up and handed another lemon to the boy, Claudio felt a pang for her, as if she were giving away something precious of her own. He could not get over this impression of her vulnerability, though he reasoned with himself as he stood there propping up the dripping tree. He wished she would stop, go and sit on the steps, fix her hair, be more in command of herself; looking as she did at present, she was too great a responsibility for him.

As he watched her, she did in fact come to the end of the lemons. She and the boy glanced about, found one or two more under the trees, and put them in the bag. Then she went, without offering to do anything more, and sat down on the highest of the few steps that led up to the house. She did not attend to her hair or her dress. At first she watched the activities in the garden. Then she looked up, as if she had been intending to do so all along, straight into Claudio's eyes. He thought she would smile (for he knew that he looked ridiculous, standing there all wet grasping the wretched tree), but she looked for a moment more serious than ever, and when she did smile it was a smile in no way concerned with the tree.

She unfastened the sleeves of his pullover from about her neck. Then she held the pullover up so that she could pull it over her head. It was far too big for her, and in any case the breeze had died and the day was getting warm again. Nevertheless, sitting there on the steps, she put on his pullover. At that moment, in the presence of all these people, it was the closest she could come to taking him in her arms.

X

THEY slept in a room upon whose high, high ceiling the painted branches were obligingly abundant with an equal variety of fruit and flowers. The white walls had at one time borne panels of a similar decoration, but these had to a large extent been worn away and even, around doors and windows, painted over. The blue-tiled floor had been trodden into slight undulations, the shutters were the color of red earth, and the furnishings were few and massive. The bed was mounted on a low step between two windows. Its four corner posts, spirally carved, had been intended to support a canopy, which had long since disintegrated, leaving unobscured overhead the view of ripe oranges and full-blown roses.

"Is it getting late?"

"It's only seven. And the day will be as hot as ever, from the feel of it. . . . How can you be so cool? So cold and smooth. Like having a fish in one's bed."

"Never had one. Besides, fish have scales."

"Only if you rub them the wrong way." He reversed the direction of his hand. "What would you like to do today?"

"Let's think. Since it's Sunday, we might drive somewhere for lunch."

"Or take a picnic with us."

"We should try to stay off the main roads."

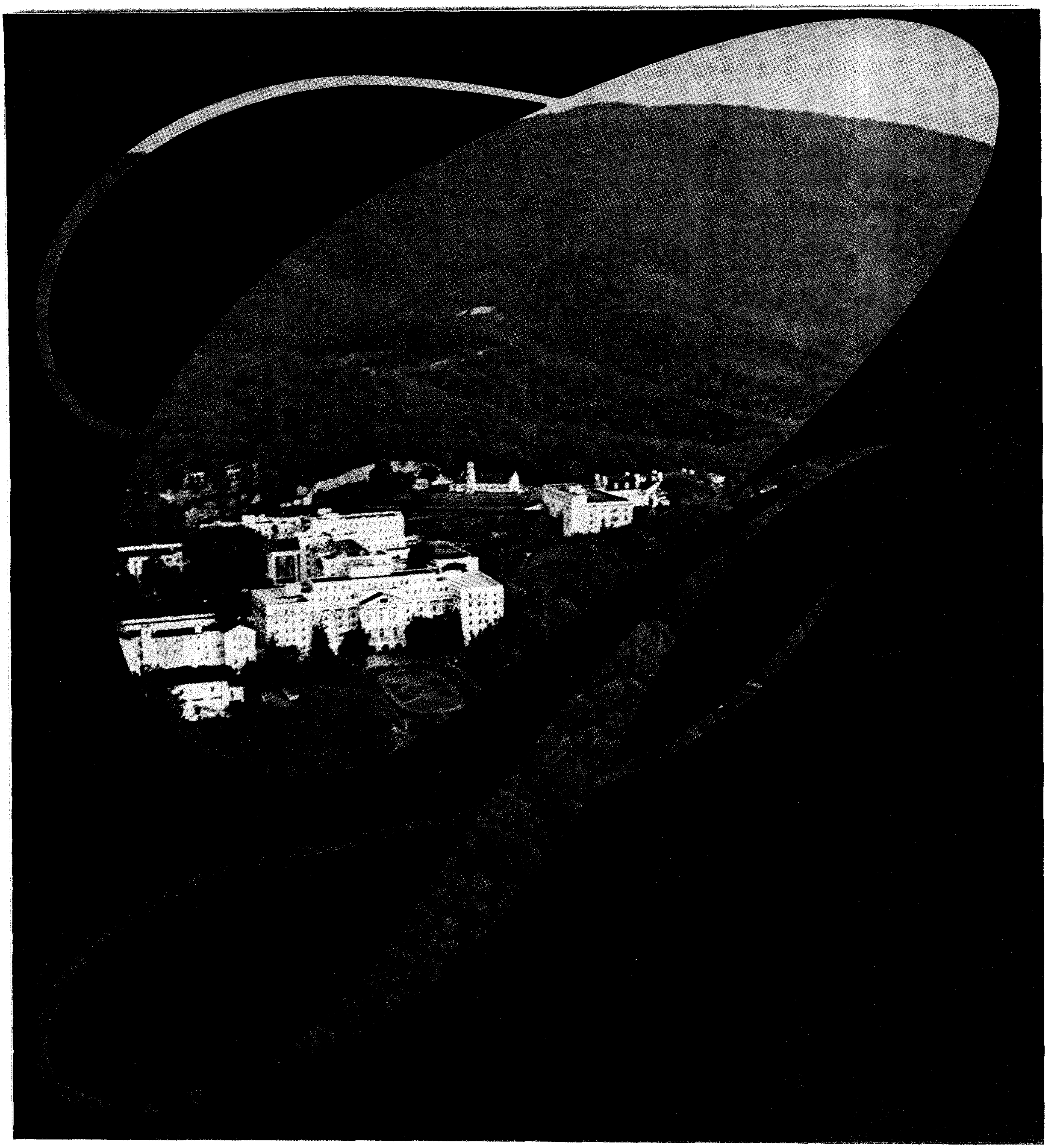
"There's a place, a farmhouse, on the plain as you go toward the coast. There are some remains of a monastery—a wall and a fresco. I own land there, just a few acres. Do you think you'd like that?"

"Then let's get up. We can have breakfast in the garden."

They had breakfast in the garden almost every day. They sat together at a table under the trees and passed each other the bread and brushed the bees from the marmalade. It was now the end of August, and each morning produced a blazing sun, a desert sun that had strayed north from Africa. Beyond the house, farms and villages shimmered in the bleached countryside. There were no pedestrians on the roads, which the traffic covered at a feckless holiday speed. But in the garden there was always shade, and sometimes a breeze.

Unlike Luisa's, this garden had not run wild; the hollyhocks, the dahlias, the marigolds were all as accomplished as the flowers on the painted ceiling. The pale climbing roses had been meticulously set in their patch of shade, and the ferns fell over the stones as they had been trained to do.

Enclosed on two opposing sides by a low wall, the garden was a square large enough to include some splendid palms and a row of lime trees. The rosy color of the wall could be seen only in the intervals of a hedge of thick clipped laurel. In the center of the garden there was a well—a large circular stone well raised on a double platform and arched over by a hoop of iron. The



G is for . . . gaiety, glamour, gracious hospitality . . . for glorious spring-bright days in our magnificent mountain-ringed setting . . . for golf—on three superb championship courses . . . for gamesmanship that runs the gamut from swimming to trapshooting, from bowling to horseback riding. It's for gala social activities . . . good fellowship and gourmet fare. Come enjoy them all at The Greenbrier—now in blossom-filled springtime or plan for the sparkling summer months ahead. Write Dept. A for brochure, information, reservations.

THE
Greenbrier
WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA

Truman Wright, Vice Pres., & Gen. Mgr.; Wesler Keenan, Mgr.

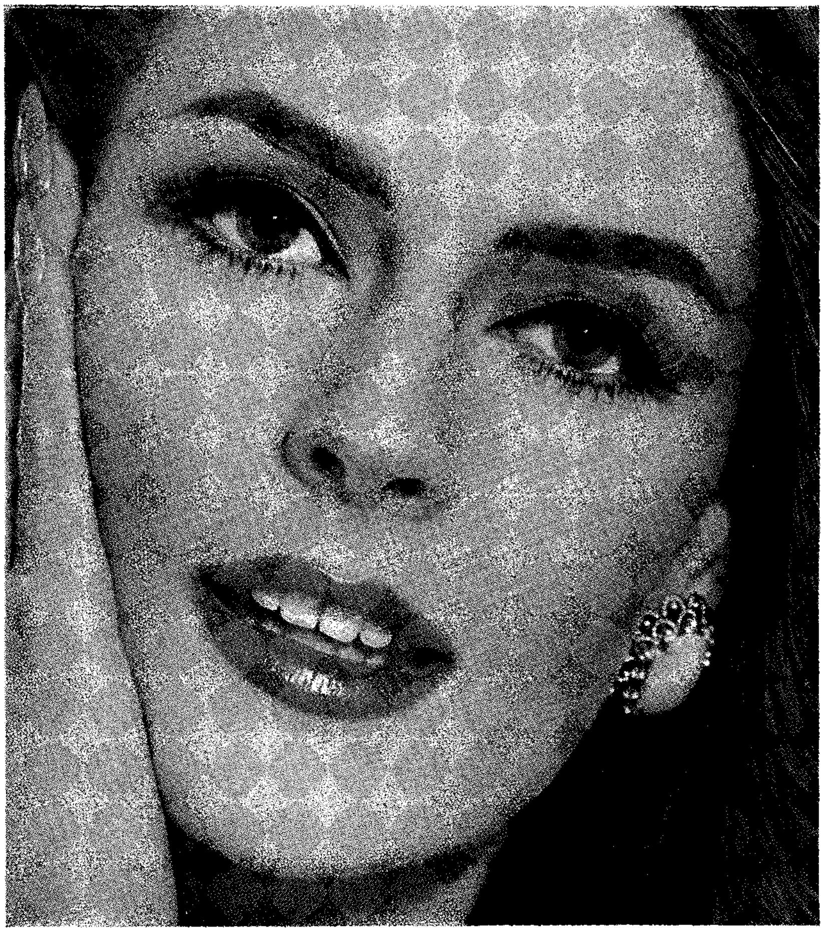
Telephone: 536-1110 (area code 304) Represented by Robert F. Warner in: New York, JU 6-4500; Washington, RE 7-2642; Chicago, RA 6-0624

Max Factor reveals:
Until now even the sheerest make-up was an obvious cover-up.

Introducing the make-up that isn't there!

(except to veil every imperfection invisibly)

New UltraLucent Fluid Make-up is a transparent veil so incredibly light it could be nothing at all . . . and yet, so delicately balanced that flaws melt away, color seems to spring from within. UltraLucent *works with your own skin tone* to create a completely natural glow . . . dewy but not shiny, matte but not flat. All subtle lustre.



© 1965 MAX FACTOR & CO.

This unique formula has made it possible to create a completely new range of make-up shades. Nine delicate tones, softly muted yet glowing with vitality, plus two highlighting shades to accent your best features.

And, to fluff over all, a whisper-light powder, that captures the sheer beauty of UltraLucent Make-up.

MAX FACTOR
UltraLucent

JEWELS BY DAVID WEBB. SUIT BY MONTE-SANO & PRUZAN. HAT BY MR. JOHN.

New UltraLucent Make-up by Max Factor

arms of the original owner of the house had been engraved on one side, and the other was looped with a garland of chipped stone roses. The well was no longer in use and had been closed with a grating. A circle of flowering plants stood on its broad rim, and above—from the center of the iron hoop where a bucket should have been suspended—there hung a great pot of pink geraniums. At its far end, away from the house, the garden finished in a grove of ilexes. Out of sight beyond the trees, a sunken maze had been levelled to make a tennis court.

On its remaining side, the garden was overlooked by the rear of the house. It was four storeys high and covered with uneven gold stucco, which seemed in the sun to be stretched like skin over the bricks, so that all the nerves and sinews of the house rippled beneath it. Staircases and fireplaces had been concentrated in this wing when the house was built, and there were no windows above the ground floor, except for a deep-set row of apertures belonging to servants' quarters under the roof. Long ago and almost at random, several false windows had been painted on the otherwise blank façade of the intervening storeys, and these were utterly charming. In one, the faded green make-believe shutters were completely closed; in another they were half open; on the sill of a third, a blue pot held a cluster of flaking marigolds. The house was high, and finished in a molded cornice supported by deep curving modillions.

"It's a pity to go anywhere, it's so lovely here."

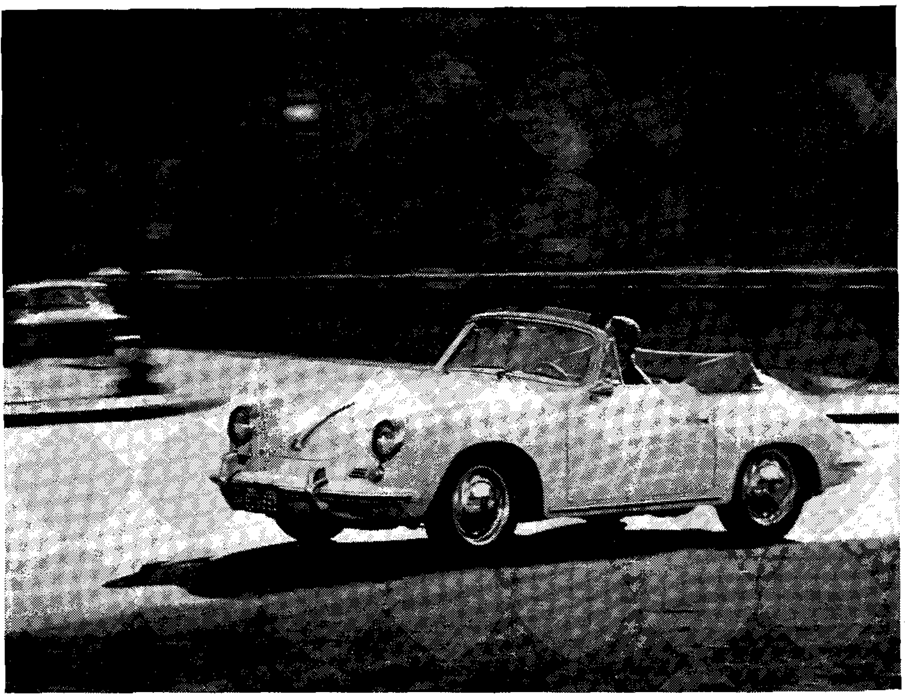
"We'll be back in the afternoon."

"Is it far?"

"No, but a winding road. And we can't drive right up to the farm—there's nothing but a path for the last half mile. We'll have to leave the car on the road and walk across a field."

THE field, which for some time had not been plowed or planted, was full of coarse grass and tough little shrubs that caught on Sophie's dress and scratched her bare legs. Tangled everywhere through this dry summer slope were thousands of red poppies. The path, a strip of trodden grass, led them over a slight incline and was quite unshaded. The only trees were the olives of surrounding fields and an occasional furled poplar. Renoir painted such a scene and called it "The Upward Path"—even though the figures in his painting are descending.

Sophie and Claudio had eaten their picnic in a wood of cypresses on one of



Why is this small, modest-looking and rather expensive car so much in demand?

One might expect a more formidable-looking vehicle for $4200-plus. Yet many who are knowledgeable about cars believe there is nothing more desirable available at any price.

The Porsche you see sliding briskly through piled-up city traffic or whipping along country roads with the grace of a mountain skier is a giant-killer. It takes a giant-killer to win thousands of races all over the world — winning them with speed, astounding agility and the ability to keep running hour after hour while bigger and more powerful cars break up under the strain.

But does its racing record recommend this car to you for daily travel? Indeed, the qualities that make Porsche a great competition car make your driving fun again, transform a routine journey into an exciting adventure.

Steering, for instance, is positive, precise, yet remarkably stable. The Porsche corners as if the center of gravity were a couple of feet below the pavement.

Brakes? Disc on all four, not just two, wheels. They shrug off road water and actually improve when rigorous braking generates heat. Heavy-footed racing drivers can't make them fade, and neither can you.

And, of course, there is Porsche's hand-assembled aluminum alloy engine. Small, easy on gas (almost 30 miles per gallon) but about as efficient, rugged and long lasting a power plant as man has devised.

You enjoy all these driving qualities while you sit safely in roomy comfort, inside a rigid, welded steel shell. Since Porsche makes fewer cars in a year than many competitors make in a week, each can be and is finished with care and detail that is simply impossible in mass production.

Once you've driven a Porsche you'll never be completely satisfied in another car. Call your dealer today. For name of dealer, write Porsche of America Corp., 107 Wren Avenue, Teaneck, New Jersey.

PORSCHE

The English schoolboy coat . . . a coat of swash and character in natural cotton duck. Double-breasted, with big scooped pockets. Within, the lining is a road-map of England, for ready reference. Throughout, the construction bears the stamp of John Meyer integrity. 6 to 16. About $23. For store nearest you, write John Meyer of Norwich, Norwich, Connecticut.

JOHN MEYER® OF NORWICH

AT FINE STORES

the nearby hillsides, and then driven down to the plain. Centuries before, this plain had been a shallow lake, and it was from this time that the monastery was dated. Even now the drained fields lay on the plain with the relapsed stillness of inland water, and the two figures waded through the grass as if through the shallows of a pool. It was afternoon, and their slowly moving forms were the only sign of life as, one behind the other, they climbed the little rise.

Claudio, in cotton trousers and a blue shirt, brushed his way along through the rough field, sometimes humming and sometimes absent-mindedly singing a song. From time to time he put his hand back to help Sophie over a small ditch or an outcropping of stone—as though, like Orpheus, he were in some way prevented from turning to her. The day was so hot that even this brief contact made the sweat start in their hands. The sun dazzled them, and burned their necks and their bare heads.

He broke off singing. He glanced over his shoulder. "You must be dying."

"Not yet."

"It isn't as far as it looks. We'll be there in a few minutes."

"Will they mind my coming?"

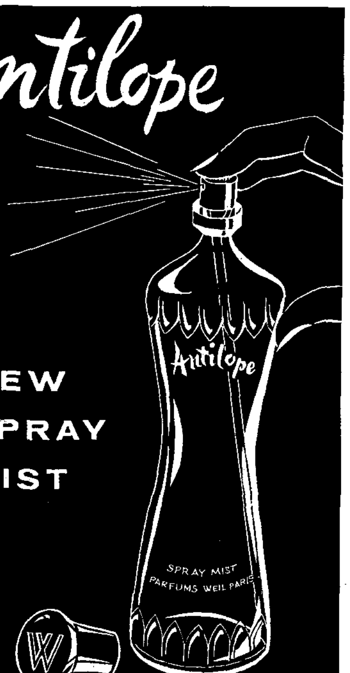
"They'll be delighted."

"How many are there?"

"In the family? Oh—an old couple, who must be practically incapacitated; then Filomena, who is my age and used to be beautiful. Her husband died in the war. Nelda, her daughter, who was married last year to Nestore from the village up there. Now he lives here and works the farm, because Nelda's brother is learning to be a mason. . . . Well, there it is."

They had reached the top of the rise. Before them was a clump of poplars through which a web of vines had been pleached into a thick curtain. To the left of these trees there was a low stone farmhouse, yellow gray with a red roof and one tall brick chimney. At right angles to it, there stood another building of the same size. Shrubs and flowering creepers had been grown against all the walls, perhaps as protection from the sun on days like this. There were no ruins to be seen. There was no garden; the cultivated fields came right up to the house, but where they rose into a bank before the front wall the poppies were growing in such profusion that the sea of crops appeared to have broken there in a great wave of red.

As they approached the house, Clau-



Antilope

NEW SPRAY MIST

. . . now this beloved French fragrance can be right at your fingertips in a gentle mist of toilet water. 3 full ounces of this subtle, sophisticated scent. . . . $5. plus tax

at fine stores everywhere

PARFUMS WEIL PARIS

Let's talk it over at

CHARLIE BROWN'S

Ale & Chop House

Restaurant Associates' great new place.
Lunch, Drinking, Dinner.
Open Mon. thru Sat. till after theater.
Main Concourse, Pan Am Bldg. MO 1-2520

Indian 'TENT' Dress

you'll want a closet full!

Imported!—Fine Cotton

- Lilac
- Sea Blue
- Shocking Pink
- Lime
- Turquoise
- Sapphire Blue
- Jet Black
- Natural
- Chinese Gold
- Avocado
- Mandarin Red

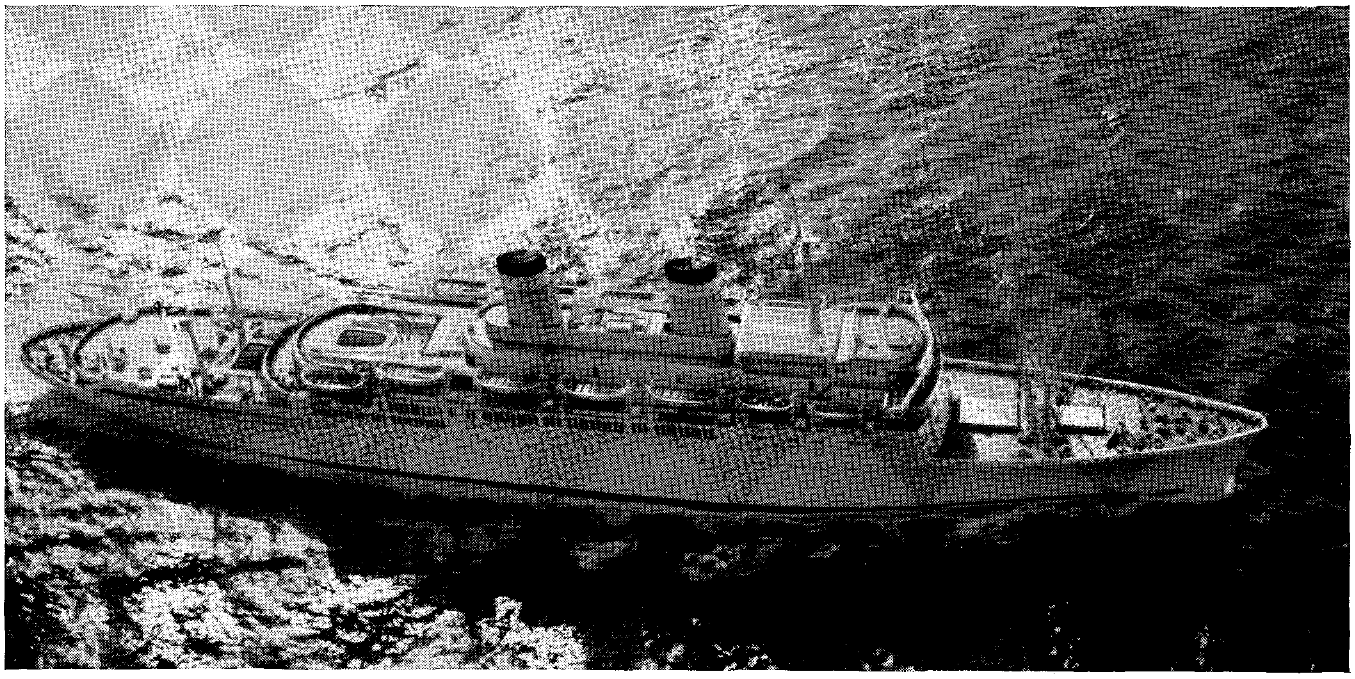
$12.95 S-M-L

Send for Catalog

Penthouse Gallery

485 Madison Ave. at 52nd St., N.Y.C.

We have a monopoly



We're the only American ships regularly cruising the Mediterranean.

ss INDEPENDENCE ss CONSTITUTION ss ATLANTIC

American seamanship
American cleanliness
American comfort
American service

Sunlane® Cruises to Europe

On the Sunlane, *every* sailing's a cruise, one-way or round-trip.

33 sailings during 1965. Convenient departures whenever you want to go. Even if you sail *one* way to any of 9 ports—you get a *cruise* in the bargain. Every stateroom air-conditioned, with private bathroom (shower).

You cruise *American-style,* with service that speaks your language.

For 1965, extra visits to Spain . . . out-of-the-way islands like Elba, Crete, Sardinia . . . plus regular Sunlane ports including Naples, Genoa, Cannes, Majorca, Madeira—even Casablanca!

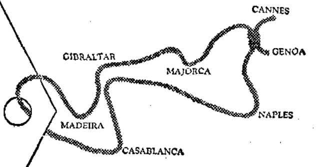
Sunlane Cruises are more *entertaining* than ever—with Broadway singers and dancers, New York nightclub stars, music by Meyer Davis.

Why just get there when you can cruise there?

Three-week Sunlane Cruises from $486 (Cabin Class), or $23 a day. The full luxury of First Class is also available. ss Atlantic from $449 One-Class. Slightly higher in summer. See your Travel Agent or American Export Isbrandtsen Lines.
24 Broadway, N.Y. 10004 Tel. (212) 797-7222

Fares quoted are minimum, subject to available space.
®Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

AMERICAN EXPORT ISBRANDTSEN LINES
Sunlane Cruises to Europe



A
cascade
of
silken
Recollection®
. . . waltz-length,
sprayed with
embroidery and etched
with imported nylon
Val lace.
"Chrisie" in
white, petal and blue.
$7.00

Barbizon

For nearest store, write
Barbizon, 475 Fifth Ave., New York 10017

dio stopped, beside the group of trees. Sophie drew level with him, and they stood for a moment looking at each other in this shade that was no more than a dappling of the heat. It was too warm to embrace. He put his hand to her hair and they smiled at one another.

How happy we are, she thought, without the slightest reflection or attempt to establish cause—as someone might marvel at a wonder of nature.

"How happy you look." He kissed her forehead lightly and they went on. There was room now for them to walk side by side, and the path led through cultivated land. There was no one in sight—not even an animal or a chicken to be seen. All the shutters of the house were closed.

"Perhaps we should have let them know we were coming," she said.

He looked at her in surprise. "They'll be delighted," he said again.

A woman in a black dress and black stockings came out of a side door, saw them, and called loudly—not to them but into the room behind her. She disappeared, and they heard other voices. The house visibly stirred, although the shutters remained closed. As they reached the front door, which was set above two steps, the same woman came out, smiling and followed by a girl in a black blouse and skirt. "Signorino," the woman said, and shook hands with Claudio and laughed with pleasure. She was not tall, but dark and stately, with a refined, cheerful face and a smooth broad brow.

The girl then put out her hand, though more tentatively. She stood aside, smiling, to let them come in. Sophie thought, going first into the dark house, They *are* delighted.

"Filomena," Claudio said in an authoritative voice. "Can we have some light?"

Filomena went to unlatch the shutters, and the girl, Nelda, pulled chairs out from a center table. Claudio and Sophie sat down, hardly able to see one another. The room smelled strongly of all its history—of meals, of children, of sleep and hard work.

A hot half-light was let in by Filomena, and at once, in a corner of the room, a baby began to cry. It was Nelda's new baby, a little boy, and she went and picked him up and brought him to the table, where, still yelling, he was handed about to be admired.

"Where's Nestore?"

"In the other room," Filomena answered. The house was apparently divided into only two rooms. "He went to get the old people out of bed."

There appeared to be no question of

SINCE K&T 1902

Ready for fine furniture?

You'll find a truly inspiring selection at Knapp & Tubbs. Gallery after gallery filled with "just one nice thing after another." And personal service to match! All you need is an introduction *from your decorator or furniture dealer.*

Free: *For illustrated "Booklet K," write the showroom nearest you:*

KNAPP & TUBBS

AMERICA'S OLDEST AND LARGEST SHOWROOM
DISTRIBUTORS OF FINE FURNITURE.

NEW YORK
DECORATION & DESIGN BLDG., 979 THIRD AVE.
CHICAGO
6TH FLOOR, THE MERCHANDISE MART
LOS ANGELES
8778 BEVERLY BLVD.
SAN FRANCISCO
737 SANSOME STREET

WINES OF HUNGARY

TOKAJI ASZU
Egri Bikavér

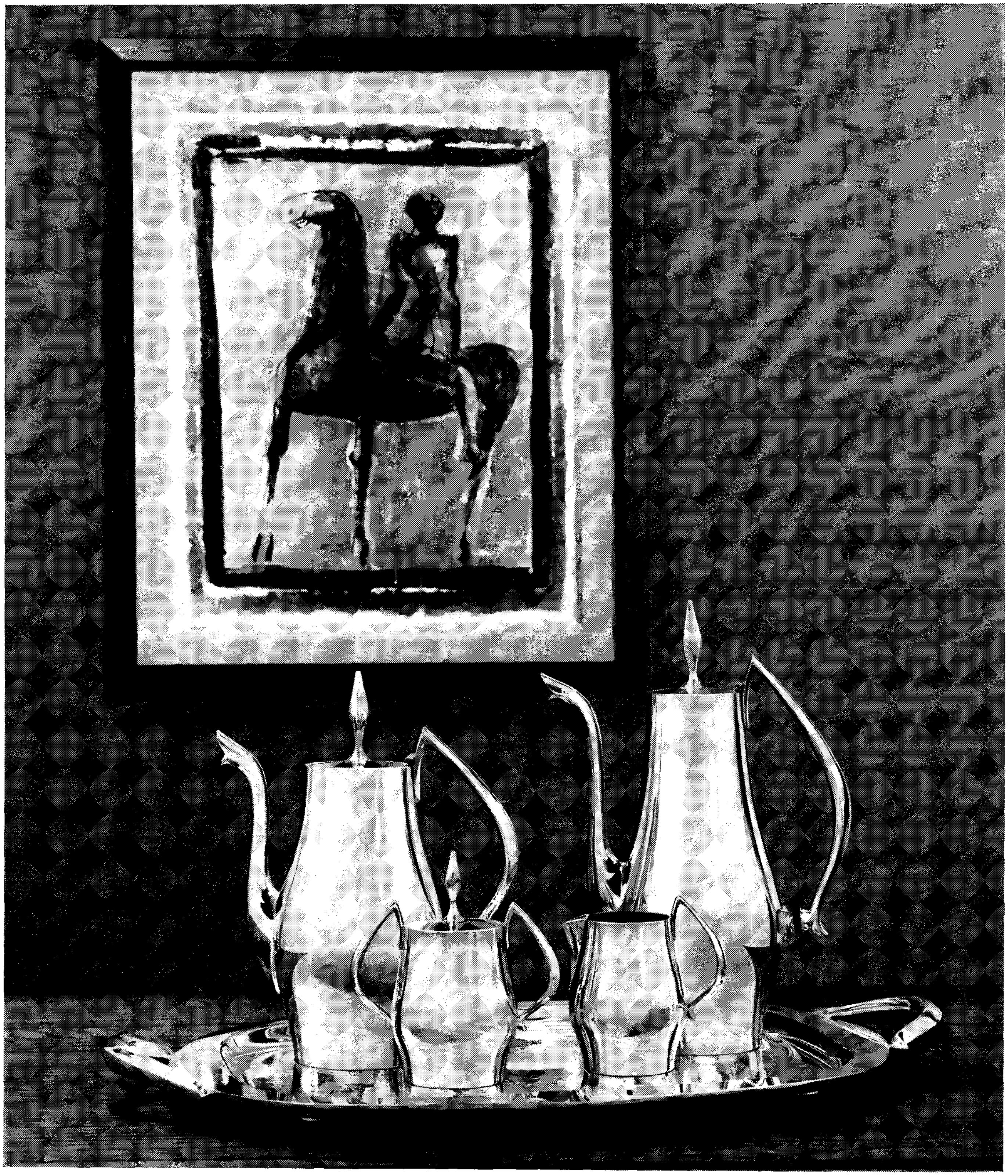
A wide selection of luscious golden Tokays, delightful white and robust red table wines are available at your favorite package store and restaurant.

SOLE IMPORTERS
VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 WEST 54th ST., N.Y. 19
Circle 5-0100

BUYING
A
HOME
Another city?
Can't spare looking time?
Describe what you want.
Homerica will find it.
No charge to you.

HOMERICA INC

New York: 200 Park Avenue, 661-3111
Chicago: Marina City, 6023 East Tower, 527-3111
Los Angeles: 3460 Wilshire Blvd., 387-3111



Collector's item:
The Cosmopolitan Tea Service by Wallace

For those who would prefer a single original painting to a roomful of reproductions, Wallace introduces the Cosmopolitan Tea Service. Here is the brilliance of superb Wallace silverplate—Unadorned. Uncluttered. Incomparable. This is the new way to lead the good life. Tea and coffee pots, sugar and creamer, one hundred forty-seven dollars and fifty cents. The matching tray is optional at forty-seven dollars and fifty cents.

Wallace Silversmiths
Wallingford, Connecticut. Division of Hamilton Watch Company

Prices plus applicable taxes

Men who use Dantē are full of surprises!

DANTĒ
GENTLEMEN'S COLOGNE

DANTE...THE ROMAN FRAGRANCE
FOR THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MAN:
COLOGNE $2.95, $5 AND $10
AFTER-SHAVE $2.50 AND $4.50
REFRESHER $2.95; SPRAY TALCUM
$2.50; SPRAY DEODORANT $2.50
SOAP-ON-A-ROPE $2

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: SHIELDS, INC.,
401 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.
Add 10% Fed. Tax to all prices except soap

protesting this. The old people must be wakened; not only would they *want* to get out of bed, they would be delighted.

Nelda rocked the baby and smiled shyly down at its head. Claudio leaned both his elbows on the table and clasped his hands before him; this gave him the air of conducting an interview as he questioned Filomena about the farm. The questions were not idle, and these were evidently matters he really wished to know about.

Sophie had never seen him in quite this role before. His authority, their humility, made her uneasy. No one seemed to mind but her. She looked around the room.

It was not a large room, and it had been asked to accommodate a great deal. There was the round wooden table, grooved and glossy with age, at which they sat, and this was surrounded by six unvarnished chairs with woven rush seats. A small marble-topped table stood in one corner; on it was set a white enamel stove with two burners, and beside it a dark-green cylinder of gas. Apart from an urn on the stone floor, there was no sign of water—which might have been drawn from a well. One end of the room was entirely taken up with a vast, sagging wooden bed draped with a red coverlet, and next to this stood the baby's cradle. Above in the beamed roof was the only truly new and truly sordid object in the room—a naked circle of fluorescent lighting, inactive for the moment. A faint glow came from a miniature shrine fixed in the wall above the stove—a tiny bulb, trailing a too heavy cord, lit a plastic image of the Madonna wreathed in faded paper flowers and backed by a card with a printed text.

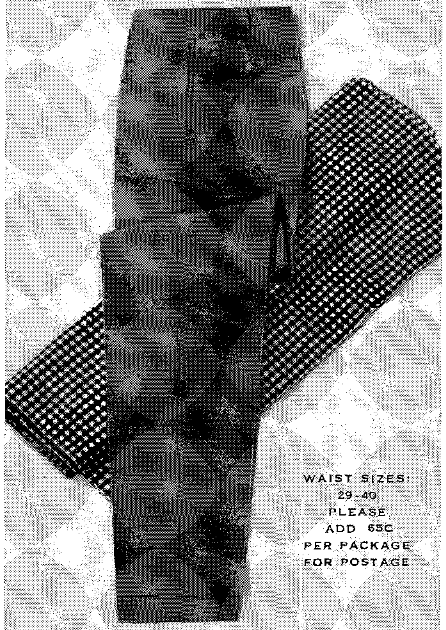
Nestore appeared, a short and wiry young man with a brown face worn not by anxiety but by hard work and the weather. Claudio got up, and there was some bustle about bringing in the old people. The old man still showed signs of having been dressed for church that morning; he wore a collarless blue shirt and thick gray trousers that came stiffly to his armpits and were supported by canvas braces. A few strands of gray hair had been combed back across his head. His eyes were a very pale blue and out of them he gave a bewildered look of recognition to Claudio.

The old woman was more alert. She bowed her birdlike little head practically to Claudio's fingers. Her face still had some color not due to the sun, and her manner showed that she had once been pretty.

They all sat on the hard chairs. There was a short respectful silence, as

Meticulous Fit

TROUSERS MADE TO PAUL STUART'S OWN EXACTING SPECIFICATIONS . . . WITH SPECIAL EMPHASIS ON WIDTH, DRAPE AND LENGTH. SUPERBLY TAILORED BY SOUTHWICK IN LIGHTWEIGHT DACRON® AND WORSTED. LIGHT, MEDIUM OR DARK GREY; TEAL OR TAN. $26.50



WAIST SIZES: 29-40
PLEASE ADD 65¢ PER PACKAGE FOR POSTAGE

at
Paul Stuart
18 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

The moccasin

. . . a classic by Barrie bootmakers of New Haven. Made from Imported Scotch Grain or Puritan Veal—not cowhide • full-leather-lined—not unlined • double-stitched, hand-sewn vamp—not single machine-stitched. In hand polished Antiqued Golden Grain—or Puritan Veal in Chestnut Brown, Antiqued saddle or Black.

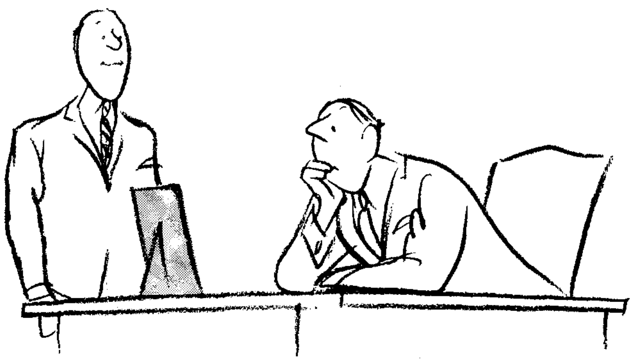
Order by mail, state shoe size—only 19.95 postpaid!
Address all orders to Barrie Booters, Dept. N6.
260 York St., New Haven, Conn.
FREE BROCHURE ON REQUEST

Barrie Ltd. Booters NEW HAVEN HARTFORD

After the Moving Pictures
Continuous supper performance until 1 a.m. starring Fatatateeta's Toast, The Foot Long Hot Dog, and the Frozen Hot chocolate. Stupendous!
serendipity 3
225 E. 60TH ST. TE 8-3531

(*Advertisement*)

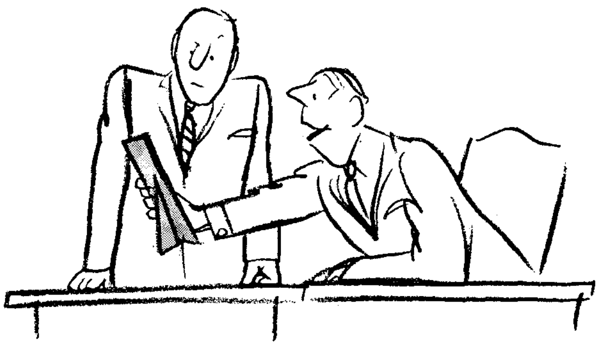
1



You look pretty deep in thought.

I was just wondering—what do you do when your child's a genius?

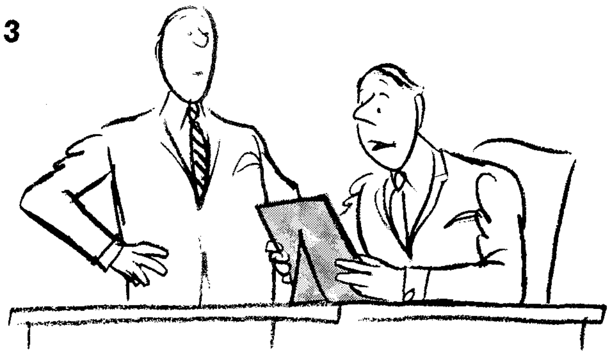
2



My kids have never presented me with that problem.

This one of mine's a whiz. Five months old and last night he actually said "guppy."

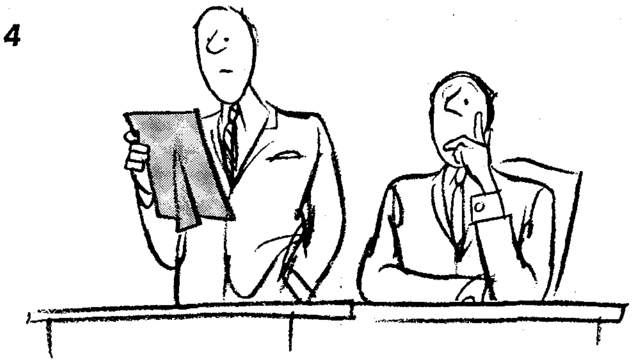
3



Did he really?

When his brother walks into the room, the baby looks at him and says "Bruno."

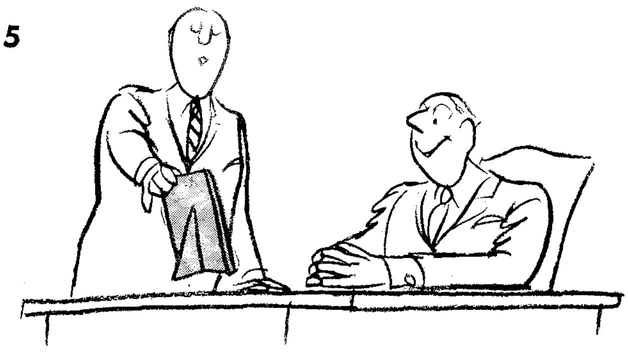
4



That must please Bruno.

Not really—his name is Charles.

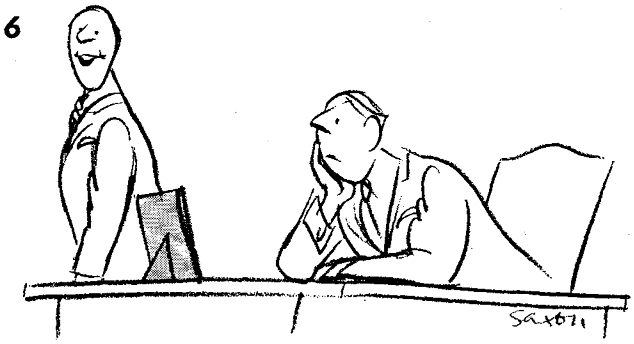
5



Looks like you.

You can see why I want to make plans for him—this kid has really got it.

6



You can make sure your kids get every opportunity if you plan with Living Insurance from Equitable. It guarantees money for a good home and upbringing if you're not there. You can even provide for their education with Living Insurance.

I wonder why he thinks Charles is named Bruno?

Look ahead with Living Insurance

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States

Home Office: 1285 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y. 10019 © Equitable 1965

See the Equitable Pavilion when you visit the New York World's Fair.

Fortrel, the fiber that takes a strong stand against wrinkles

The texture is rough in this "Poonta Cloth" sport coat but it's smooth going when it comes to wrinkles. Tough, too. Credit Fortrel for making such a fabric possible. Linett picked an oxford weave of Fortrel polyester and cotton. In Union blue, Confederate gray and hayseed tan. About $35. At Phil Fairchild, Ltd., St. Petersburg, Fla.; Gentry Shop, Wichita, Kansas; Owens, Ltd., Oxford and Jackson, Miss.; Staggs, Ltd., Fort Smith, Arkansas; Varsity Shop, Baton Rouge, La.

Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

though grace were being said, and then Nestore began to talk about the land. Now everyone had their hands clasped before them on the table. Claudio's—confident, capable, well kept; the hands of the old couple were of the texture and color of a walnut; Nestore's, almost as broad as they were long; Filomena's and Nelda's, reddened and not really in repose, stealing an unaccustomed holiday. And Sophie's own hands—shapely and soft, the nails carefully painted, one white wrist turned upward and circled by the gold bracelet.

Nestore's hand was lifted from the table and extended toward Claudio in a gesture that was apologetic without being sorry. "We had to support the others," he was saying.

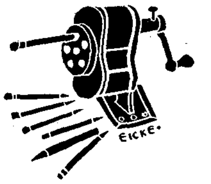
Claudio shrugged. "Perhaps they thought they were supporting you." He turned his head to Sophie. "The threshing," he said. "There was a strike over the threshing. The farm laborers wanted higher wages."

"Did they get them?" she asked, hoping so.

"Not what they wanted," he replied, and then he smiled at Nestore and again shrugged his shoulders. The whole family seemed to shrug in response, but there was a silence, an awkwardness. The old couple were almost asleep.

Filomena pushed back her chair. "Will you have a glass of wine?"

"I think not," Claudio said, "since we have to climb up to the fresco." Everyone smiled again and he turned back to Sophie. "We have to go up a ladder. The fresco is on the upper part of a wall." He unclasped his hands and spread them out flat on the table. "Shall we go?"



Nelda woke her grandmother and gave her the baby. The old woman supported the child on her knee with one practiced arm and looked at it with pleased detachment.

They left the house by a back door and crossed a hot little yard to the other building that Sophie had seen from the field.

Nelda, walking behind with Sophie, said timidly, "Your dress is pretty." She touched her own black skirt. "This is so hot, this black."

Sophie asked cautiously, "Could you wear a lighter color?"

"Ah," said the girl, with another suggestion of a shrug. "It's mourning for my husband's mother. We wear black for a year. For that," she said, with the air of citing an unalterable law, "is the custom in this country." She meant the word "country" to apply merely to what could be seen around them.

The other stone building was a combination of two structures of differing heights. The first, which they did not enter, was apparently used as a cowshed and barn, and stood open to the yard with a pair of immense wooden doors propped back by stones. The second building had similar doors and they were closed.

Nestore struggled with the bolts of these doors, and Claudio came over to Sophie. "Are you getting tired?"

"Oh no." But she was standing with her head lowered and one hand up to shield her eyes from the glare.

"Does all this depress you?"

She shook her head, and gave a shrug like Nelda's.

"As soon as we've seen the fresco we'll go home."

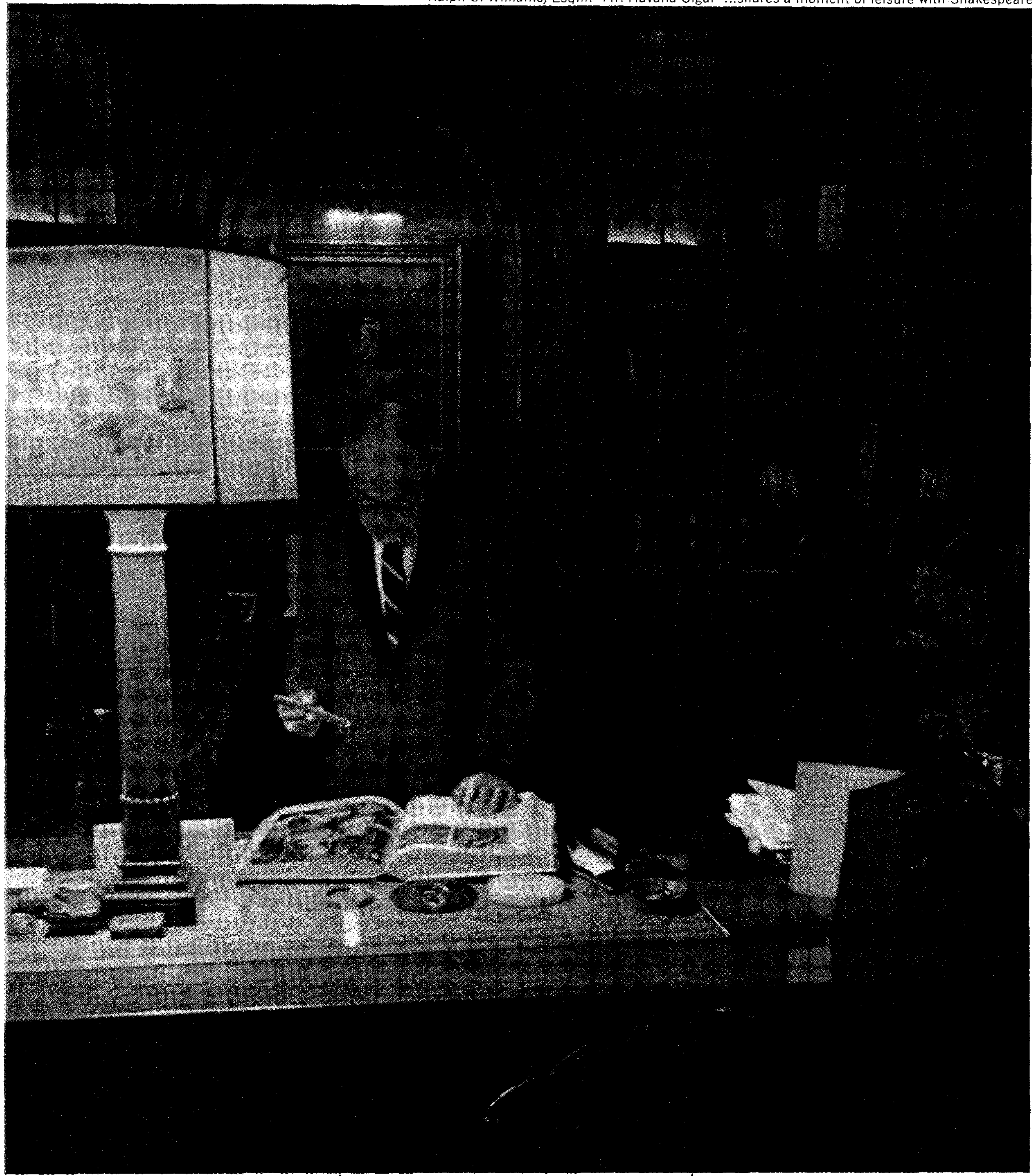
She found it incredible that they should be able to extricate themselves within a few minutes from the world she saw here. Claudio's villa and their life in it appeared to her, for the moment, inordinately pleasurable, and Claudio himself the beneficiary of privilege so all-pervasive that it could not even be described as entrenched. She wanted to apologize for the disproportion, confronted with this other existence. She half turned away, but at this moment the doors swung back and Nestore called to them to enter the building.

The interior was well lit, through a series of long slits near the roof. The floor was of stone, irregularly flagged and bare except for a few implements. The shed might have been reserved for winter storage but at present showed no sign of use. At the far end a high wall provided the division from the adjoining building. The character of this wall was in no way related to any of the surroundings in which it found itself. It stood apart, as it might have stood in an open field. It was like a strip torn from a magnificent illumination. The fresco covered the wall almost completely. The background was a dark, burnt red and had been much damaged by the damp—it was mottled with little craters of mold. The lower half of the fresco was discernible only in vague shapes and a broken pattern of formal decoration. Higher up, higher than eye level, there was a seated central figure rather larger than life-size, surrounded by saints and angels and balancing a child on one knee in the same matter-of-fact way that Nelda's grandmother had held the baby. This child was less

BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER
LONDON
1911, 1924
ESTABLISHED 1820
DISTILLED LONDON
DRY GIN
JAMES BURROUGH LTD LONDON, ENGLAND
94 PROOF
4/5 QUART
IMPORTED BY
KOBRAND CORPORATION
NEW YORK 1, N.Y.
Sole U.S. Distributors
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Imported by Kobrand N.Y. 94 Proof, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits

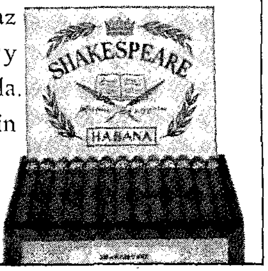
Ralph S. Williams, Esq...."Mr. Havana Cigar"...shares a moment of leisure with Shakespeare



REFLECTIONS ON SHAKESPEARE

"He Hath a Daily Beauty In His Life"
—OTHELLO

IN the solitude of his library, a man may reflect on many things: the well-being of his family, the progress of his work, the thread of an idea, memories of his boyhood, the contentments of a full life. At moments like this, the Shakespeare *Habana* plays an important role. The Shakespeare is not merely a cigar, but a reflection of man's innate desire to be surrounded by the best. For as he takes each puff, he is conscious of the consummate care with which the Shakespeare *Habana* is crafted, the matchless flavor of its prized vintage Havana tobacco, its incomparable mildness and bouquet. As you reflect on past and present, reflect with Shakespeare, America's prestige cigar. No other cigar now available can match it for *true Havana flavor and aroma.* In 15 distinctive shapes at select tobacconists, clubs and hotels coast to coast and at the five famous Humidors of Alfred Dunhill of London in Seleccion Suprema. Gradiaz Annis, Factory No. 1, Tampa, Fla. World Leader in Luxury Cigars.



an infant than a diminutive man. The Madonna, whose inclined face was a pale, almost featureless oval, was draped in a blue robe that also covered her head. Out of the robe and onto her shoulders streamed tendrils of corn-colored hair. Her knees, beneath the fluted folds of blue, were set apart.

There had been no attempt at restoration. The fresco was in an advanced state of decay. The impression it made was unaccountable; there was nothing in any of its details to suggest the splendor of the whole.

There were no signs of other ruins. Nothing remained of the other rooms of the monastery, which had been abandoned, perhaps, and then demolished when the farm was built.

"No one knows who is responsible," Claudio was saying. It was not clear whether he referred to the destruction or to the fresco.

Nestore brought the ladder, and this was fixed, with some unheeded scraping, against the upper part of the fresco. Claudio climbed up, and pointed out to Sophie from above the details that could still be seen—the disintegrating stars on the robes of the saints, the powdery remains of gilt circlets about the heads of angels. Enraptured, they all smiled. "Isn't it beautiful?" they asked her. "Isn't it beautiful?"

Claudio had seen it often, and he came quickly down and held the ladder for her.

The steps of the ladder were round and springy. She felt herself to be exceedingly brave, since she climbed up in the full expectation of falling. The higher she went the more the ladder wobbled—she couldn't imagine how it had stayed so securely in place for Claudio. She did not go all the way up, but stopped near the top, her face level with the blank countenance of the Virgin. There she stayed for some moments, eye to nonexistent eye, gripping the edges of the ladder. The pallid, erased face, only slightly larger than her own, had less the look of decay than of some utter forgetfulness, some monumental knowledge never imparted and now irretrievably mislaid.

She started to climb down.

"The stars," called Claudio. "Did you see the stars?"

"Yes," she said. And then, "I think so."

They all laughed. "*Brava!*" they cried out as she put her foot down on the stone floor, and she herself laughed with relief and pleasure. She felt safe to look up at the fresco once more. But, having come so close, it had now receded farther from her than before—

THE HALF-WEIGHT RAINCOAT. Most raincoats weigh over 40 ounces. This new Aquascutum weighs a mere 20. It's the perfect coat for travelling. So light you hardly know it's there, so packable you always have room for it. So well cut and well made you always want to take it. Its Raglan shoulder is British styling at its best. Cloth is super-fine cotton poplin rainproofed with Aqua 5: never needs reproofing, even after dry cleaning. About $50.00. At fine stores throughout the world—for the name of your nearest . . . write or phone.

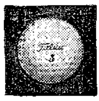
BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER,
MAKERS OF WEATHER-PROOF GARMENTS
AQUASCUTUM LONDON LIMITED

Aquascutum
LTD. OF LONDON, ENGLAND
2 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK, MU. 5-9570

Top ball 17 years in a row...

...and increasing its lead!

More professionals, more top amateurs play Titleist than any other ball. Result? Titleist has been top ball every year—without fail—since 1948. And this year Titleist is even further out in front. Titleist: #1 ball in tournaments, in sales, in play every day. Titleist: #1 because of its consistent length and performance. (Remember: nobody's paid to play Titleist.)



Acushnet Golf Balls

SOLD THRU GOLF COURSE PRO SHOPS ONLY

seemed hopelessly effaced. Yet her earlier impression stayed, and was the clearer one.

"Now we should be getting home," Claudio said. They walked out into the sun.

They shook hands, all of them, with great formality as though after the presentation of a medal.

"Don't stand here in the heat."

"Can you find the way?"

"Many thanks."

"Not at all."

They didn't speak to one another walking across the first field, passing the cluster of trees. He saw that she was happy again, so there was no question to ask. When they reached the rise they looked back and waved. Filomena, Nestore, and Nelda stood in the doorway of the house, and now Nelda held the baby in her arms. But when they passed the crest of the hill, they were once more alone in the world. He took her hand as before because the rough grass, folding under their feet, was slippery as they went down. At one point he stopped and turned back to kiss her, and then they went on. As he did this he did not even look about—for this afternoon it was completely deserted, this country. There were just the solitary trees, the lake of grasses and red flowers, and two figures descending the upward path.

XI

CLAUDIO said, "My father—whom you knew—"

"Of course," said Luisa, from the bed.

"—liked to think of himself as detached. As being scarcely influenced by material considerations or by circumstances. The first being largely within his control and the second completely beyond it, he could afford to adopt such an attitude. Actually he was unable to contend with any sort of reality, and this was his means of protecting himself."

"Sensible," Luisa suggested. She moved her head to a cool place on the pillow but kept her eyes on Claudio.

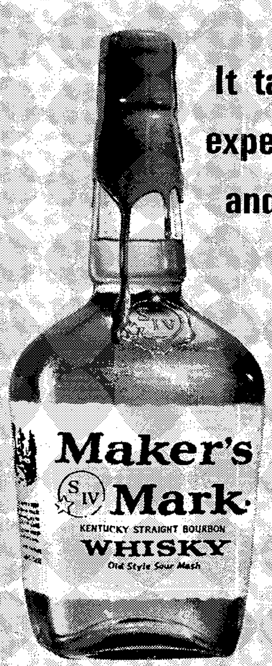
He shrugged. "He was a man of certain capacities, yet he never put these to any use, not even for his own satisfaction, because he feared the judgment of the world—feared, in fact, the unforeseeable consequences of any kind of action. He philosophized out of his own weakness. Afraid to compete with others, he chose to achieve nothing and to exonerate himself by referring to all men as equals."

"He may have believed it," she said.

"He did not. His attitude, rather,

Costlier Bourbon

It tastes expensive and is!



This whisky is made from an original recipe in the old style sour mash way with many costly extra steps for the smooth, mellow flavor so characteristic of our whisky.

90 proof · Also available in Limited Edition at 101 proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky, Distilled, Aged and Bottled by Star Hill Distilling Co., Marion County, Ky.

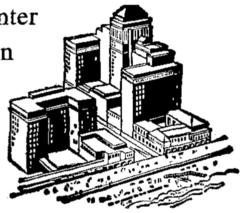
Café Carlyle
MADISON & 76th STREET

... informal divertissement in an intimate setting with colorful murals by Vertes. Cocktails, after-theatre gourmet supper. EXECUTIVE LUNCHEON Noon to 2:30. Ladies invited. PRE-THEATRE DINNER from $6.50 6 to 8:30.

George Feyer
AT THE PIANO
FROM 8:30

FORESIGHT

A week's rest here from the trials of winter may keep you on the job all season.



CHALFONTE HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Leeds & Lippincott Co.—Progressive Innkeepers for 75 years
Call Robert F. Warner, Inc.
New York/Chicago/Washington/Boston/Toronto

Readers judge a newspaper by everything — from its believability to its typography. Our readers like us. Advertisers do, too. The next time you're in Southern California or Illinois, pick up a Copley Newspaper. You be the judge.

CALIFORNIA: The San Diego Union • Evening Tribune • Alhambra Post-Advocate • Burbank Daily Review • Culver City Evening Star-News & Venice Evening Vanguard • Glendale News-Press • Monrovia News-Post • San Pedro News-Pilot • South Bay Daily Breeze •

ILLINOIS: Illinois State Journal • Illinois State Register • Aurora Beacon-News • Elgin Courier-News • Joliet Herald-News •

'THE RING OF TRUTH' Copley Newspapers

Represented nationally by Nelson Roberts & Associates, Inc.

Peck & Peck

Spring shape-up
for the
Peck & Peck Jr.

The young idea: the casual look
of this simple sheath, shaped
so subtly to the figure.
Rayon/silk in peacock blue,
pistachio or pale yellow.
5 to 15, 25⁰⁰

Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia
Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis
Indianapolis • Atlanta • Minneapolis • St. Paul • Buffalo
Kansas City • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

was that he had magnanimously spared them his competition. Never having ventured, he implied he would have won."

"You're hard."

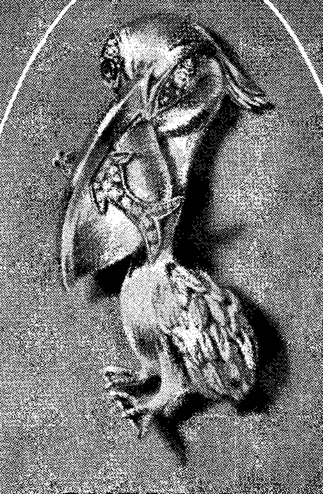
"He invented his own life, and the lives of those who impinged on him. After my mother's death he created for her a character she had never possessed, and in this way managed to efface her memory for all of us. It was impossible for us, as children, to refer to our mother as having been in any degree fallible, or even human. We wouldn't have required my father to mention her faults—which were relatively few. Had he merely implied that she occasionally cut her fingernails or brushed her teeth like the rest of us, I believe we would have embraced him. After a while the memory of my mother became boring—it was that boredom that attaches to any matter of which the truth may never be told. The very idea of her, circumscribed as it was at my father's insistence, was a renunciation of one's intelligence. He never remarried, and never had another association with a woman, as far as anyone knew. It was surprising he had married in the first place—one could scarcely credit him with so much organization. His life, as I've said, was a total unreality. He cut himself off from truth, from all tangible things."

Luisa said, "Sometimes, surely, truth is closer to imagination—or to intelligence, to love—than to fact? To be accurate is not to be right."

"Oh—sometimes, sometimes," he said impatiently. She would not let him rest with his point of view. This caused him a physical uneasiness, and he shifted about, crossed one knee over the other. If she had not been ill, he would have lit a cigarette. She had been in bed for a week, though he had only heard of her illness that morning. It was odd, he thought, how the idlest gossip went round the district at once, while an important fact was never repeated. "But equally, don't you agree, one can't live without *some* facts; without anything—*attestable*."

So this is why you make so many commitments, thought Luisa. "So this is why," she remarked, "you became an architect."

He smiled. He lounged back in the chair. *That was more like it,* more what he had come for—to be explained and understood and put at his ease. The day was close, and this shuttered room smelling a little of medicines—or so he imagined, perhaps, because he saw the bottles there beside the bed—was a refuge, a hermit's cave. He always con-



SURPRISE!

Our pixilated pelican pin of 18 kt. textured gold has pear-shaped sapphire eyes, diamond eyelids. His catch? A delicious diamond fish with ruby eye! $300

Federal tax included
Actual size

J. E. Caldwell Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19107
Haverford, Pa. • Wilmington, Del.

SEASON BEGINS JUNE 28, 1965

In the heart of the
White Mountains

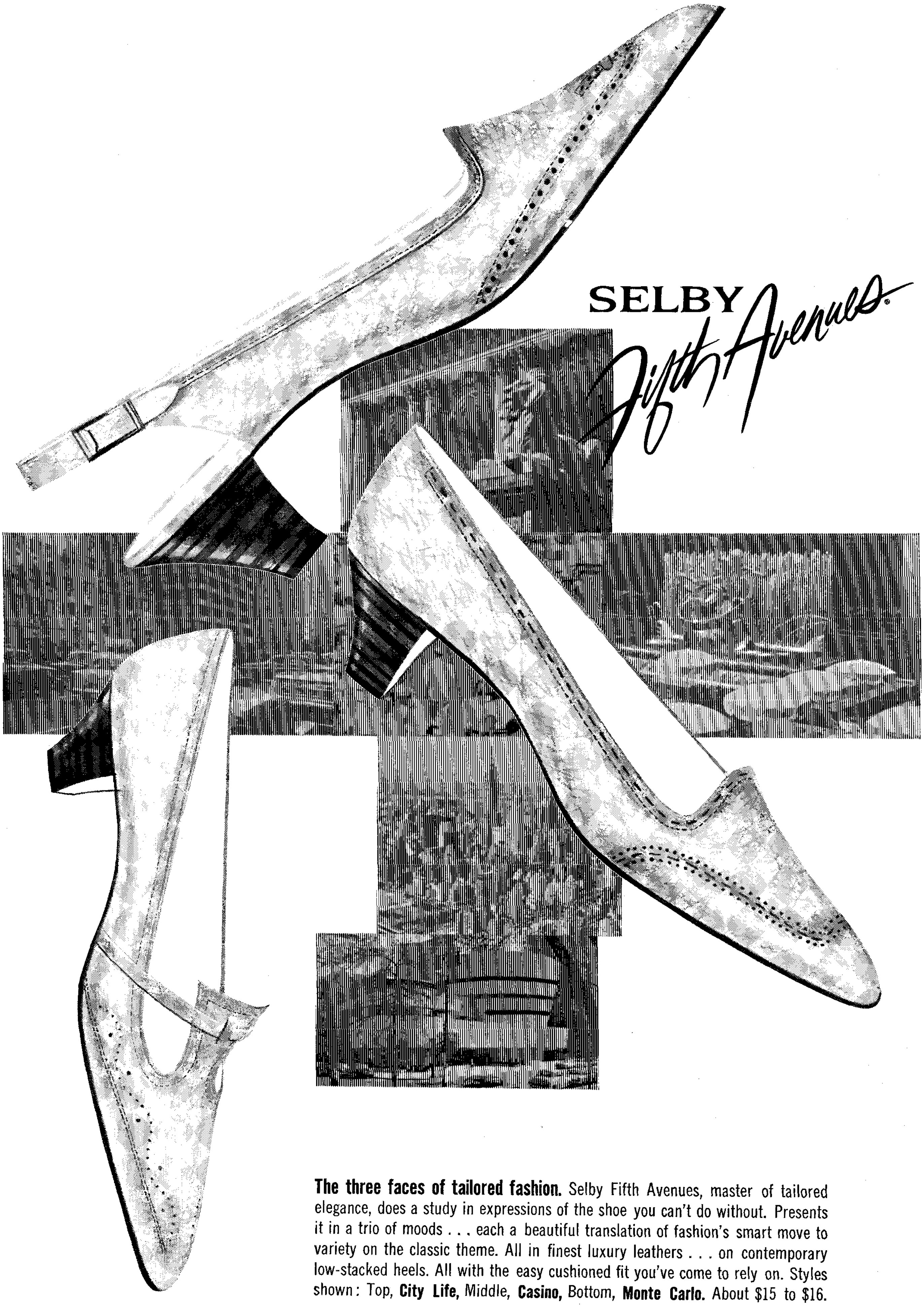
Gracious hospitality in the tradition of the Dodge family for four generations. Congenial guests enjoy swimming, golf, tennis, shuffleboard, movies, and dancing. Cocktail Lounge. Fine Food. 185 guest rooms.

John B. and Frank Schuyler Dodge, Jr.
Co-Managers.

MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE
WHITEFIELD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Your
choice of
today's
foremost
portrait
painters
and
sculptors

PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK



The three faces of tailored fashion. Selby Fifth Avenues, master of tailored elegance, does a study in expressions of the shoe you can't do without. Presents it in a trio of moods . . . each a beautiful translation of fashion's smart move to variety on the classic theme. All in finest luxury leathers . . . on contemporary low-stacked heels. All with the easy cushioned fit you've come to rely on. Styles shown: Top, **City Life,** Middle, **Casino,** Bottom, **Monte Carlo.** About $15 to $16.

Slightly higher in the West.

FOR NAME OF NEAREST RETAILER, WRITE DEPT. NY, 45-S, SELBY DIVISION OF THE UNITED STATES SHOE CORPORATION, CINCINNATI, OHIO 45207

SPANISH TOUR DIRECTORY

(Including other nice places)

BIGGEST BARGAIN

Andalucian Holiday: Two weeks plus two extra bonus days. Includes exciting Madrid, romantic Granada, Mediterranean beaches (Torremolinos or Marbella), Algeciras, Seville, Cordoba. All expenses including Fan Jet Air travel from $505. Low cost extensions available.

Romantic Beach Basking

Palma: Two weeks and two extra days. Starts in exciting Madrid, next a whole week on the enchanting island of Mallorca to soak up sun and fun, then on to glorious Barcelona. Low cost extensions available. All expenses including Fan Jet Air travel from $532.

NEVER A DULL DAY

Fiesta España: Two weeks and a day. Includes night loving, fun loving Madrid, then a roaming visit to Caceres, Seville, Torremolinos, Granada, Cordoba. Plenty of time to see it all. Low cost extensions available. All expenses including Fan Jet Air travel from $529.

Come Back a Spaniard

Fiesta Galicia: Two weeks and a day. Your fun starts in Madrid, then on to fascinating places like Vitoria, San Sebastian, Santander, Oviedo, Coruña, Santiago, Vigo, Oporto, Salamanca. You'll come back with a little of Spain in your heart. Low cost extensions available. All expenses including Fan Jet Air travel from $625.

Get Rid of Your Cobwebs

Jet 'N Cruise The Mediterranean: Two weeks and a day. The most pleasant idea in travel since travel was meant to get away from home. Fly Jet in luxury to Madrid where you'll have an unforgettable time. See Barcelona. Next, cruise the Mediterranean in lavish style, Palma, Tunis, Palermo, Ustica, Naples, Capri, Elba (Napoleon's ghost still stalks), Bastia, Genoa, Cannes. Live like the idle rich on a modest budget. Low cost extensions available. All expenses including Fan Jet Air travel from $599.

Your Life is Worth Three Weeks of Pleasure

Continental Interlude: Only for people who have the gumption to take three weeks for enjoyment, enlightenment and the true rewards of travel. Includes fascinating experiences in Spain, Portugal, Paris and London, from $723. Other itineraries slightly higher.

For colorful brochures on these fabulous Iberia tours, see your Travel Agent or send coupon below to:

NYA IBERIA AIR LINES OF SPAIN
518 Fifth Avenue New York 36, N. Y.

Name__________
Address__________
City______Zone____State____
My Travel Agent is__________

Prices based on 21-day round trip jet economy excursion fare (where applicable) and vary according to season. New York departure, double-room occupancy.
Indicate tour brochure desired.

sidered her a sage—someone who could give the meanings of the riddles, show him how to make the puzzles come out. But that made her sound more like a conjurer at a fair. He didn't come to see her perform, it wasn't that—he came only when he really needed her. (This did not give the right impression either, because his feeling for her was sincere.) She was never disappointing—as others ultimately were, betraying at last by a word or a gesture that they were just as proud, as revengeful, as ambitious as anyone else.

He couldn't understand why he had suddenly felt impelled to say these things about his father. It was all true enough, but it was something he seldom thought of now. He had had, like everyone else, an exceptionally unhappy childhood, but his later memories, of adolescence, were predominantly pleasant ones. These memories were frequently represented in single scenes, like paintings—paintings in clear colors, well preserved, perhaps a little overcleaned. Sometimes he would see himself, a tall young man, walking on the unpaved country roads in the morning. (In these memories he was always taller, it was always morning, and the roads were still unspoiled by asphalt.) At other times he was on the beach at Pesaro, at his family's summer house—studying while the others bathed, because he was usually sitting examinations in those days. Or with his sister—he in a white suit, she in a straight yellow dress that reached to her calf. This memory was particularly piercing, for Gabriella had been a tall, pliant beauty, a tulip of a girl, romantically sheltered, with no presentiment of the nervous spinsterhood in store for her. Looking at Luisa, Claudio wondered, How can you bear it, this memory, this recollecting of things utterly and unthinkably past? He himself was already finding it intolerable to remember—not merely the people he would never speak with again, or the houses in which he could never hope to see them, but fragments of mood, light, sensation, which he couldn't recapture and which, revealing themselves to him only in the subsequent act of remembering, then seemed to remain permanently and to accumulate significance in direct proportion to their increasing remoteness in his experience. The very word experience, at that moment, was more poignant to him than grief or love.

Then how shall I bear this later on, he wondered—for all the while he had in some way been thinking of Sophie and marvelling at the sadness he was

it's Spring
SO FREE
YOUR FEET

IT'S TIME FOR CLARKS DESERT® KHANS

The most comfortable warm weather casuals you'll ever wear . . . same last . . . *same fine craftsmanship* as Clarks Desert® Boot . . . just lower and designed for warm weather wear. They look right, and they feel **just right!**
In sand, loden green or teak brown—plantation crepe soles . . . Only $13.95

At Most Fine Stores

Clarks OF ENGLAND
333 BOSTON POST RD., NORWALK, CONN.
©CLARKS OF ENGLAND INC.

HAPPY EASTER DINNER

Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
We park your car at dinner

Dine with the Best at Duke Zeibert's
RESTAURANT/1722 L STREET, N.W.
WASHINGTON, D.C.

The Family Circle, Inc. a subsidiary of Cowles Magazines and Broadcasting, Inc.

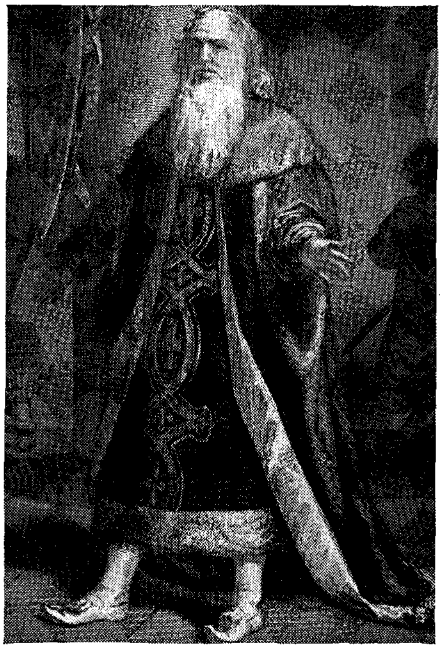
I was a failure in the advertising business until I memorized this simple chart:

100%	service editorial program started by Family Circle in 1961. Result?
50%	increase in circulation since 1961—from 5,000,000 to 7,500,000. Largest circulation increase of any woman's magazine!
100%	single-copy circulation. 7,500,000 single copies a month. Largest "newsstand" sales of any magazine in the world!
70%	gain in advertising revenue for the first five months of 1965 over 1961.
41%	ahead—April issue up 41% in advertising revenue, 31% in advertising pages over April 1964.
42%	ahead—May issue up 42% in advertising revenue, 36% in advertising pages over May 1964. (New Record: Biggest ad volume of any Family Circle issue ever!)

A working knowledge of facts and figures like these has already helped thousands in their advertising careers. Now you, too, can use these valuable facts and figures to amaze your friends, astound your boss and help you get ahead in advertising! Just memorize our simple chart at home in your spare time. And keep it in mind next time you want to reach homemakers. It could change your whole life.

Family Circle. A magazine only a homemaker could love.

Now, master these vital circulation figures: McCall's 8,400,000; Family Circle 7,500,000; Ladies' Home Journal 6,500,000; Good Housekeeping 5,250,000.



lender

Smith, Barney & Co. considers the advice Polonius gives in *Hamlet*, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be," sage enough, as far as *personal* debts are concerned. But when it comes to *business*—quite the reverse is true.

For when a state or municipal government or other governmental body needs capital for a new project, it often —quite properly—becomes a borrower. And you can—quite profitably—be one of the lenders in the case.

Your money is virtually certain to be returned to you when promised—for municipal bonds are second in soundness only to those of the Federal Government itself. And best of all, the interest you receive is entirely exempt from Federal income tax.

There's no better way to increase your income—*without* increasing your income tax.

Smith, Barney has had long experience in both underwriting and distributing municipal bonds. If you'd like to know more about the advantages of being a lender to some very sound borrowers . . . we're at your service.

Smith, Barney & Co.
Incorporated
Members New York Stock Exchange
and other leading exchanges
20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y.
529 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
Philadelphia · Chicago
Boston · San Francisco
Albany · Allentown · Cleveland · Dallas
Hartford · Milwaukee · Minneapolis

storing up for himself. How shall I stand it?

"Your memory is a little harsh," Luisa said.

He stared at her.

"We were talking of your father."

"Ah yes."

"He was a scholar. He had taken the trouble to know many things—to know them thoroughly, that is."

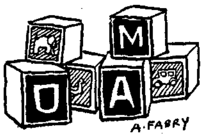
Claudio nodded. "He seldom erred, and never on the side of generosity."

Luisa gave him up, her hand briefly lifted from the sheet to brush away his last remark. They were silent.

"I'm afraid you're tired," Claudio said at last. He stood up, a darker, heavier, shorter man than the figure of his reminiscences. And older. He said, "She will be waiting for me."

"I've been thinking that."

"I came straight from town. She doesn't know yet that you're ill." Claudio found the greatest difficulty in speaking of Sophie to Luisa. He could not bring himself to utter her name. He said, speaking as though he were dictating a formal letter of sympathy, "I hope you're going to be well soon. I was so sorry to learn you were ill."



"Nothing serious," she said, taking his hand and smiling. "It gives me a chance to be alone with my thoughts."

It's all very well for you, he thought peevishly, with *your* thoughts.

"Give her my love."

"Of course she'll come to see you."

"I would like that."

He kissed her hand and laid it back on the sheet, but he went on standing there looking at her. She was so composed, so prepared for anything, that he suddenly thought, Are you going to be really ill? Are you going to die? "Are you going to be all right," he asked, "if I leave you now?"

"They'll come as soon as you've gone. And there's the bell—I only have to ring."

He went to the door. "And forgive me," he said, "for taking up so much time with talk about my father—whom, in any case, you knew as well as I."

"Whom I knew," she said.

XII

"IT'S nothing serious." He put down his glass and went on with his meal. "Or so she says."

"I must go to see her," Sophie said.

"I spoke with the family before I left. Her son is there—the banker, what's his name, Giorgio. They didn't seem alarmed."

"I'll go on Friday," she said.

"Or tomorrow," he suggested.

"But tomorrow—we were going to drive to the mountains."

He thought, She has a streak of ruthlessness. He looked at her to chart this new discovery, but found after all only the desire to be with him. When people say "a streak" like that, he reflected—"So-and-So has a streak of something"—it is always in a pejorative sense: a streak of cruelty, of cowardice, of dishonesty. Kindness, sympathy, affection were considered more pervasive, apparently did not come in streaks.

"Otherwise," he went on, "she was as always. Very calm, imposing."

"She has a noble streak."

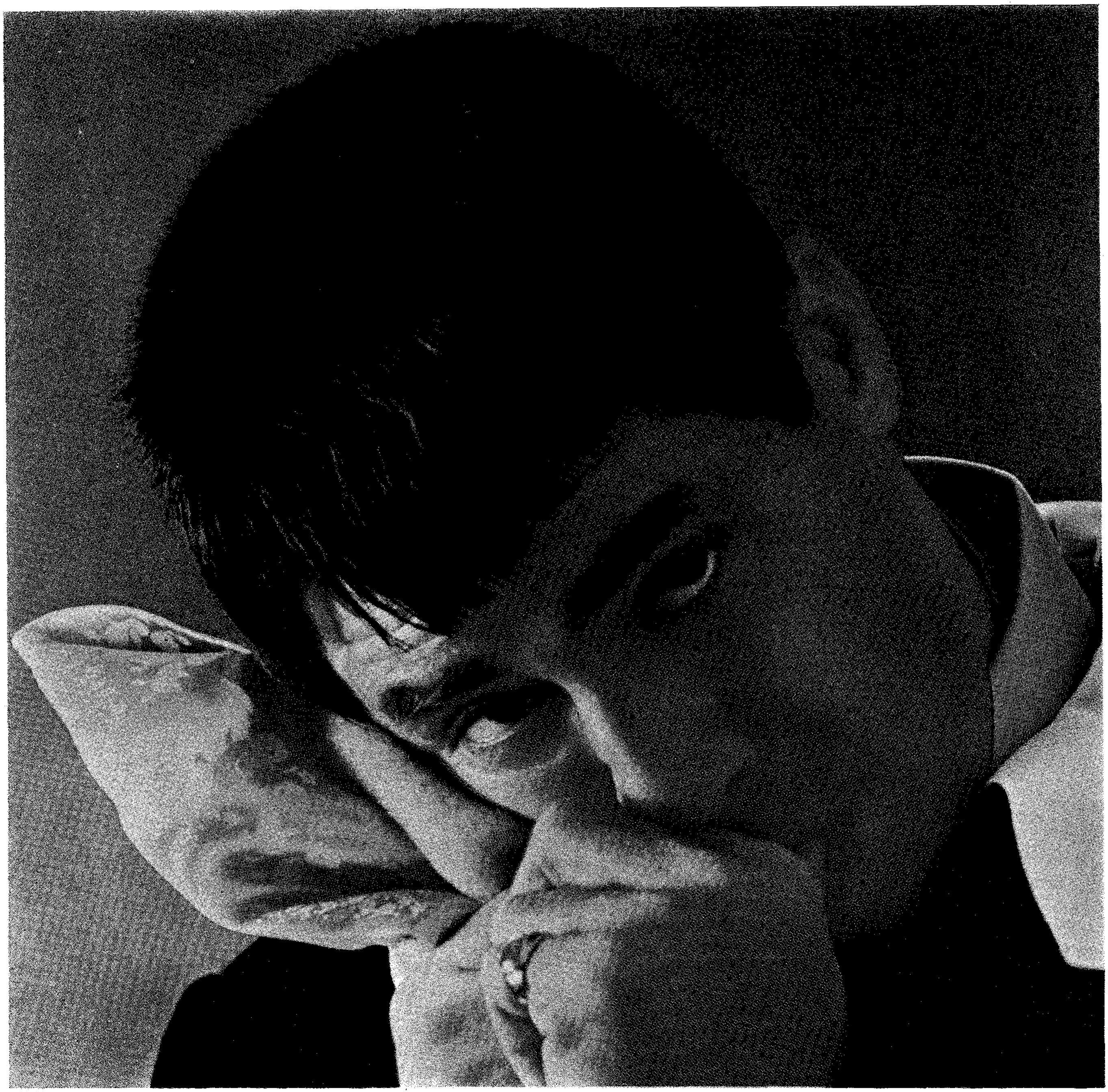
After a moment Claudio said, "She said something strange—something that never occurred to me."

"What?"

"A remark she made about my father. Not even a remark—merely a tone of voice, as I was leaving." He hesitated again. "No, nothing."

For another idea had come to him now, and he stopped eating and looked again at Sophie. Everything he had said to Luisa that morning about his father had been directed at Sophie; it was only a step from his father's unrealities to hers. The total lack of reference, in her behavior with him, to her present position caused him, he realized, precisely the claustrophobic sensations he had been describing an hour earlier. It was as if she had taken leave of her senses—or come into their full possession at the expense of her reason; as if she had no capacity to consider her actions in the light of their consequences, as if she thought it could go on forever, this disregard for the eventual course of her life, and his. She surely could not imagine that he had always lived this way, in such seclusion, with no expression of his personality other than as a lover. If only she had once asked him, "What are we to do?" or "What is to become of us?"—that, he felt distractedly, was all he asked. It seemed little enough—the least indication that she made in her mind some connection with external things. What of the continuity of her own existence? She lived within society, a society that required one to give an account of oneself—not even a good account, but an account. He felt quite indignant on behalf of her relatives and friends, who must expect her home or look for news of her. The earth might be uninhabited, from the way she behaved.

Today, arriving at the house,



See Jerry Lewis as "The Disorderly Orderly" a Jerry Lewis-York Production

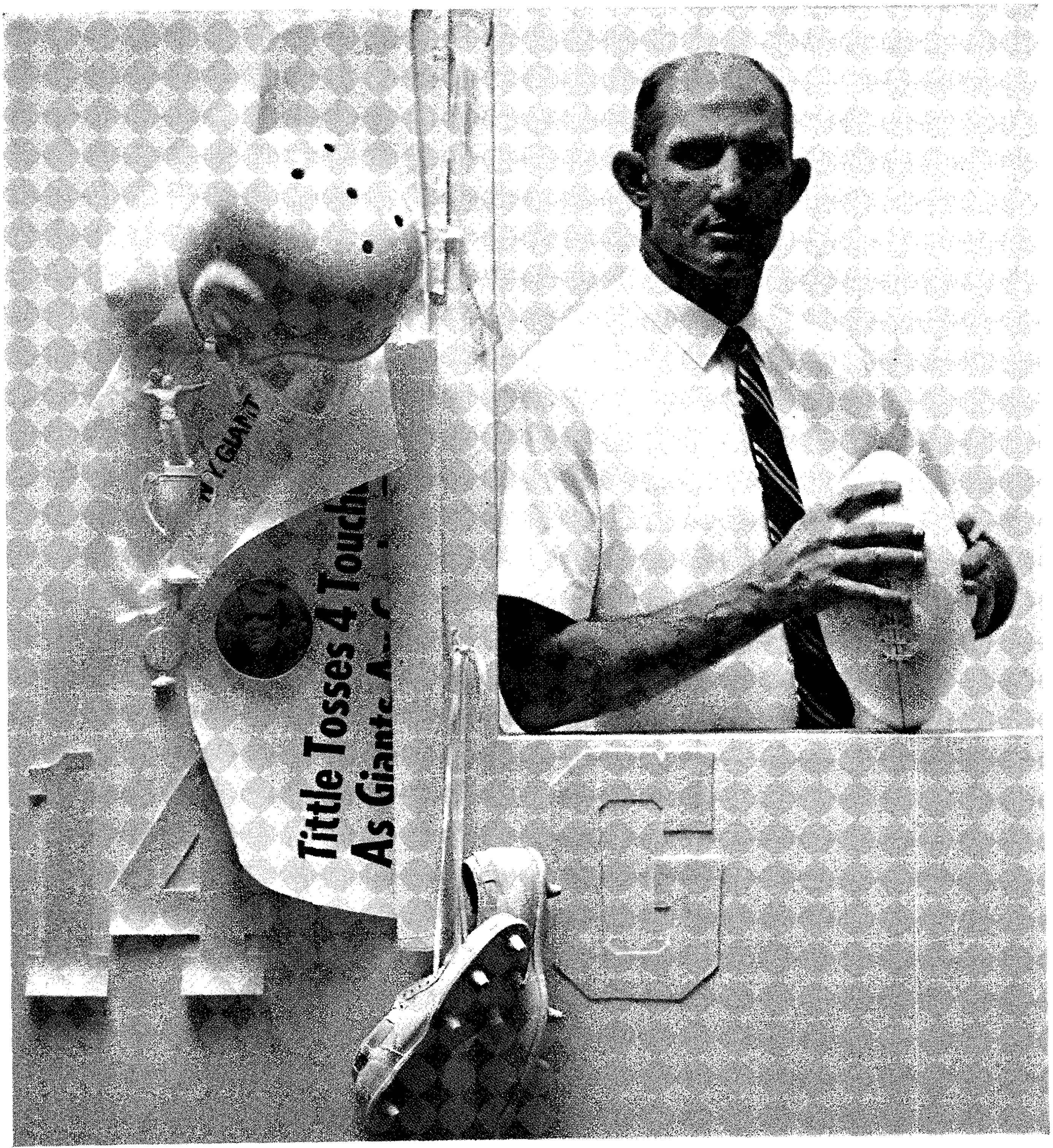
Happiness is the Sands...

just a jet flight away from anywhere. Take your place in a dazzling world of endless fun and action. Off with that city pallor! On with a glowing tan! Explore the sun-drenched pleasures of desert, lake and mountain. Play *free* golf on championship greens. Feast like a king. Discover the brilliant shows that have made the Copa Room an international legend. Swing...or simply unwind. Let us pamper you with the kind of luxurious living and service you dream about. Excitement. Carefree adventures. ***Happiness.*** That's the way of life at The Sands. Make it your way too. Pick up the phone now and dial for happiness.

JETAWAY TO THE Sands

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

COMPLETE NEW CONVENTION FACILITIES *including Private Meeting and Dining Rooms.* **NOW BOOKING FUTURE RESERVATIONS:** *Call your Local Travel Agent or our nearest office: Boston: 426-7377 • Chicago: CEntral 6-3317 • Dallas: RIverside 2-6959 • Houston: CApitol 8-6292 • Las Vegas: 735-9111 • Los Angeles: BRadshaw 2-8611 • Mexico City: 11-08-65 • New York: PLaza 7-4454 • Philadelphia: LOcust 7-6010 • Pittsburgh: 391-4028 • San Francisco: 397-2287 • Toronto: EMpire 3-6728 • Washington, D.C.: 347-2644 or Teletype direct: 702-248-7069*



Y. A. Tittle has switched from white shirts to "Dura-Wite!"™ shirts of Kodel® and cotton. Smart move. This is the first polyester blend shirt that's guaranteed* to stay bright white through repeated washings! Made of a special blend of 65% Kodel polyester, 35% cotton, "Dura-Wite!" has plenty of other talents, too. It shuns wrinkles. Never needs ironing. Keeps its crisp neatness all day. The Mantrim® tailoring fits smoothly, feels great. In a wide choice of collar styles. $5.00.

Manhattan®

Internationally known mark of quality.
And Lady Manhattan® ☐ 1271 Ave. of Americas, N.Y. 20

*Replacement under terms of written guarantee.

Claudio had found the certainty of her presence almost frightening. On weekdays, before lunch, Sophie went to sit at the end of the garden in the shade of the trees, and she waited there for him to come home. She could not hear the car, which arrived on the other side of the house, but she felt his presence before she heard his step and, not looking up from her book or letter, would smile with pleasure. He was sometimes late, but she stayed on in the garden until he came, although the sun began to burn through the trees, and the cook's son, who waited at table, looked out of the house repeatedly in despair.

Today, for the first time, he had almost expected, almost wished for, some disappointment—to find her, perhaps, more meagre, more pallid, diminished in his eyes like a cherished place revisited after an absence. Instead, of course, she had been disturbingly beautiful, dishearteningly pleased to see him. Glancing into her smiling, upturned face as he leaned down to kiss her, he had found it incredible that this woman had ever looked at him in any other way. She had once told him—and he longed to remind her of it—that their association was a threat to her; at one time, he knew, she had considered him unreliable and vain. He could scarcely believe that she had ever said such a thing, ever had a critical opinion of him. That time when she had coolly judged him now presented itself to him as a time of happiness.

Her love is perfect, he thought. What one always hears about—perfect love. Then he told himself, with relief and a certain satisfaction, I am not worthy of that. Not up to it at all. I am an ordinary person—a fallible, inconsistent, mortal man. Each adjective was successively pleasant to him, and he said them over in his head.

"Shall we walk a little?" he asked her, putting his napkin by his plate and pushing away the unfinished meal. "Is it too warm for you?"

She got up and walked to the edge of the covered terrace where they had been sitting. He came and took her arm, and they went down the double step and into the garden.

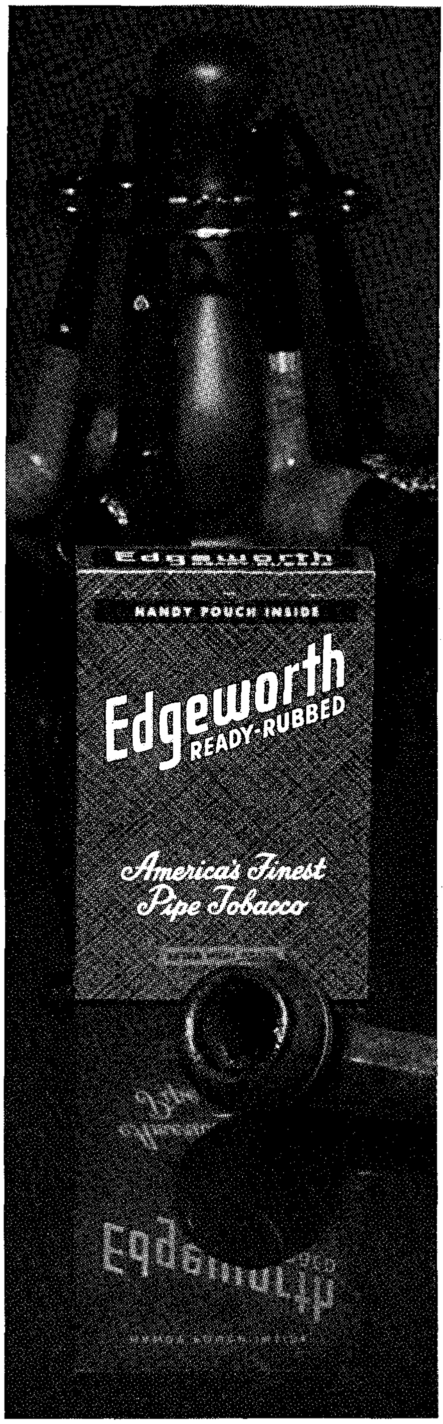
"What a lovely dress," he suddenly said to her. Her beauty had seemed to him so remarkable as they sat at table that he could not keep from making at least this indirect reference to it. She was wearing a simple dress of a splendid color, the sort of dress that might turn up in one of his memories.

She did not reply, and when they had reached the end of the path he said

No Scotch improves the flavour of water like Teacher's

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM

Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 Proof • ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.



Learn the seasoned smoker's secret

Coolness. That's the secret of enjoying pipe after pipe all day long. It's the reason flavorful Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is the favorite of seasoned pipe smokers in 70 countries. Edgeworth's fine Burleys smoke cool by nature. An exclusive texture makes them smoke cooler still. Never a tongue bite. For free pack, jot your name and address on a card, mail to Edgeworth, Box 3-AC, Richmond, Virginia.

FROM THE HOUSE OF Edgeworth

Larus & Brother Company, Inc., Richmond, Va.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

to her, knowing that he was actually speaking of his own preoccupation, "What's the matter?"

She sat on the low stone wall that ran along the end of the garden. "You're strange today."

"Am I?" he said in corroboration.

She was running her hand slowly over the stone, stirring dust and bringing alarmed ants out of crevices. She was not looking at him, nor yet away. "Why is that?"

"Why do you think it is?" he asked idly, trying to collect himself because he knew that he must speak to her and that the matter was very serious.

"Oh—you might be tired. You might be angry. It might be anything." She brushed her palms together, dusting them off, and went on in the same way, "You might have stopped loving me."

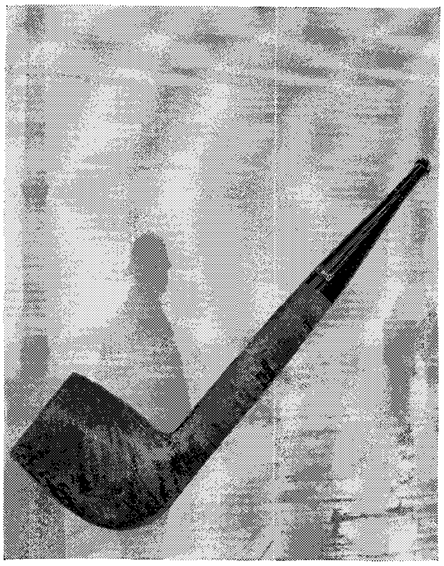
"Why would I do that?" he asked with an inflection of real interest, as if he would be genuinely grateful to know.

"Oh," she said again, "I don't know. There wouldn't need to be an explanation—not a plausible one, that is." Having cleaned her hand, she put it back on the dusty wall. "Anything might happen. You might find that you didn't like the color of my eyes."

He said gravely, "I don't think that could ever be the reason." He put out his hand and turned her face up to his. He said again, "No. It could never be that." And again he spoke with a note of literal meaning, as though he were turning over the suggestion in his mind.

He dropped his hand, and she lowered her eyes. It seemed to him that he was more engaged than ever in this newly discovered dream world of hers; in the same way it had become more necessary for him to speak. He felt like a man obliged to commit some demeaning act, some sickening petty theft that, while leaving its victim destitute, will not bring any material benefit to himself. He must break into this state of hers not in order to make himself happy but only so that his existence might be comprehensible to him. He had not faced the possibility of losing her. He loved her still. It was the unreality of her attitude that was intolerable to him.

He thought, with an almost comic sense of his own situation, How absurd it is to propose to us that our actions are altogether composed of influences and the effects of our circumstances; that we are irrevocably cut off from our own will. There comes a moment when one must utter a single sentence, and the immense effort involved in that


Academy Award $10

Miracle Mild Made in England

Academy Award pipes bring you remarkably pleasant instant smoking satisfaction which goes on lasting for years. Comfort-thin mouthpieces. London-made, in Oporto Brown or Virgin, in many distinctive shapes.

If you are interested in how fine pipes are made, and how they should be smoked, send for the fully-illustrated, 56-page "Comoy's Catalog". Please enclose 50¢ in stamps or coin.

COMOY'S of London
Five Generations of Pipe Makers
Div. Cadogan Investments, Ltd.

221 Park Avenue South
New York, N. Y. 10003

LAND FOR SALE
in Stowe, Vermont

Homesites of 1 to 9 acres on Sugar House Hill, laid out for magnificent views and permanent privacy . . . with brooks, rockfalls, ponds carefully preserved . . . wooded winding roads. Sites from $4800 to $75,000 . . . your investment protected by your own Owners Association. Write for folder with pictures.

SUGAR HOUSE HILL

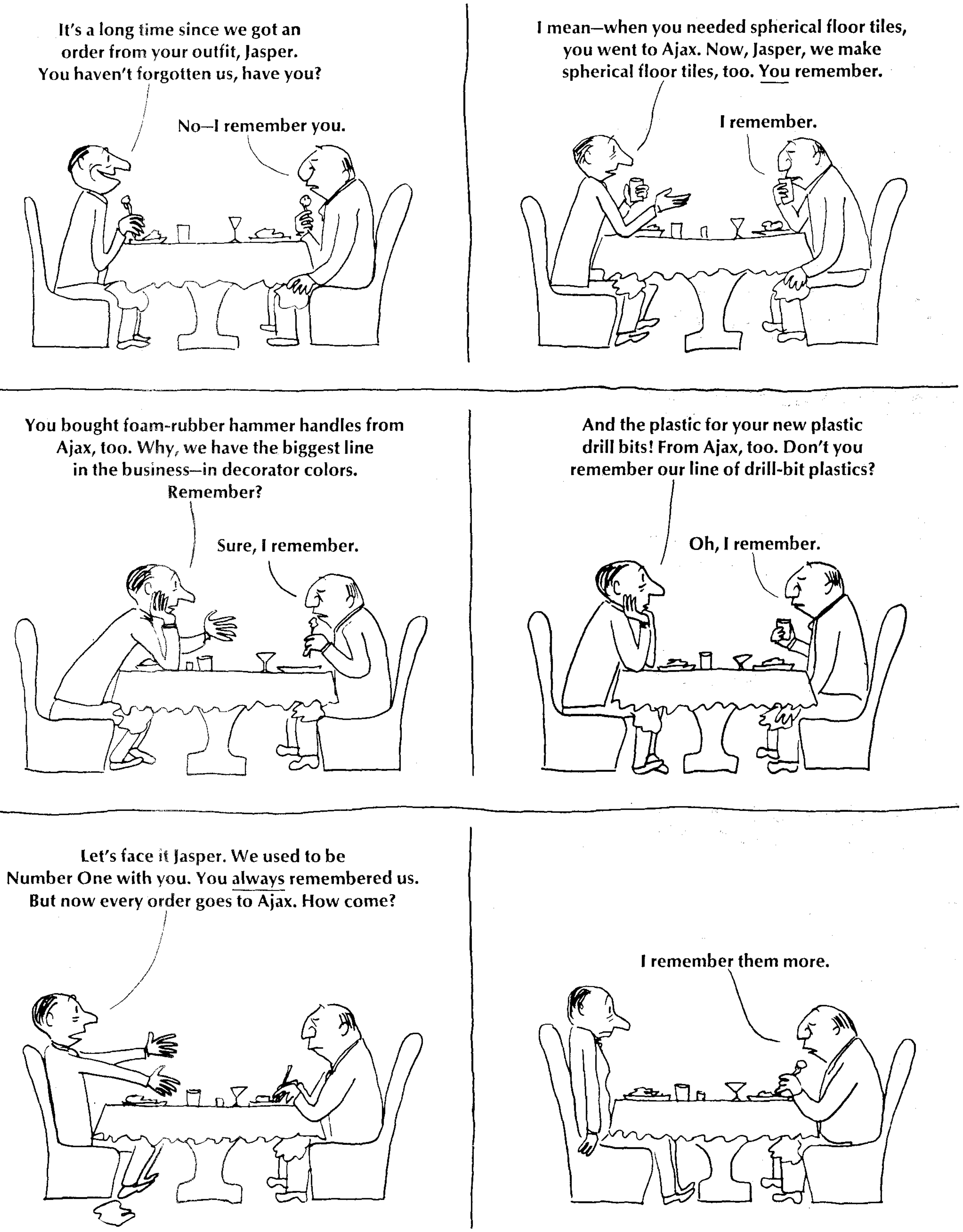
Land Associates, Inc.-Stowe 4, Vt.

ZIP CODE: 10022

Doesn't say much, does it? But the code that will interest you is our code of personal service. It goes with our decor, hospitality, sensible rates. Free Parking for transient guests. Family Plan.

THE Sheraton Gladstone

114 E. 52nd St., New York 10022
Telephone (212) PL 3-4300
Under the same Direction as
the adjacent Sheraton-East
HAROLD P. BOCK, V.P. & GEN. MGR.


It's a long time since we got an order from your outfit, Jasper. You haven't forgotten us, have you?
No—I remember you.
I mean—when you needed spherical floor tiles, you went to Ajax. Now, Jasper, we make spherical floor tiles, too. You remember.
I remember.
You bought foam-rubber hammer handles from Ajax, too. Why, we have the biggest line in the business—in decorator colors. Remember?
Sure, I remember.
And the plastic for your new plastic drill bits! From Ajax, too. Don't you remember our line of drill-bit plastics?
Oh, I remember.
Let's face it Jasper. We used to be Number One with you. You always remembered us. But now every order goes to Ajax. How come?
I remember them more.

Jasper changed brands. Nothing unusual about that. It happens every day. There's endless competition for preferred position with the industrial buyer.

The shifting of preferences is a vagary of the market place that can work for you—or against you. Your aim is to shift the customer your way. And keep him shifted. It takes more than a quick push. It takes continuity of pressure.

Ask yourself whether you're advertising often enough—in the kind of magazine that talks business to the people you're trying to sell.

McGRAW-HILL
Business Publications
"Market-Directed"

Fortrel, the fiber that means little or no ironing

This frilly flow of an empire peignoir owes its liveliness to Fortrel. Fortrel makes it machine washable—then little or no ironing. Gown by Smart Time in Fortrel polyester and Avril rayon broadcloth by Blends, Inc. Blue, pink, lemon yellow. Sizes 10-18. About $11.†
At The Broadway, So. California; Hudson's, Detroit; Sibley's, Rochester.
†Slightly higher on the West Coast
Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.
Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

utterance is unmistakably the expenditure of will. He looked at her closely, still hoping to detect some justifying fault. But as before, when he had examined her face for a trace of callousness, she defeated him, and he could only see her as she was to appear in his memory. It was, so to speak, the reverse of saying to oneself, "I shall remember this;" he felt rather that here was a recollection, which must first be lived through. Since his nostalgia for her was inevitable, he preferred to embark on it as soon as possible—even in her presence.

He was about to speak; or so he told himself, as he sat there silent. Exchanging in his mind one pretext for delay after the other, he was like someone who, at the close of a beautiful day, constantly shifts his chair to enjoy the last of the light.

She said, "Don't be anxious to find a reason."

He had forgotten what they were saying. She saw that, and added, "To come to the end of this."

He smiled at her vaguely, as if it were all a joke.

In the same patient voice, she continued, "Since there's no need. Since we don't have much time left together."

The astonishment Claudio felt at being thus relieved in an instant of any necessity to describe their position had nothing to do with a sense of deliverance—for by demolishing his belief in her unawareness of their dilemma she automatically brought into focus the dilemma itself, and he was faced not with discussion of the thing but with the thing itself. He felt a perverse disappointment that his concept of her love as an ideal love, something intact and indifferent to everything but its object, had turned out to be fictitious and that she was after all touched by the same earthly questions as himself. But what was strangest of all to him, and most interesting, was the revelation that she had in reserve these thoughts, perhaps limitless thoughts, of which he could have no knowledge; that her ideas might be entirely at variance with his assessment of them just when he was convinced he understood them best. This fascinated him—in the same way that the realization that his father and Luisa had been lovers had fascinated him by introducing into his father's life some of those very facts whose absence he had deplored and, along with them, the possibility of others equally well concealed.

He put up his hand again and turned her face toward him. Mysteriously, she had managed to keep some part of

SAVE
INSIST ON
COOK'S
Travelers
Cheques
they cost
25% less*
than
the others
*issuance charge still only 75¢ per $100
WHY PAY MORE?
THOS. COOK & SON
WORLD'S LARGEST TRAVEL ORGANIZATION
‹Coming soon—the new Cook's Travelers Cheques with magnetic ink›

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin
Superb pre-theatre dining . . . and just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"
HOTEL
Algonquin
59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400
Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

Leave it to the Italians to put romance in coffee!
Romance your taste with EXPRESSO COFFEE LIQUEUR! So smooth, so enticingly rich in flavor. Serve it tonight and often!

EXPRESSO
COFFEE LIQUEUR

EXPRESSO
COFFEE LIQUEUR
Bottled in Italy
Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N. Y. 20, N. Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 60 proof.

Jet to the pyramids with the Swiss. They'll throw in the Alps.

Switzerland's big airline has excellent connections to the Middle East—Cairo, Beirut, Baghdad, Istanbul, Teheran, and the Holy Land. But then, so do lots of other airlines.

What the others don't do is jet nonstop to Switzerland first.

Swissair does. Gives you an opportunity to sample the invigorating mountain air of the number-one vacation stop in Europe (vacations make up the leading industry in Switzerland and one third of all American tourists spend time there).

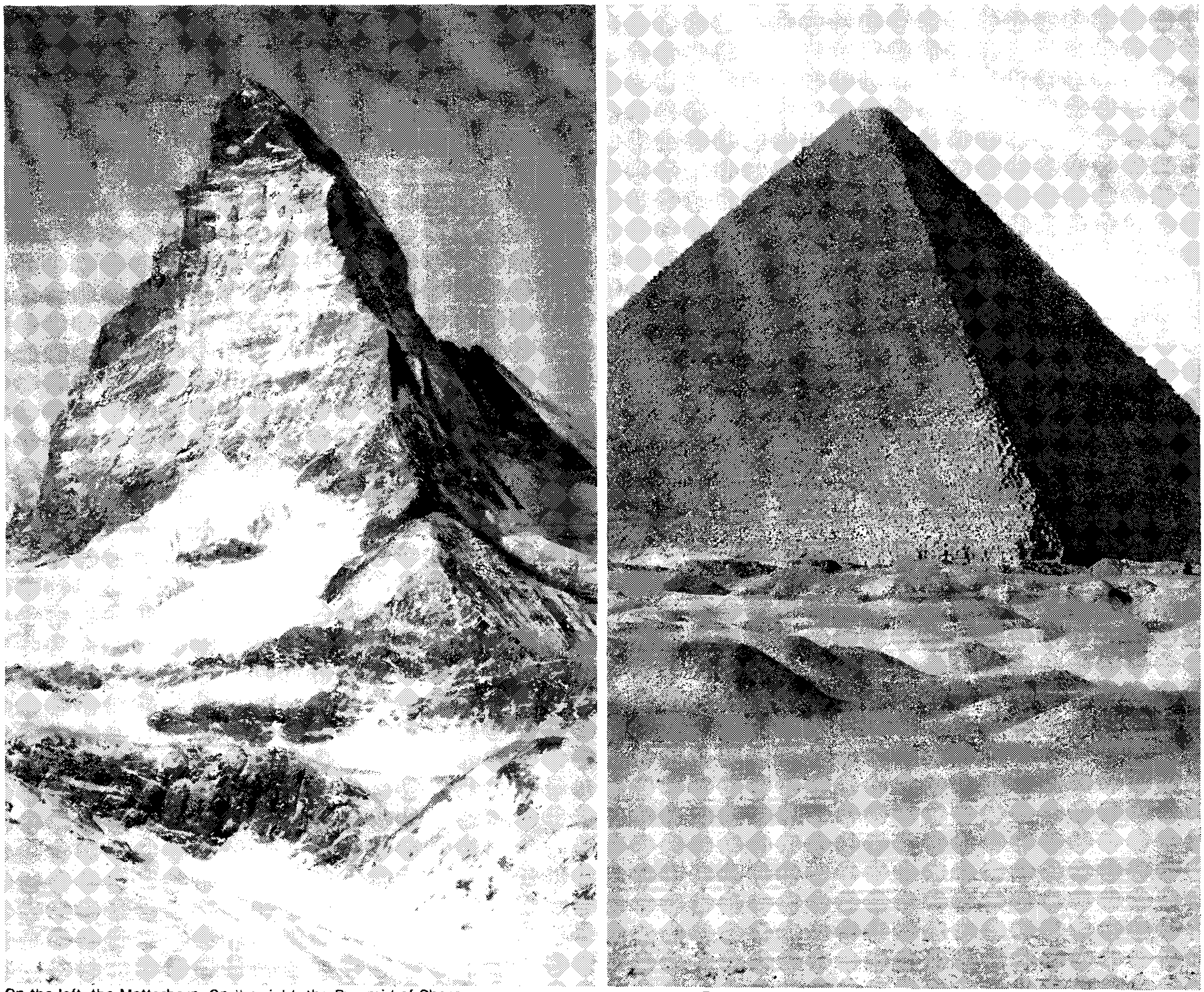
Then Swissair will jet you to the Middle East—no extra fare for the stopover. Or you can stop off on the way back. No difference.

If you go all the way without stopping over, you're still in good shape. Going through Switzerland is one of the very shortest ways to get from this country to where Western Civilization began. And Swissair can jet you to the Middle East any day of the week from New York or any Tuesday, Thursday or Saturday from Chicago.

If you already happen to be in Europe and heading for the Middle East, check the Swissair connections to your destination. Their offices are all over Europe, so are their planes.

Your travel agent can arrange it all or call one of the Swissair offices in principal cities.

And trust the Swiss to get you to the beginning of things.



On the left, the Matterhorn. On the right, the Pyramid of Cheops. See one on the way to the other. 21-day economy round-trip excursion fare New York to Cairo $699. To Switzerland $379.80.

SWISSAIR

SWISS-CARE WORLDWIDE ON THE PRIVATELY OWNED AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND.

urban or
suburban...
swing along
with
Serbin

Serbin's Striped, Sleeveless Golfer Gives Vent To Your Motion! You'll feel comfortable . . . look wonderful in this dress designed for action-filled days. Perfect for golfing, shopping, the office or classroom! 65% Dacron® polyester / 35% cotton. Multi-color Roman stripes on white ground. Knitted, stretch action-back vents* with Lycra® spandex; an elastic waistline; back pocket and hemp belt.
Sizes 8 to 18 . . . . $16
Matching hat, $5

SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON WEST COAST
*80% nylon stretch / 20% Lycra® spandex
Serbin, Inc., 1280 S.W. First Street, Miami 35, Florida

her mind aloof, and for the first time he sincerely wondered what she thought of him—that is, as distinct from what she loved in him. At the very moment when he had thought her most committed to him, she had shown herself to be to some extent detached, and her self-possession struck on him bleakly in spite of his relief. He had a presentiment of her restraint, of a capacity to deal, unbearably, with those matters that he himself could only deplore.

The prospect of losing her would not, after all, arrange itself conveniently into the landscape of his experience; it remained a prospect, an unknown and terrible loss in store, and refused to be grappled with in advance. By acquiring substance, as today he had wished her to do, she had become more singular and more dear to him, and their attachment to one another appeared to be much more complicated than he had imagined when he was dealing merely with realities.

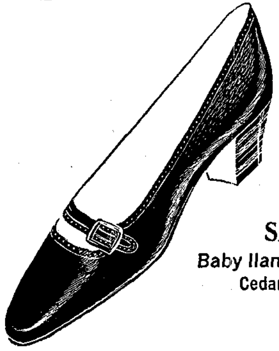
XIII

"STRANGE that no one comes." They had arrived at the house some minutes ago, but were still sitting in the car. From the way he spoke they might have been completely dependent on the intervention of others to separate them.

"They can't have heard. I'll go in now." Yet she made no move to leave him. Every parting had become suggestive, a rehearsal, and neither wanted to initiate it. Circumstances would intervene; there was no reason to precipitate them.

"I'll come for you at one," he said. "All right? Down here at one." Soon she is going away, he thought, where I can't come to fetch her. I will never see her again. *Probably* never see her again, he emended, retreating. Then, since it was impossible for him to think that way, he fell back on the unpredictability of events, the strange accidents of life. Something might change, something would happen. So often when one planned for happiness, chance came between, spoiled everything. Why, in that case, should one count on the reverse? The worst need not happen either. Ah, but the worst *could* happen—and had happened to him several times in his life, all the more terrible for having been foreseen and having followed its foreseeable course. In despair from this clumsy sparring with his reason, he turned to her and lifted her hand onto his knee. Soon she is going away and I will never see her again. He was to bear a double weight of loneliness, his own and hers. It seemed

De Busschere
Belgian Shoes
HAND MADE · HAND SEWN
MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President

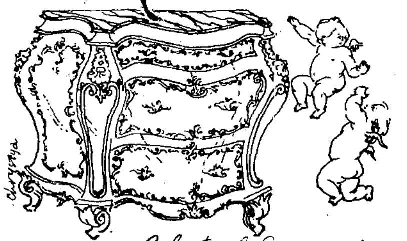


SABA
Baby llama calf
Cedar, Black
$60

Classic, timeless styling.
Brochure on request

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 22, N.Y.
CALIFORNIA: I. MAGNIN & CO.

Niccolini



Celestial Commodes
Breakfronts • Secretaries • Commodes • Headboards
Chandeliers • Mirrors • Dining and Cocktail Tables in marble and wood • Consoles • Chairs • Armoires
Niccolini Inc., 926 Third Ave., at 56th St.,
New York MU 8-3373
OPEN 9:00 AM TO 6:00 PM MONDAY THROUGH SATURDAY

EUROPE BY CAR
PLEASE WRITE FOR 36 PAGE FULL COLOR 'EUROPE BY CAR' CATALOGUE. NO CHARGE. SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL AND PURCHASE
VOLKSWAGEN HILLMAN
MERCEDES JAGUAR
CITROEN PEUGEOT
RENAULT MG, ETC.

EUROPE BY CAR
630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. LT 1-3040
CAR (S) ____________
Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________ State ______ NE-17

to him that they were doing an obscure, outmoded thing in parting from each other. At one time partings were a recognized and tragic part of life. History and literature and song were full of enforced separations, dramatic farewells. But nowadays—was it because one travelled more easily, or because one acted with less finality?—people did not part. On the contrary, contemporary tragedy seemed to be bound up with their staying together. If they ceased to be lovers, they saw one another still; even divorced couples met on friendly terms (though he had always thought this a particularly unnatural way of doing things). It was unheard-of now to say goodbye forever. In all the world, so it seemed to Claudio, only he and she were compelled to part. It made them seem more cut off than ever from ordinary life. It gave their love a mismanaged and dated aspect, a terrible privacy.

It had been a week of days that were strange in their light and atmosphere, each one distinguished from ordinary time like the unreal, unclouded day of a celebration or the eve of an important journey. So much did this seem to Claudio a part of his own condition that he was surprised to find the whole countryside speaking of it as an exceptional autumn—for the changing season had made, to him, no more than a monumental setting for Sophie's departure. There had been no mellowness and little decay. The weather was still and dry, and the leaves, when they did fall, lay for a long time in brittle circular patterns around the trees, like fragments of broken glass. This strange premonitory element seemed to be literally a trick of the light, since each evening brought a short, consoling respite.

He never thought at all of the time when she would be gone, never wondered what he would do with himself—if he might go away for a while, whether he would be reconciled with his wife. And when he remembered the time before he and Sophie met, he never felt that this could have been avoided. If someone had reminded him that he could have kept away from her, that this need not have developed, it would have been meaningless to him—as if an immunization had been discovered for a mortal disease he had already contracted.

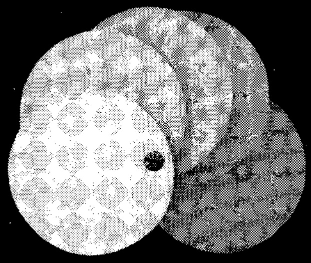
She took her hand off his knee and opened the door with an abrupt gesture, then stayed a moment longer. "I haven't brought anything." Almost comically, like a suspect, she showed him her empty hands.

"It doesn't matter, she has every-

We invite you to visit the consultant at a Charles of the Ritz Hosiery Bar for expert counseling on your individual hosiery needs.

Charles of the Ritz Hosiery

A trained consultant uses complexion chips to determine your individual skintone and prescribe the ideal stocking shades for you.



Size-mograph

The Size-mograph assures perfect fit. A twist of this unique computer gives your exact leg contour, length and foot size.

See this season's most fabulous fashion hues, in chic new styles for every occasion. Only Charles of the Ritz gives you perfect fit and color.

Charles of the Ritz Hosiery, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019
Available at B. Altman & Co., New York and branches and other trend-setting stores.

Why The Walking Burberry Swaggers

The easy swagger of this redoubtable weatherproof isn't all pride. The Walking Burberry literally *umbrellas* the body while allowing a brisk pace. Great pockets—almost a foot square each—hold parcels neatly, button down against the wet. The staunch and legendary cotton gabardine, woven only by Burberrys in Britain, has sheltered kings, prime ministers, Parliament (both houses). The Walking Burberry. About $60.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WEATHERPROOFERS BURBERRYS LIMITED

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER WEATHERPROOFERS BURBERRYS LIMITED

Burberrys®

London Paris New York

Join The Walking Burberry Club.
Send for free booklet, *"Rough Weather Notes,"*
Department A, Burberrys Ltd.
14 East 38th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

thing she needs. It's *you* she wants to see."

"Down here at one, then." She slid out of the car. She went up the steps, and was ringing the doorbell as he drove away.

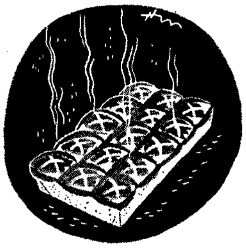
It was no longer necessary to keep the shutters closed against the heat, and now the interior of the house was light in the mornings. There were flowers in the tiled hallway and on the landing of the stairs—florists' flowers, intended for the sickroom.

"How is she, Isabella?" Sophie asked the old woman who showed her up the staircase and down a corridor—for Luisa's room was at the back of the house.

"Less bad," said Isabella, making it plain by a grimace that she was quoting the doctor. "Less bad—what kind of a consolation is that? They've sent for a specialist. Poor thing, she's so weak. This morning she cried."

They had reached the door, and Sophie hesitated a moment longer with her hand raised to knock. Luisa's tears were astonishing, even indecent.

This was one of the smaller bedrooms, which Luisa had preferred for its view—of a sky, a hillside, a grooved orchard, and a farmhouse of rusty tiles and rough stone. The room was sturdily furnished with things that were old-fashioned rather than old. There was a chest of drawers, a small blue velvet Victorian sofa, a bookcase, flowers on a table, and a low bed. In the mornings, the room was filled with sunlight.

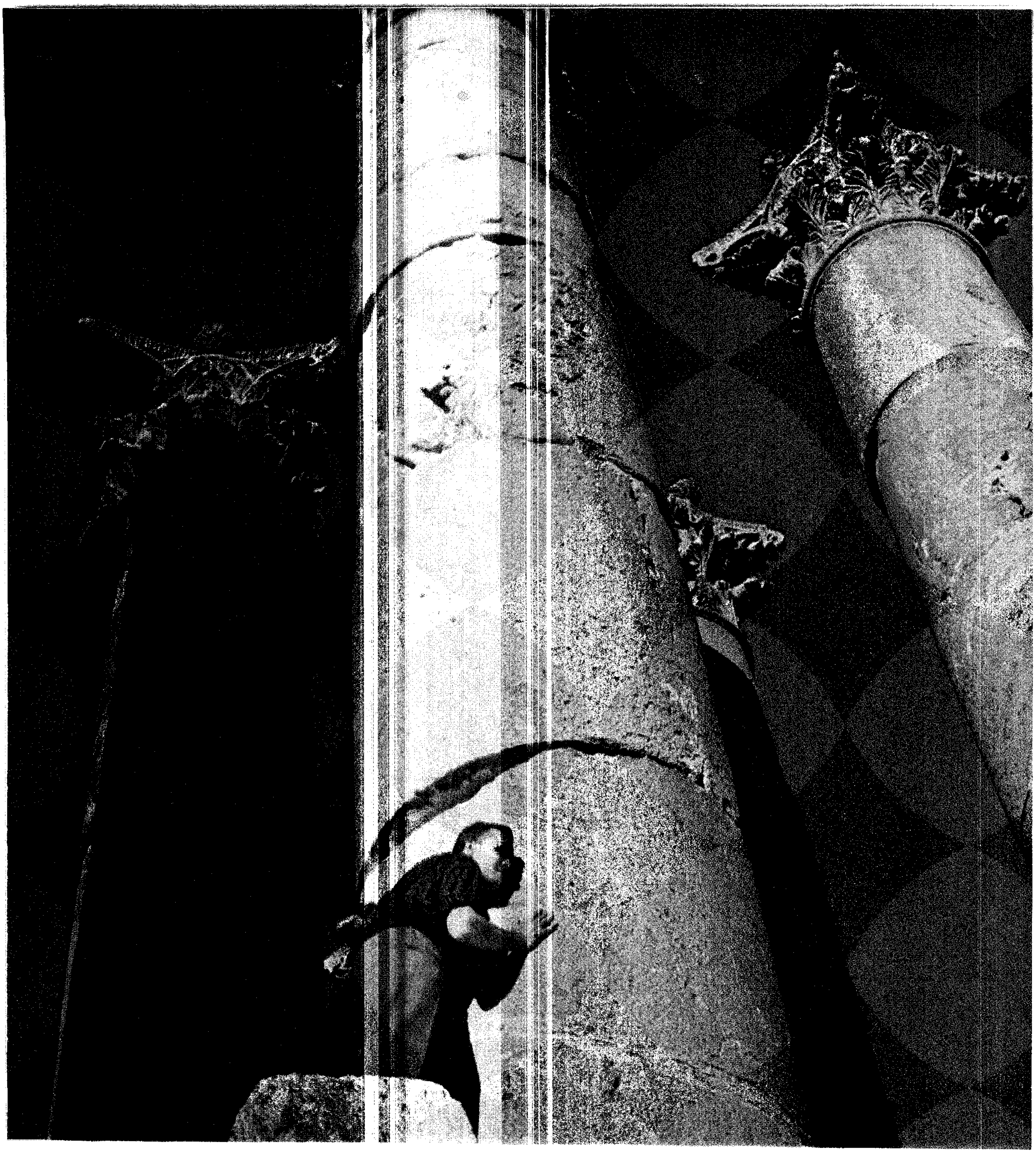


For many days now, Luisa had scarcely left this room. Sitting up in bed supported by pillows, she received a few visitors, wrote a few letters, read, or looked out at the view. When the books that were brought to her became too heavy to hold, she sometimes lay for hours, scarcely thinking, though she was in complete command of herself. Her life seemed very long to her. Strangely, it had kept, in retrospect, a certain course and had even acquired a certain form—so much of a form that it was like a finished thing, she thought, awaiting only some dexterous stroke of termination. She would not have claimed that she now desired death—that was not in her character, and in any case she would have thought it an affectation, an imposition, to say so. Love of life was still strong in her; that morning she had wept, on waking, to find herself no better. Yet she did not quite believe she would recover, could not quite imagine herself deeply engaged again in her own concerns and those of others. When she learned that Sophie was coming, she thought about this love affair as one might think of a life in another age or on another planet—with curiosity and good will but with immense remoteness and even with a sense of safety.

Her life, her long life, so she was thinking at this moment, had reached some point—not of completeness, perhaps, but of sufficiency. Although she had often been grieved by her own actions and those of others, she could hardly think of anything she wished undone. This was not from any sense of the perfection of the whole but from a now manifest continuity—and possibly because the imperfections had been so numerous that it would not be possible to subtract them and have anything left to assess. If she had sometimes been made aware that she was less rancorous and less infirm than many others, or more passionately anxious to understand, she attributed this to propitious circumstances, to the favorable conditions of her youth, the good influences of her friends and family. It was this benevolently directed course of her life that she now felt she could discern. What deflection could she herself have made that would have materially altered it? It amused her to think that she might have been lying in bed in a different room, staring through a window at quite another scene—for she did not doubt that she would have fallen ill just the same. She was smiling when Sophie came in.

It was not until Sophie bent over her and kissed her that Luisa collected herself. She pressed her visitor's hand and greeted her, and added, "Forgive me—I was wandering in my mind, though only in a literal sense. On days like this, at the beginning of autumn, one has an idea of how it must be to live in those mountain villages where the air is always clear. I was wondering whether I would be the same, you know, if I had led a different life in another place." She turned on her side, pushing back the sheet, for it was warm with the sun in the room. "Everything here is beautiful." She indicated the window. "All conducive to the right choice, or to no choice at all. Perhaps if we lived with less physical beauty we would develop our true natures more."

Sophie sat in a chair beside the bed. "I feel it's too late now," she said—as



Listen...you can hear these columns whisper of time

If you place your ear next to one of these columns, you will hear it rustle and crackle as it sways gently in the wind. It has been swaying like that since the Romans left.

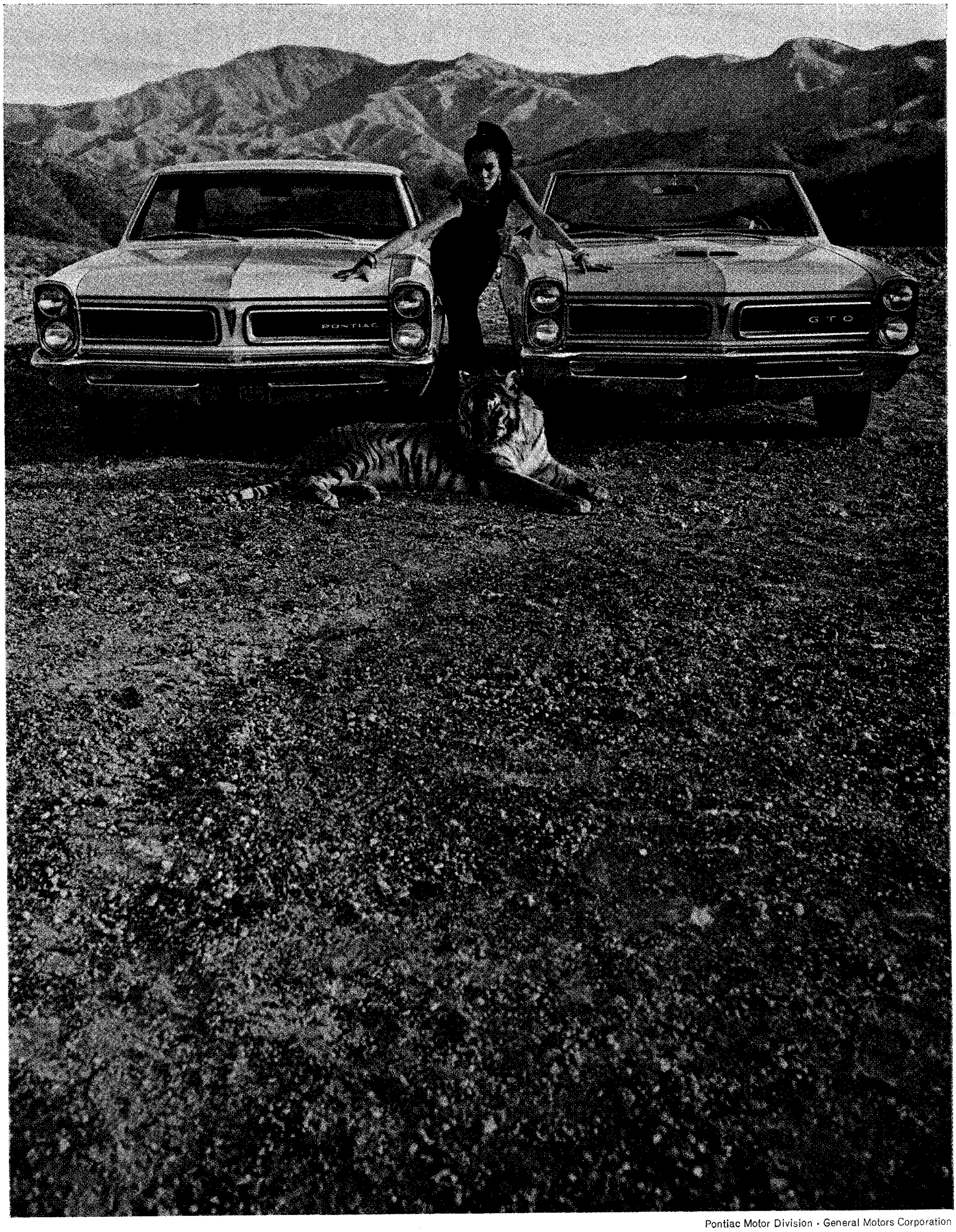
Like so much else in Jordan, the Roman city of Jerash comes as a complete surprise. Visitors who have also seen Pompeii are awestruck.

Just 45 minutes by car from Jerash's temples, forum, and colonnaded streets, is Amman—modern Jordan's busy capital. Less than two hours to the west lies old Jerusalem...the Garden of Gethsemane ...Bethlehem. On the way lies Jericho, where Joshua fought the battle. And the Dead Sea caves where the famous Scrolls were discovered just eighteen years ago. And the Dead Sea itself—a curious, haunting place. (So buoyant you swim on *top* of the water.) Perhaps nowhere else is so much history so *compactly* capsuled as in Jordan, a country about the size of Indiana.

Jordan is remarkably "un-touristy," but the tourist comforts are there—first class hotels, interesting restaurants, and *low prices.* It is only a short hop from the capitals of Europe by plane, or by ship, to the Eastern Mediterranean. Jordanians are proud, courteous, hospitable. They like Americans—and the "second language" is English. Plan to discover the delights of Jordan on your next trip abroad.

For free Jordan folders, write Jordan Travel Information, Box NY-45, 530 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 36, N.Y. Tel: PL 5-3431 (Code 212). Or see your travel agent. Visit the Jordan Pavilion, New York World's Fair.

HISTORIC **JORDAN** THE HOLY LAND



Pontiac Motor Division · General Motors Corporation

Some tigers are fierce. Some tigers are ferocious. We build both.

It's getting so that choosing between our Wide-Track Tigers is as distressing as it is enjoyable. For instance, should you choose the incredible GTO with its extra helping of horsepower (360), or the way it comes (335)? Or should you go for the Le Mans with a 285-hp V-8, a 250-hp V-8, or 140-hp six? Either way they're all tigers with bucket seats, carpeting and lots of Oh-you-kid! But choosing is such sweet sorrow, so choose on! And on!

Quick Wide-Track Tigers
Pontiac Le Mans & GTO

if she and not Luisa might be going to die—"to be different." She was thinking of Claudio. Probably Luisa would speak to her of Claudio. Seeing Luisa ill like this—much more ill than she had supposed her to be—Sophie was amazed at her own self-engrossment; she was like a guest who insists on having special food no matter what the inconvenience to others.

Luisa said, "I should like to talk to you about Claudio." She was silent for a moment, and smiled. "Having taken Claudio as a subject for discussion, how hard it is to begin. He was here, of course, the other day."

"How did you think he looked?" Sophie asked this conventional question seriously, for information. She had lost the sense of Claudio's appearance. She could no longer imagine his face at all when he was not with her—as we are sometimes unable to conjure up our own image without looking in a mirror, so much is it part of our entire existence. She could not recall whether his eyes were brown or green, his nose straight or bent, whether he wore glasses all the time or just for reading. She would promise herself to notice these things when they were together. But she forgot, or, if she remembered, the details did not help her to picture him when he was next away. And now that they were to be parted she wondered whether her first clear impression would come back to her much later, months from now, when they were no longer bound to one another.

"I thought," Luisa replied slowly, "he was more serious than I had ever seen him. It was curious to see him like that." One is apprehensive about the wrong things, she thought; in the beginning I was afraid for her, because of what his life had been. Instead, she has preserved her ability to act in a way that will be unthinkable to him. "You—" She reached out to touch Sophie. "You are used to being serious, but he is not." She spoke almost warningly, as though one more bout of seriousness might kill him.

Sophie said, "It won't be for much longer. I'm going away." In saying this, her mouth lost its proper control, so that the words came out distorted, giving her a new, untraceable accent.

Luisa said nothing. She wrapped her thin bed jacket more closely over her breast—protecting herself from such persistence, such pain; guarding, so to speak, the safety she had felt that morning.

Sophie went on, in this foreigner's voice that had mastered the grammar but not the shape of the words, "I'm

Evan-Piconery!

Is to golf like a pro in. Score anywhere you go in. And always with the glorious fit that alone is Evan-Picone. These golfers in checks and solids of blue, orange, tan and yellow. Everything in easy-to-care-for blends. Sizes 8 to 18. About $7 to $15 per part. Exception: The mohair cardigan. Sizes 34 to 40. About $13. At B. Altman, New York; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Rich's, Atlanta and great stores everywhere. **Evan-Picone** 1407 Broadway, N.Y.C.

THE CENTAUR . . . YOUR SYMBOL OF QUALITY

By French law, only brandy from the heart of the Cognac region is: Fine Champagne Cognac V.S.O.P.

REMY MARTIN

V.S.O.P

Remy Martin makes nothing but Very Superior Old Pale Fine Champagne Cognac V.S.O.P.

REMY MARTIN

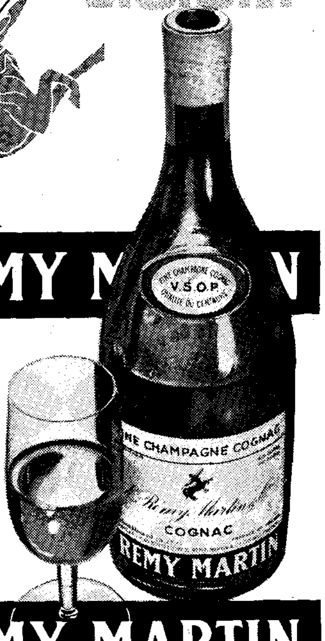
V.S.O.P

Choose Remy Martin and you'll taste the finest Cognac brandy. One quality...one bottle world-wide.

REMY MARTIN

V.S.O.P

REMY MARTIN



REMY MARTIN

V.S.O.P

PRIDE OF COGNAC SINCE 1724 · 80 PROOF
RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

going away. There's nothing else to do." Her words, which expressed the lack of an alternative, might also have referred to the completion of her experience.

Luisa now said thoughtfully, truthfully, "You could stay with him. Always, I mean. Or for a long time."

"Could you really advise that?"

"It's so much the issue that it deserves saying. Still—one shouldn't assume a greater sacrifice than one can gracefully sustain. As for advice—" She made a face, the kind of face Isabella had made when speaking of the doctor. "People at a disadvantage are so tempted by envy or destruction. Ideally, one should get advice from someone who is at an advantage, not from—" she indicated the bed, the medicines, her condition.

At what greater advantage can you be, Sophie wondered, than to have come to the end of your life?

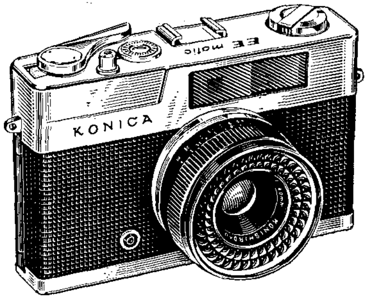
"Do you ever notice," asked Luisa, "how easy it is to forgive a person any number of faults for one endearing characteristic, for a certain style, or some commitment to life—while someone with many good qualities is insupportable for a single defect if it happens to be a boring one? I think . . . sometimes experience is like that, and that it matters to have committed yourself at one moment, even at great cost and disorder, and to know that you have that capacity. We can't be orderly all the time without becoming bores."

They were both quiet for a long time, and Luisa closed her eyes. Watching her, Sophie noticed for the first time a resemblance to her mother, Luisa's half sister. There had always been some physical similarity—the same pale skin drawn over high cheekbones, the same pale hair grown gray, and a strength and beauty of features that contradicted the pallid coloring. But a true resemblance, which would have depended on common judgments and responses, there had never been—for Sophie's mother, having at an early age observed the consequences of strong feelings, had prudently excluded herself from any encounter with them. She was cool and decisive about her own affairs; with her children she maintained a neutral position that from time to time she reinforced with sweeping pronouncements: "I expect you're old enough to know your own mind," "I suppose you know what you're doing"—unlikely assumptions that would never have entered Luisa's head.

This very impersonality, which had distinguished Sophie's mother from

Konica EEmatic's "magic button" thinks before you shoot!

Automatically refuses to click shutter unless lighting is right for perfect pictures. What more can you want . . . except its famous Hexanon f2.8 lens and coupled rangefinder. Less than $60 plus case . . . "the lens alone is worth the price." See it at your dealer today!



KONICA CAMERA CORP.
257 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010
A SUBSIDIARY OF BERKEY PHOTO Inc.

PAUL WOULD HAVE REVERED IT!

He might even have said: "I at Hotel Hershey will be!" Especially if he'd seen our luxurious accommodations (completely air-conditioned) and family fun facilities. 3 golf courses; pool; riding trails; tennis; lawn-bowling; superb dining. Every day we make vacation history at Hotel Hershey. It's more than revolutionary—it's INCOMPARABLE!

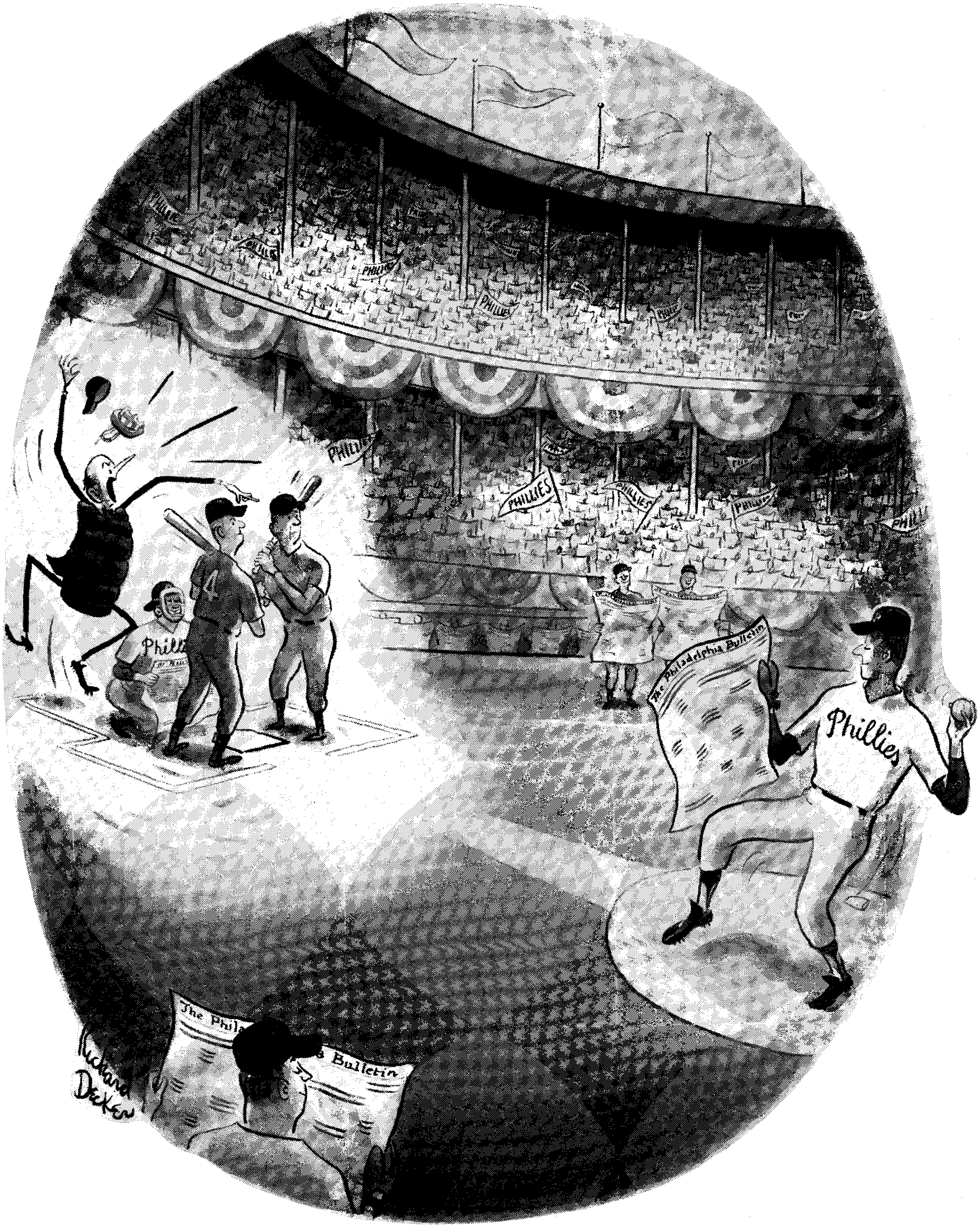
Hotel Hershey
Hershey, Pennsylvania
Represented by ROBT. F. WARNER, INC.
New York: JU 6-4500 • Wash., D.C.: RE 7-2642
Chicago: RA 6-0624 • Boston: LA 3-4497

U.S.A. ■ ROMA ■ BOMBAY ■ EGYPT ■ TAHITI ■ PARIS ■ HONG KONG ■ ACAPULCO ■ COPENHAGEN ■ RIO ■ TOKYO ■ HOLY-LAND ■

SENT ON APPROVAL

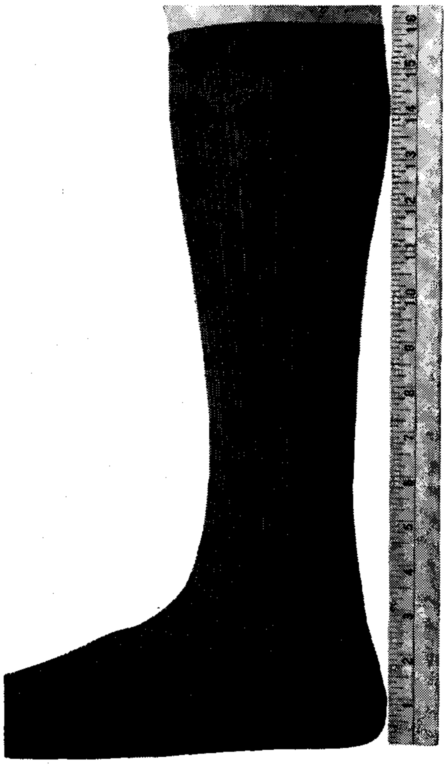
35mm—Round out your coverage with 9500 Hi-Fi color slides from 96 countries—all as beautiful as your own best originals. Name it, we have it—Europe, restricted interiors—Holy land narrations based on Biblical archaeology—Tahiti—exciting peoples of the Far East! Send only $1.00 (deductible from 1st order) for the big 98 page, 9th edition Wolfe Catalog of Hi-Fi slides in true living color with lecture helps. For 14 years Wolfe slides have been sent on approval—they have to be good!

WOLFE WORLDWIDE FILMS
Dept. 945, Los Angeles, 90025


PHILLIES
Phillies
4
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Phila Bulletin
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(*Advertisement*)



If the 16 inch Top Brass® doesn't change your ideas about socks

get your money back!

Perfect dress sock. Perfect cover up. And it stays up. Priced from $1.50 depending on blend, at your favorite store. If we don't convince you about Top Brass superiority — about how good they look, how comfortable they feel — return socks to store where purchased within 30 days, with sales receipt. You'll get your money back!

BURLINGTON

BURLINGTON BALFOUR MILLS, A DIVISION OF BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES,
1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 19

Luisa in looks and had subtly divided the two sisters throughout their lives, was now for the first time to be seen on Luisa's face. Here the detachment was of a different quality, not merely because it was making its appearance for the first time (and it may be said that Luisa's eyes, closed as they now were, were infinitely more expressive than her sister's would have been wide open) but because it was directly connected to Luisa's disengagement from life and to her speculations on her own death. Sophie saw this and understood it, and turned her face away.

Luisa spoke, reaching out her hand again to touch Sophie. "When do you mean to go?"

"Right away." And then, retreating like Claudio from what was unbearable, she said, "In a few days." She chose a day at random, knowing she would be bound by it. "On Tuesday." A tremor that could have been hers or Luisa's ran through their clasped hands.

"Listen," Luisa said, drawing herself up in the bed and leaning on her elbow to look at Sophie, "it may be better not to go."

Sophie said, "I must go." She drew her hand away.

"But think of it—" Luisa began. Then she said, "No—I'm sure you've thought of it too much. That's our indulgence, yours and mine, to think of things until we've speculated the true meaning out of them and the need for any action."

Sophie smiled. "We're used to being serious."

"Unlike Claudio. . . . But think, my dear, of Claudio."

Sophie repeated, "I must go," and this time she gave her words an immediate significance by getting to her feet.

Luisa took her weight off her elbow and lay back on her pillow. At last she said, "Will I see you again?"

"Before I go?" Sophie supplied. "Of course. Perhaps tomorrow?" She looked about the room. "Is there something you would like? Shall I close the window?" It seemed hard to leave Luisa without having been of any use to her, without having performed some small service for her or paid any deference to her illness. When she came back, tomorrow, she would show more concern for Luisa and talk about other things, about anything but Claudio. She took Luisa's hand again. Having made up one's mind to suffer a great hurt, it was somehow disheartening, a disappointment, to be told it need not be borne and that some other way could

Alden
OF
NEW ENGLAND

Custom Bootmakers
Since 1884

Ivy Guild Choice

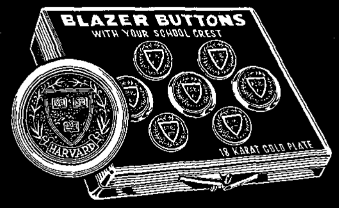
Classic model in hand stained golden calf, deep walnut soft grain calf, imported brown or black English Albion grain shell cordovan. Available at finer shops or please write.

C. H. Alden Shoe Co.
Brockton 64, Mass.

(*Advertisement*)

You can learn to write in the Italic hand, if you have an Osmiroid pen, an Italic nib and our free introductory manual. Only $2.50 at Art Materials' and Pen Shops or send check or money order to Artone Color, 561 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, New York 11238. Add 50 cents to cover handling. State whether right or left-handed. Be a penman, own an Osmiroid.

PROUD OF HIS SCHOOL? THEN GIVE HIM



The gift for the college man or woman and yourself. Blazer buttons with your college crest. Authentic in design and color. 18 Kt. gold plate. Over 300 schools available. $7.50 at fine men's & dept. stores, or write:
BEN SILVER INC., 7 East 20th St., N.Y.C.

be found, less lonely but harder, more imperfect but bearable. She stood over Luisa, trying to forgive her for causing such a disturbance. Then she laid the thin hand back on the sheet, as Claudio had done. She waited a moment, awkwardly, and went out without speaking again.

I should have consoled her, given her courage, Luisa thought. Or I should have said nothing. Why should I try to persuade her to do otherwise? Because it would be one of those important deflections one can make of one's own choice? No, she is right, and I should have said nothing. But, heavens, when she stood there saying she must go, how like her mother she looked.

XIV

NOW I'm early, Sophie thought as she came down the stairs, and he won't be there. Because she had a sense of having, in Luisa's eyes, just repudiated him, she needed to see him at once. She didn't want to stay in the house—she passed no one in the corridor but there were voices in the downstairs rooms. The front door was open, and she thought she would go out in the garden and wait for Claudio.

When she came out of the house, the car was there. It was still so early that she wondered at first if Claudio had not left at all. Then she remembered that he had driven off while she was waiting to be let in. She went down the steps and over to the empty car as if it might offer her some information, but as she reached it she saw Claudio farther off, in the garden.

He was standing at the end of a path, between a pair of poplars. His back was toward her. The overhanging leaves, lime and yellow, fringed and dappled his person so that he too looked like some tattered autumnal tree. He was smoking a cigarette and looking at a girl who was raking the pebbled garden paths, a girl from one of the nearby farms who came up occasionally to work at the house. She was short and strong, this girl, with black hair and a very young, very golden skin. She was wearing a dark-blue chequered dress, and from her throat a cheap gold cross fell forward on a chain. She knew she was being watched, and that gave a conscious, and not at all displeasing, grace to her actions. And Claudio stood watching her with a cigarette held in his green-and-golden hand.

Far from being hurt at finding him like this, Sophie could not help thinking how immensely she had separated

Glen Guard
INDIVIDUALIZED CLOTHES

Aunt Miriam

should see you now.

She was pretty proud of you way back then. She probably even suspected that you'd become successful enough to wear Glen Guard clothes.

At all good stores: Kolmer-Marcus, New York • Martini-Carl, Boston • Tabin & Pearlman, New York • Leighton's, New York • Martin's, Brooklyn • Turner/Fagman, Chicago • Cuzzens of Fountainebleau, Miami Beach • Scholnick's, Detroit • Pincus Co., San Antonio • Porter's, New Orleans • Ollie Steiner's, Milwaukee • Tom Houlihan's, Kansas City, Mo. • The Larkey Co., Passaic, Newark & Paterson, N. J. • Posner's, Bayonne, N. J. • Novell's, King of Prussia, Pa. • Arnell's, Hempstead, N. Y. • Rolla M. Gray & Son, Portland, Ore. • Bauman's, Little Rock, Ark. For free style booklet, write Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc. Dept. J, 12 East 14th Street, New York 3.

Parfum
à Gogo

Know what à Gogo really means?
Literally, "an abundance" or "galore".
Spiritually? A gala mood,
a feeling of well-being, a joyous
anticipation of "what's next?"
à Gogo is a new fragrance,
unlike any other.
Distinctive, fresh,
a luxurious touch of the
unexpected. And à Gogo
lasts and lasts and lasts.

Where better perfumes are sold. $25 the ounce, imported from France by Hattie Carnegie.

him from such simple flirtations and how long it must be before he was free again—free of affection or remorse, or the sense of guilt—to enjoy them. She called to him in a low voice from where she was standing. He turned round and smiled. He came up to her, throwing his cigarette down on the stones.

They walked back to the car. She said, "I'm early. I didn't expect to find you here."

He put her in the car, then went round to the other side. "I drove into town," he told her, getting in. "But then it seemed best to come back and wait here. If I'd gone to the office I could only have spent a few minutes there."

She imagined his littered desk, thought of the clients who, knowingly or unknowingly, stood to benefit by her departure. Now that a day was fixed for her going, she was absolved from these responsibilities. For a moment she felt almost an elation, an extraordinary happiness at being with him. When they reached the main road she leaned over to touch her shoulder to his, and laughed. "It's just as it used to be," she said.

He looked round and smiled at her. "Used to be? Before what?"

"Oh, before—" she began. "Before we were important to one another. Before you began to look serious."

They had climbed a low hill and now started down a curving road bordered by fields. "Are we going home?" he asked her.

"Let's drive for a little while."

At the foot of the hill he turned off on another road. "You haven't told me about Luisa."

Sophie said, "They've sent for another doctor." She felt some necessity to keep her morning with Luisa intact as long as possible.

He frowned. "Is it bad, then? Worse than we thought?"

Sophie nodded. Although he could not see this, he did not repeat his question. A moment later he asked, "She spoke about you? I mean, about me? What does she say?"

"It was she who told me you looked serious."

"She's always given me to understand that would be an improvement. What did you say?"

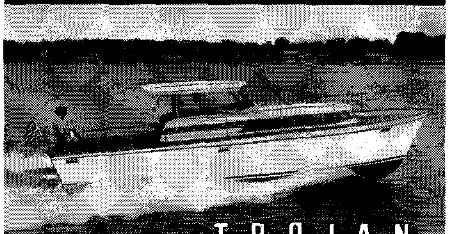
"I said—" There was a long pause, during which he did not prompt her. She resumed, then, in her shaken, alien's voice "—that I would not be here much longer." She put out her hand to steady herself as they turned a corner, then kept her palm pressed to the upholstery as if this might strength-

Imagine a private sugar-white beach. Almost as long as Central Park is wide. Over two times as long as the longest crosstown block. Over five times as long as the Statue of Liberty stands high. Almost twice as long as the longest ocean liner in the world.

Then, imagine having your own private villa on this 1700-foot long private sugar-white beach of a hotel called Bay Roc. On the Caribbean. At Montego Bay, Jamaica. See your travel agent or call Utell International, New York, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Miami. In N.Y.: JU 2-3226

BAY ROC
Jamaica

FLAGSHIP OF THE FLEET

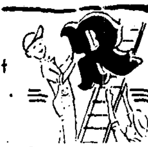


TROJAN
3700 SEA VOYAGER
EXPRESS CRUISER
(L.O.A. 36'4"; BEAM 12'3")

Her enduring, broadshouldered strength is not as immediately apparent as her beauty, so we suggest you personally tour this palatial flagship of the Trojan fleet! She's luxuriously appointed and constructed with the finest of traditional marine materials. Your Trojan dealer will be glad to show her off.

TROJAN BOAT CO., DEPT. 36, LANCASTER, PA.

SEND FOR FREE COLOR BROCHURE



Our Food and Service couldn't be improved . . .
Rosoff's
So . . .
We Had Our Face Lifted
and **Built a New Kitchen**
and **A New Banquet Room**
Come see the all NEW Rosoff's
NO INCREASE IN PRICES and as always there's
FREE PARKING for dinner guests
(5:30 P.M. to 6 A.M.)
Rosoff's RESTAURANT JU 2-3200
147 W. 43rd St. N.Y.C.
Times Square Theatre Landmark since 1899

en her voice as well. "I said that I would be going on Tuesday."

They were climbing another gentle rise, and to the left above them, winding through vineyards, a private avenue had come into view. This avenue was noticeable for its length—at least a mile of it could be seen from the road—and for being lined with oaks rather than with the usual cypresses or ilexes of the region. There were no gates to the driveway where it met the road, but at that point the trees were arched so thickly together that they made a close tunnel. As they drew level with this entrance, Claudio slowed down involuntarily, and Sophie leaned across to look.

"What is it?" she asked him.

"A villa," he said. "An eighteenth-century villa." They had passed the entrance, but he stopped the car.

She peered back into the drive, but the road wound upward beneath the mingled branches and disappeared on a curve of the hill without revealing the house.

"Shall we go in?" Scarcely waiting for her reply, he reversed the car and turned into the drive.

The rough surface was comforting after the urgent efficiency of the highway; among its dents and ridges they slowed to a walking pace. On either side, grass grew high against the twisted trunks of the trees. When they had gone about fifty yards along the avenue, Claudio parked the car at a place where the roadway widened slightly and where another car might pass. But nothing approached them in the driveway, or from the road behind. Under the hospitable arch of green, sheltered from the light of these last curious days, they were silent in one another's arms.

Asphodelus luteus
SHS

Insects and birds resumed their interrupted life outside the car. A leaf or two fell on the windshield, and they heard the flourish of some small animal in the grass. All around them, across the countryside, men and women went about their work or sat down to their lunch, talked and laughed—or wept, as they wept now. Even in that luminous green she persevered, trying to fit this love into some immense, annihilating context of human experience, assailing it with her sense of proportion.

Claudio, who knew more about proportion, lifted his head from hers. "What could be worse than this?" he asked. "What could be worse?"

Not long ago he had thought it logical that she should leave him. In the face of this pain, it now seemed meaningless, an action deliberately performed against the only life they could be sure of, their present existence, in the name of a future that might never come, and that in any case must contain inapprehensible elements. It was not her former decision to leave that he found irrational but her ability, having reached this degree of suffering, to go through with it. Were human beings not endowed with the ability to reverse their own decisions—and were they not always at their most sympathetic and most judicious when they did so?

He withdrew from her. He leaned his arms on the steering wheel and lowered his head over them. What can be worse than this, he wondered. Unless when she is actually gone.

"It will be easier when I have actually gone," she said. She put her arm across his shoulders and her cheek on his sleeve. "This is the hardest—here, on this road this morning; this is the hardest. I promise you."

He lifted his head. "How can you do this?" he asked, in his ingenuous, inquiring way.

She said, "I have thought of it all."

He was aghast at such determination. He thought vaguely, She will ruin her life with this sort of thing—as if her life were some distant future thing she had yet to embark on. He sat for some minutes staring ahead into the roadway with her head on his shoulder.

At last he sat up, letting her arm slide down his back. He said, "Do you think I have room to turn?"

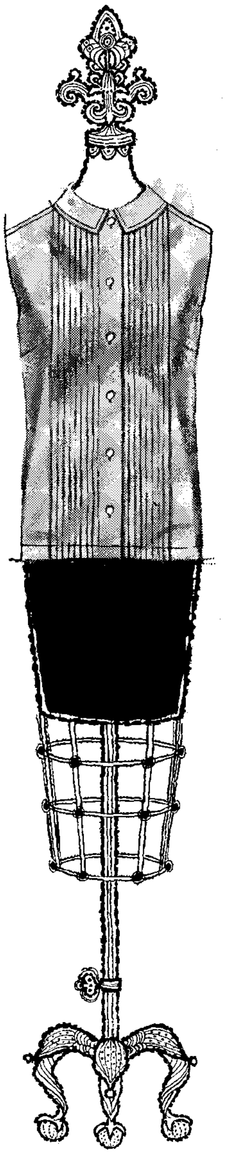
She twisted round to look out her side of the car. "It seems the only place, doesn't it?"

When she looked back at him he pulled out his handkerchief and carefully dried both sides of her face. "My love," he said. He put his handkerchief away, and started the car.

"What is it like, the villa?" she asked, leaning forward once more to stare up the drive.

"Oh—it's a famous house." Claudio paused, with his hand on the brake. "It fell into ruins in the last century. The family who owned it never came there, and everything went to pieces. Then it was inherited by a distant relative who had always wanted it but never expected it would come to

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



Whispery

Pale as the hour before
morning . . . gentle as the
sound of wind in the long
grass. Something summery.
Something soft. The little
many-pleated shirt, in whispery
Fortrel polyester and cotton.
Sleeveless, cuffed with the
demure pan collar, light as
nothing over shorts and skirts.
White, Blue, Maize, Pink, or
Cream. Sizes 8 to 16.

About seven dollars at good
stores and college shops

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

©THE VILLAGER, INC., 1965. MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

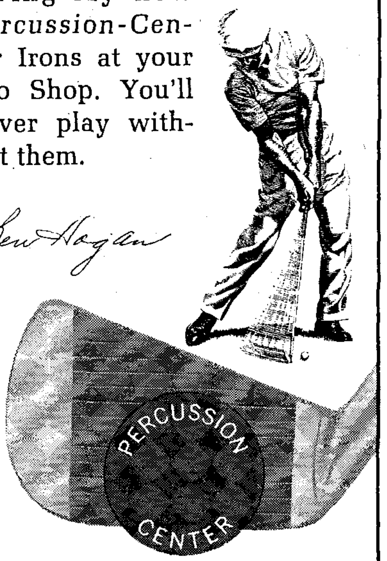
I believe this is the greatest set of irons we have ever built.

why?

My new *Percussion-Center*™ Iron design is based on my proven principle of *muscular guidance by weight balance.* This new technique coordinates your own full power with the clubhead weight, to give you consistently more distance and much better control.

Swing my new Percussion-Center Irons at your Pro Shop. You'll never play without them.

Ben Hogan



BEN HOGAN SALES COMPANY
Subsidiary of AMERICAN MACHINE & FOUNDRY COMPANY
2912 W. Pafford Street, Fort Worth, Texas

him—I forget how it came about. Anyone could tell you—it's a well-known story. And this man, though he had no family and never married, devoted his time, his fortune—his life, you might say—to putting it back in order, restoring the façade and the interior, having the grounds laid out again according to the original plan. . . . It was his great passion. It was supposed to have ruined him. It was—what's the word?"

"A folly."

"Yes. His folly." He let the brake off and began to back the car slowly onto the grass.

"Is he dead now?"

"He died just after the war. He was very old. My father knew him—I met him once or twice."

"What is it like," she persisted, "when you get up there?"

"Very beautiful, I'm told. There's a great hallway, entirely frescoed. A fine library, splendid rooms, furniture, carpets, tapestries, and so on. An orangery, and a small theatre where they used to have music and plays. And then, of course, outside—there are fountains, arbors, a wood, pleasure gardens." He looked out his own window to make sure he had room. "And a terrace with a view of what seems to be the whole world." Now he had turned the car. They jolted down the rough path, and in a matter of seconds they were back at the road. He halted again under the rim of the last trees, narrowing his eyes against the glare of the road and looking to left and right. "I have never been there," he said.

XV

THE water froze that winter in the pipes and drains, in the canals, lakes, and rivers of Europe. Snow fell on palms and temples in Sicily; icicles hung in clumps from the petrified fountains of Rome; and Venice, apparently loose from her moorings, drifted in an arctic sea. It was a fearful winter, cruel to the poor and expensive for the rich. In its final weeks, when it had displaced every instinct except that of survival, the certainty that it must come to an end was recognized as something glorious, a marvel of Nature—the edge, in fact, that Nature has over human ills.

When the end did come, it brought a dangerous thaw and a flood of statistics—figures of deaths and losses, of temperatures and dates, of centimetres of ice and snow. It was the worst winter that had ever been—that is to say, the worst winter on record, which, of course, amounts to the same thing.

Syrup is for pancakes.
(and tenderfoot pipesmen)

Revelation is for pipe smokers who're tired of sweet, syrupy blends. You get the rich *naturally* mellow flavor of five great tobaccos. It's a taste you can stick with all day long.

Revelation is for the experienced pipe smoker.

REVELATION
SMOKING MIXTURE

UNIQUE SURROUNDINGS OF INTIMACY and COMFORT

AUTHENTIC HUNGARIAN CUISINE

gypsy music with cimbalom

Csardas
Restaurant
307 East 79th Street • RH 4-9382
Diners' Club • Amer. Express • Closed Mon.

TAX FREE EUROPEAN CARS
Send for free master catalog about buying or renting a car for Europe. Save up to 30%. Trades accepted. Free storage. All cars on display.

VOLKSWAGEN	TRIUMPH
MERCEDES	JAGUAR
VOLVO	SIMCA
PEUGEOT	MG, ETC.

NEMET AUTO INTERNATIONAL
153-03 Hillside Ave., Jamaica, N. Y., JA 3-5858

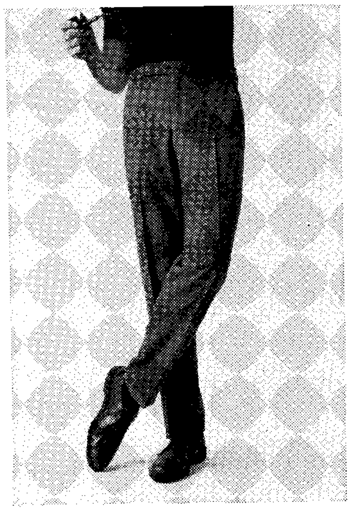
CARS__________
Name__________
Address__________
City__________State__________17
Authorized Dealers for U.S. and Overseas

Only the very old claimed to remember winters as severe, and that was no doubt due to the exaggerations of memory.

At the end of March Sophie arrived on a plane from London and a train from Rome—too late for her purpose, because Luisa died that very day. Luisa had been three days in a coma and died—it was at once pointed out—without a struggle; without knowing; without, as it were, feeling a thing. When that is said of someone loved whose life has been consumed in the assimilation of knowledge and feeling, their death seems more pitiful, more grossly a levelling than ever. It was all over, as they said, in a second. And this consolation—which lacks authority, for how can we know whether death is instantaneous to the dying?—even suggests a betrayal, for there is something shocking about such submissiveness, such alacrity to be dispatched from lovers and dependents, from thought and sensation, trees and sky, from that all which is over in a single second.

In the brief instant which put an end, then, to Luisa's life, Sophie was fastening back the thick curtain of her railway compartment north of Rome. She had the carriage to herself; this alone would have made it an extraordinary journey, since it was a trip she had always made in hot weather with the curtains drawn, the luggage racks full, and every place taken. The passing countryside gave an impression of hopes falsely raised, for the advanced spring of Rome became more tentative with every northward mile. The budding trees and hedges disappeared within an hour and the land was bare—not wintry so much as swept bleakly clean. The very trees seemed to have been taken up, brushed off, and replaced. The roads and bridges, the banks of swollen streams showed up as sharply as incisions. There was, nevertheless, one flagrant assertion of growth—for in this gaunt scene of earth, stone, and wood the almond trees were blooming in torrents of pale flowers.

There were a great many stops. Even people must have been scarce in the vacant landscape, since few got on and none got off. The railway line travelled through hills all the way, but the hills, lacking their summer crops and foliage, were reduced in size and character, so that the land appeared more vast and low-lying, almost a plain. Farms were numerous, and from time to time a handsome villa put in an appearance. These houses, like the sheds and waiting rooms of the stations where the train stopped, showed the



British-made DAKS trousers look as jaunty on a week-end golfer as they do on professionals. For comfort-in-elegance, they have only one match. British-made DAKS walk shorts.

DAKS®

TROUSERS FROM $35 WALK SHORTS FROM $15.95

TAILORED BY S. SIMPSON LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND. IMPORTED BY DAKS U.S.A., INC., NEW YORK driest thing since prohibition

IMPORTED
VERY DRY
SPECIAL WHITE
CORA
VERMOUTHS SINCE 1835
VERY
DRY
VERMOUTH
G. & L. FRATELLI CORA
TORINO ITALIA
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN ITALY
SOLE UNITED STATES AGENTS
Thompson Cellars Company
LOUISVILLE, KY

Cora makes the driest Martinis (or Gibsons) in the world. Manhattans? Cora Sweet is the ultimate in Manhattans. As an aperitif or on-the-rocks? Try Cora Bianco sweet white.

CORA VERMOUTH

Sole Importers: Thompson Cellars Co.
Louisville, Ky.

winter in the way that buildings do—they had the look of having just been through a war, were bedraggled, shrunken, and somehow turned inward in self-protection.

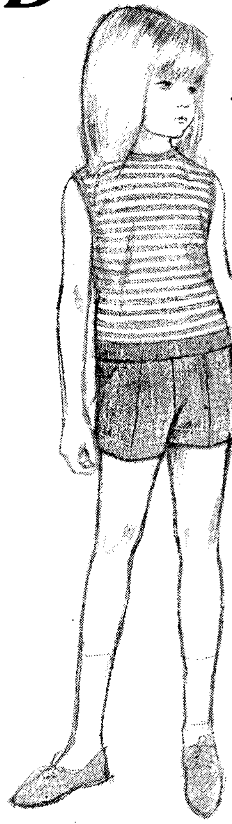
An uncle Sophie had not seen since she was a child, one of Luisa's brothers, met her in the evening at the station. Like all that family, he was tall, stooping, long-nosed, long-necked, and long-limbed. His only profound conflict—a respectable one, between his sentiments and his judgment—showed pleasantly on his defeated face. He arranged for Sophie's bag to be put in the car and, standing on the cold platform in the dark, he told her that Luisa was dead. He for his part thought this unknown young woman must have been ill herself, she looked so very pale and stared so very hard. However, she was coming from a northern country at the end of the worst winter on record, and that possibly explained it; the winter had been bad enough here in the south—what must it have been like for her?

He coughed his polite cough, and put his polite hand on her arm to lead her to the car. There was nothing now for them to discuss, any other topic seeming unsuitable and the obvious one having been exhausted. Sophie apologized, as they drove along the country roads, for bringing the old man out, and he answered quite sincerely, "Oh it was fortunate, really it was. It gave me something to do."

She understood this at once when she entered the house, for inactivity greeted her at the front door. Relatives—a dozen or more of them—sat downstairs in corners of the drawing room and the library, sometimes talking leadenly of social events or politics or the opera, sometimes in restless silence passing the intractable minutes of that day. When someone dies a long-expected death, the waiting goes on for a while—the waiting for what has already taken place but cannot yet be properly comprehended or decently acted upon. And so these figures sat downstairs and resignedly leaned their heads back against bookshelves or propped their feet on worn upholstery, and waited for Luisa to die—that is, for Luisa's death to become a reality. Those who wept a little gained, in their spasms of grief, a small advantage over the others, for they were already embarked on the process of realization and eventual reconciliation.

Sophie was given a room high up at the back of the house. There were several bedrooms there that had not been used since Luisa's children were young and brought friends home to stay in

shall we ®DANSKIN?



We shall—in full fashioned stretch tops and shorts. Sleeveless tops, striped with white and Petal Pink, Bali Blue, Navy, (60% stretch nylon, 40% stretch Dacron) sizes 2 to 6X, $4.00; 7 to 14, $5.00. Shorts, all stretch nylon, in solid Petal Pink, Bali Blue, White, 2 to 6X, $3.00; 7 to 14, $3.50.

Danskin/ Sweaters/ Shorts

At **LORD & TAYLOR** *New York and branches (2-6X, Dept. 121. 7-14, Dept. 122) and other fine stores everywhere*

Luxury in the New York manner

Regally spacious guest rooms and suites
. . . heart of Rockefeller Center area
. . . adjacent to everything of interest
in New York. Meeting, banquet rooms.
Two notable restaurants

Hotel Dorset
Just off Fifth Avenue
30 West 54th Street
A Bing & Bing hotel

Read What A Famous Authority Says About America's Most Distinguished Steak House Restaurant

"Without a doubt, Pen and Pencil serves the best steak in the country."

— Frederic A. Birmingham, former editor of Esquire, author of "The Complete Cookbook for Men"

Bruno's PEN and PENCIL

John C. Bruno

205 E. 45th St. • MU 2-8660

school holidays. That the room had been kept for this purpose was still to be seen in the lightness and modesty of the furniture, the inexpensive bedspread of flowered cotton, and a touching selection of books on a single shelf—touching because no taste is so quickly dated as that of the young. There was no fireplace, and the room was warmed, after a fashion, by an electric radiator. The windows, paned and unshuttered, gave onto a dark valley, and at the end of this valley could be seen very clearly the lights of the town.

All the guests sat down to dinner at one long table. Like Sophie's room, the ultimate leaf of the table had not been used in years; having warped in storage, it left an awkward ridge beneath the tablecloth. A small chandelier was suspended over each end of the table, and in the center was an unlit candelabra. The corners of the room remained in darkness, making a pale oval of the light. Paintings were dimly seen on the walls—a romantic landscape, an upturned urn spilling eighteenth-century flowers, an unknown warrior bursting out of his froggings.

Some of the women had changed their dresses in order to give themselves something to do, and each had with her a shawl, a small fur, or a velvet jacket; one old lady had even brought a rug for her knees. Seen together, these relatives, with their prominent, attenuated features and light coloring, resembled nothing so much as a group of collie dogs, lifting their muzzles to greet one another and twitching their fine-boned shoulders or shifting about in their delicate, nervous way.

Old Isabella waiting at table was too busy to cry. She softly and consolingly spoke to herself as she handed around the platter.

On these occasions, no one can feel quite free of blame. It is, first of all, difficult to exonerate oneself from a sensation of having contrived to stay alive while someone else has perished, and from the awareness of having, no doubt, behaved imperfectly to the dead. And then, in order to balance the excess of feeling, the harshest aspects of one's nature are forced up to the surface of the mind, and there they jostle confusingly with genuine regret. There was not a person in the room who could prevent himself from thinking from time to time, in the crudest or most mercenary terms, of the possible effects of Luisa's death on his own life. Her two sons were taken aback to find how often their minds reverted to the disposition of the house and the land. Her brother, who had innumerable pos-

More than ten million readers each day judge Copley News Service reports appearing in more than one hundred newspapers subscribing to CNS. These progressive newspapers are providing their readers with more news, better news, news in depth. All Copley News Service features are available by mail or leased wire. Send for sample reports and rates. Write Rembert James, editor, Copley News Service, 940 Third Avenue, San Diego, California. Judge for yourself.

News Bureaus: Hong Kong • Tokyo • Washington, D.C. • Springfield, Illinois • Sacramento • Los Angeles • Miami • San Diego • Mexico City • Caracas • Rio de Janeiro • Buenos Aires • Paris • Beirut •

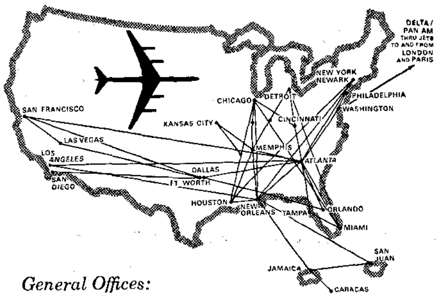
A WORLD OF NEWS

Copley News Service

DELTA
Jet service well worth checking into...

DELTA AIR LINES
FLIGHT
LEAVES

From reservation to destination, you'll find Delta people sincerely friendly, genuinely eager to please. Next trip, Jet with Delta ...see what a pleasure personal service can be.



General Offices:
Atlanta, Georgia

DELTA
the air line with the BIG JETS

sessions of his own and had never in his life coveted anyone else's, found himself speculating on the fate of every object that met his eye. Her cousin reflected that she would no longer make these tiring journeys to the country several times a year. As they had all loved Luisa, they were at first distressed to find themselves harboring such ideas, then explained them away as the natural result of stress, and were less surprised than bored when they constantly recurred. Thus each passed the evening in a process of self-censure, interpretation, and acquittal, and, rather than submit fully to their loss of Luisa, unwittingly dispossessed her with their eyes and in their minds.

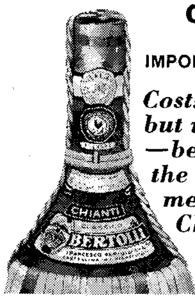
Sophie was not exempt from this natural law, and had her own way of deploring Luisa's death. After dinner she stood by the window of her room and leaned her forehead against the icy glass and tried, like the other guests in the house, to grieve for Luisa. It was too soon; the memories she deliberately summoned came in their true dimensions and colors, but were transfixed and lifeless—a splendid collection of lepidoptera. In their place, before long, she could see the dark shapes of hills facing the house, and the lights of the town going up the end of the valley. She discovered that she could not think of Luisa without accusing her of desertion—How could you leave me now? Why have you done this? She had lost her crucial witness, for if Luisa had not shared Sophie's experience she had acknowledged it, and her continued existence had testified to it.

Sophie stepped back from the window, leaving the pane smudged with her breathing and the warm impression of her brow. Again she thought of Luisa's kindness, of her tender manner and her graceful mind. And her thoughts went on, Why have you done this? How could you leave me now?

THE servants took turns throughout the night to sit up in pairs in Luisa's room. The women of the household and their relatives, having performed this service for the dead before, came prepared with knitting and mending and occupied themselves in this way while they talked in low voices. Occasionally they forgot where they were and for a few moments exchanged gossip with no sense of impropriety. However, the conversation had mostly to do with the past. There were some who remembered Luisa as a girl, others who had cared for her young children or nursed her husband in his final illness. In all these

SPLENDID WITH SPAGHETTI...
BRILLIANT WITH BARBECUE

BERTOLLI CHIANTI
CLASSICO



IMPORTED FROM ITALY
Costs a little more but well worth it —because it's the softest, mellowest Chianti you can buy!

Sole Distributor U.S.A. Munson G. Shaw Co., N.Y.

THE WHITEHALL

Tom Austin's famous traditional plain toe seamless Blucher oxford ...fully leather lined...extra-heavy full double leather soles and heels, plus reverse storm welt all around shoe. Available in finest natural grained hand-antiqued Brown or Black calfskin. Sizes AA to EEE, 6 to 14. (13 is $1.00 extra; 14, $2.00.)

Order by mail. $24.95 postpaid. Tom Austin & Co., 2 East 45th St. at Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. MU 7-1826.

"Let's go to Reuben's"
A meeting, greeting and eating landmark for celebrities since 1918.
PL 9-5650
6 E. 58 St.
"We ship Cheese Cakes all over the World"
Catering at moderate rates.

recollections Luisa was given an exaggerated advantage that would have made her smile. But this was a tribute paid not from hypocrisy but to her general impression on their memory; if she had not merited high praise on these particular occasions, she had so much deserved it in the rest of her life that it should be offered at every opportunity.

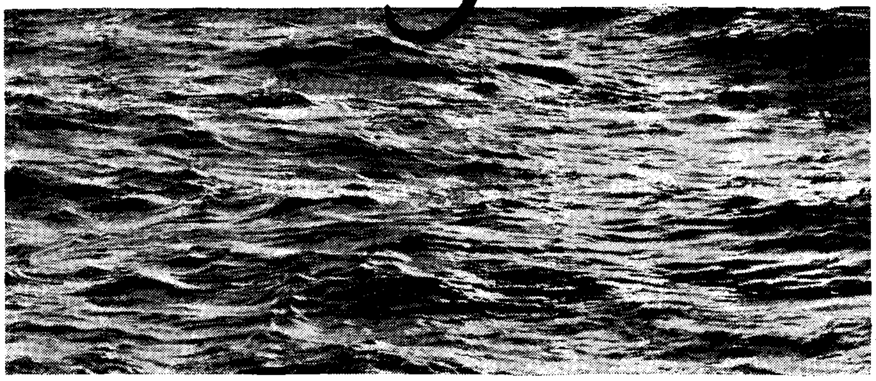
On the following morning crocuses were discovered in the grass. The gardener remarked on this when, like everyone else, he came upstairs to view Luisa's body. The winter was by no means over—everything would be late this year, and some of the shrubs had died or must be cut back to the earth if they were to survive. But the day was splendid, the sun strong, and there was talk of bringing the orange trees out-of-doors if the weather continued.

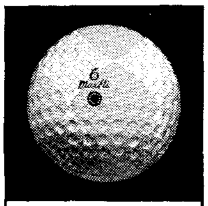
Sophie heard these things said in the corridor as she left Luisa's room. She went downstairs and out of the house by the side door, not taking time to fetch her coat. She had already decided to leave for home that day, taking an evening train to Rome, without waiting for the funeral, which was to be held the following morning. Passing through the garden she saw the crocuses flaring from the taut earth. When she came to the end of the path she sat down on a bench and, putting her elbow on her knee, shaded her eyes from the sun with her hand.

Unnecessary and distasteful as it is, the viewing of a dead body may be a last attempt at recognition. Just as the victims of crimes or accidents must be identified under the law by those in a position to verify their past existence, so that morning Luisa had been seen and acknowledged by her closest acquaintances: "Yes, this is she—whom I knew." If the ritual is intended to confirm in the living the realization of what has happened, it was less than successful—for the rooms and corridors of the house and the garden where Sophie now sat were to remain for a long time the scenes of Luisa's experience. No one, that morning, coming down the stairs or looking through a window or wandering into the kitchen for more coffee, could do other than see with Luisa's eyes—as if they themselves were performing these actions and looking on these things for the last time. Alerted to their own mortality, they observed all the more closely what Luisa had been cut off from.

"WHEN you think of her condition," said one of the collie dogs, "this was the best thing." The statement was made directly without

carry A MAXFLI MILE



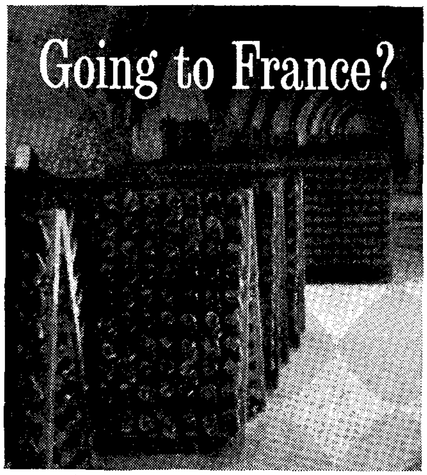


Dunlop
Sports Division
500 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Carry water that looks a mile across. Drive more greens, wedge over trees, carry bunkers...no ball out-distances Maxfli. Sink more long putts ...Maxfli holds your line from anywhere on the green. Stays white as the day you buy it. Sold by your professional. Try one.

proud possession
WITTY
BROTHERS
at fine stores coast to coast

well-mannered mohair
A most impressive import, blended with fine worsted, elegantly hand-fashioned.
WITTY BROTHERS, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, N. Y. 19, N. Y.



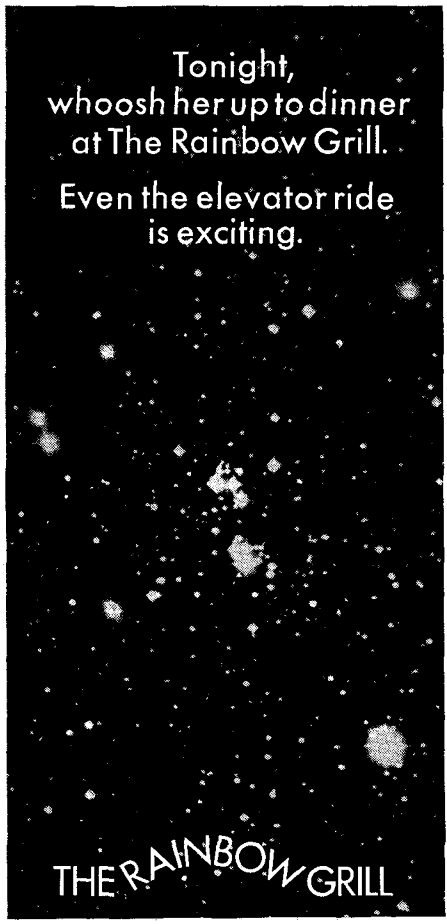
Going to France?

Visit the Famed Moët Champagne Cellars!

Only 2 scenic hours from Paris lies Epernay and the 15-mile cellars of Maison Moët & Chandon, whose property includes the Abbey of Hautvillers, the birthplace of Champagne.

Ask your travel agent for a folder describing the adventure. Or write to "Moët Trip," Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Square, New York, N.Y.

MOËT & CHANDON CHAMPAGNE
World's Largest Producer of Champagne



Tonight, whoosh her up to dinner at The Rainbow Grill.

Even the elevator ride is exciting.

THE RAINBOW GRILL
65TH FLOOR, ROCKEFELLER CENTER
COCKTAILS FROM FOUR.
DINNER, SIX UNTIL ONE. DANCING. PL 7-9090.

much expression, like a theme on which variations are shortly to be played.

One or two more guests had arrived in the night and were staying for the funeral. The lunch table was cramped and all around it elbows were touching, as if in some country dance.

Leaning forward, Sophie's neighbor took his turn. "The best thing," he agreed. "All things considered."

No one has the capacity to consider all things, even if he wished to. From all those things that force themselves on our attention, we select what we wish to consider. And that was happening now.

There was a grateful murmur: "The best thing." It was like the response in a prayer.

The best thing, Sophie wondered. It is not in the least the best thing. The *best thing, surely, would have* been for Luisa to live to be ninety, in full possession of her faculties. How can this be the best thing?

It was, of course, the best thing because it was the only thing; it had happened. Anyone who would not now recognize it as the best thing must be looking for trouble.

An old man said bravely, "She wasn't old."

Giorgio, Luisa's son, said, "It seems so wrong." And—taking heart, so to speak—"It seems such a pity."

"Ah—but given the circumstances, it was the best thing." For the circumstances had been given—no one could dispute that.

"It was good of you to come." This remark was addressed to Sophie.

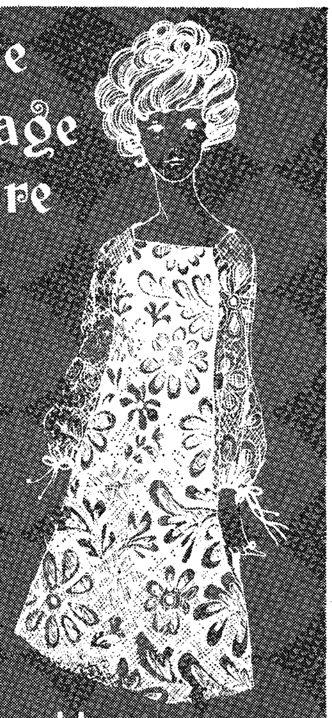
"I'm only sorry," she began, but all that was understood. So she said, "I'm leaving this afternoon," as if she were refuting her good intentions.

A taxi was coming for her at five. She would leave her bag at the station and spend an hour in the town before the train left. When she had explained this, there were offers to drive her, to keep her company, carry her bags, and put her on the train. "Oh thank you," she said, "thank you," lowering her eyes and following with her finger the gloss of the tablecloth. "Thank you so much." And at last, when it was all arranged, she said, "No thank you. I'd rather go alone."

It was an occasion when one could say such a thing.

XVI

THE women of the town were well dressed at all times, and in winter particularly distinguished in suits of English material and coats trimmed with beaver or astrakhan. Sophie, stand-



the village store

Shadowed Lace...

For dancing on moonlit lawns or trysting in a starlit rose garden, cast a spell in a delicate cage of cluny lace shadowed in deep rose red or elfin yellow, except for the arms which are bewitchingly bare. S. M. L. 30.00. By Loomtogs. **Please mail orders to 217 Pierce St., Birmingham, Mich.** Postage 50¢ Catalog on request.

Come visit us in person at:
NEW YORK CITY, Lexington at 63rd St., PL 2-6895
Birmingham, Grosse Pointe, Saginaw, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Made in France for *Louvre-Like* Lighting

Art BEAM-LITE

In charcoal gray

17⁵⁰ PPD. Incl. 75-W. Mazda silvered reflector bulb. 8-ft. cord

U.L. APPROVED
Model 50

(Actual size: 5" x 3⅞" x 2¾")

ATTACHES TO WALL OR CEILING

ANOTHER PROFESSIONAL MODEL #75 AVAILABLE.

WRITE FOR BROCHURE

Small, compact, handsome fixture provides concentrated lighting to enhance beauty of your paintings and objets d'art. Adjustable light beam frames picture. Projects round, rectangular, or oblong beam. Ideal for window display, interior decoration. Dealer inquiry invited. Satisfaction Guaranteed Send check or money order to

MORDA DISTRIBUTING CO., Dept. NY-45
P. O. Box 24036, Los Angeles 24, Calif.

the smart way to see Europe

from your own villa

RENT ONE FROM
AT HOME ABROAD
550 Fifth Ave. NYC 36
tel: 265-4720
fully furnished properties
for your vacation pleasure
available by the month.

ing at a counter and warming her hands around her coffee cup, watched them go by in the street—stately women whose tawny or dark-gold hair curled from beneath their pretty hats or over their well-cut collars. The lamps had been turned on in the café, and these women passed across the lighted squares of window like figures across a screen, some carrying flowers or small parcels, some accompanied by a man or pulling a sagging child. If they seemed to Sophie that evening all more beautiful and younger than she, that was not what preoccupied her as she stood there.

She put a coin on the counter and went out herself into the street. She had left her handbag at the station with her luggage, and she jingled loose money in the pockets of her coat. She went along slowly, like an unseasonable tourist, eying the buildings as if she had not seen them before but had heard a great deal about them. She kept her head attentively raised but seldom looked into the passing faces—nor did anyone take particular notice of her. When she came to the turnoff that led to the cathedral, she stopped and looked back down the sloping street, and again gave the impression of seeing all this for the first time, or of saying farewell to it after a long acquaintance—which is sometimes the same thing.

She strolled across the cathedral square. It was getting colder as the dark came down. The square had no motor traffic but was very busy with people on their way home—strange shrouded shapes from Goya, in heavy coats and mufflers that covered the mouth. Eyes met hers indifferently; she was of no interest to this hurrying cold-weather crowd. On the far side of the square she came to empty streets and locked doorways; soon the center of the town would be like a deserted fairground. A clock began to strike and she stood still, separating her sleeve and glove, in order to alter her watch. Then she walked on in the direction of the station.

If she were to send a cable this evening before she took the train, there would be someone at the airport when she arrived in London—someone grateful for her cable, her arrival. This certainly affected her sadly, in much the same way as the sight of the pretty women walking in the street, and with an almost unbearable pressure of continuity. It was a piece of knowledge, arduously acquired, that one would rather not possess. Nevertheless, she began to compose the telegram in her mind and wondered if she had enough money with her to pay for it. And when she came to the last piazza,

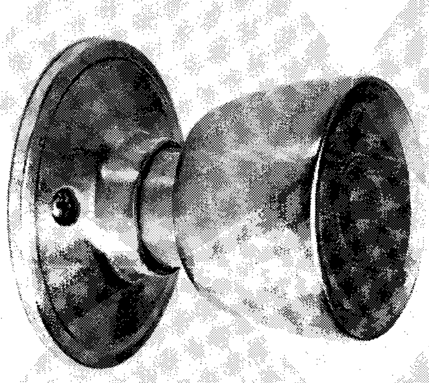
(*Advertisement*)

WORLDS FAIR
PEDI-REST
SALON

A title on the door . . . rates a Bigelow on the floor

P. S. Top dogs in the foot field find Bigelow Carpets restful to the sole, uplifting to the ego, easy on the eye. There's prestige in every square foot. Comfort and quiet, too. Special custom designs, colors and textures available. Write for our colorful free brochure on commercial carpets to Bigelow-Sanford, Inc., Dept. A, 140 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. *People who know . . . buy* BIGELOW.

Lock Set of Stainless Steel



What else in your home takes as much handling as a doorknob?

Where else does a guest put his finger so quickly upon your choice of quality and taste?

Stainless steel here, as throughout your home, provides you with non-tarnishing, non-peeling, everlasting beauty that requires absolutely no polishing. Let stainless open the door to modern, gracious, carefree living in your house.

Stainless
BY REPUBLIC STEEL CORPORATION
Sales Offices and Representatives
In Principal Cities

(Only the ENDURO® Stainless Steel is produced by Republic Steel; The manufacturer's name and address will be supplied on request to Republic Steel Corporation, Dept. NY-11, 1441 Republic Bldg., Cleveland 1, Ohio)

SKY CHEF

. . . the sign of good dining at airports from coast to coast . . . and good dining on leading airlines.

Enjoy SKY CHEF airport hospitality in these cities: Cleveland & Cincinnati, Ohio; Denver, Colo.; El Paso & Fort Worth, Texas; Knoxville & Nashville, Tenn.; New York (Kennedy Airport), Rochester & Syracuse, N.Y.; Oklahoma City & Tulsa, Okla.; Phoenix & Tucson, Ariz.; San Diego, Calif.

SKY CHEFS, INC.
360 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

OUR ORIGINAL BERMUDA BAG

LETTER PERFECT FOR YOURSELF OR GIFTS. GENUINE 8-INCH BERMUDA CEDAR HANDLES ENHANCE HAND-WOVEN IRISH TWEED OR LINEN. SPECIFY FABRIC AND COLOUR. MONOGRAM STYLE AND SHADE. $9.50.

Trimingham's BERMUDA

Write TRIMINGHAM'S, Hamilton, Bermuda, Dept. N-6. Linen: white, black, beige, pink, pale blue, others. Tweed: royal blue, turquoise, emerald, oyster, brown. Clearly indicate surname initial. Add 50¢ postage. Send for free "Treasures" catalogue.

the unadorned square where the post office was, she crossed the street and went up the steps into the telegraph office.

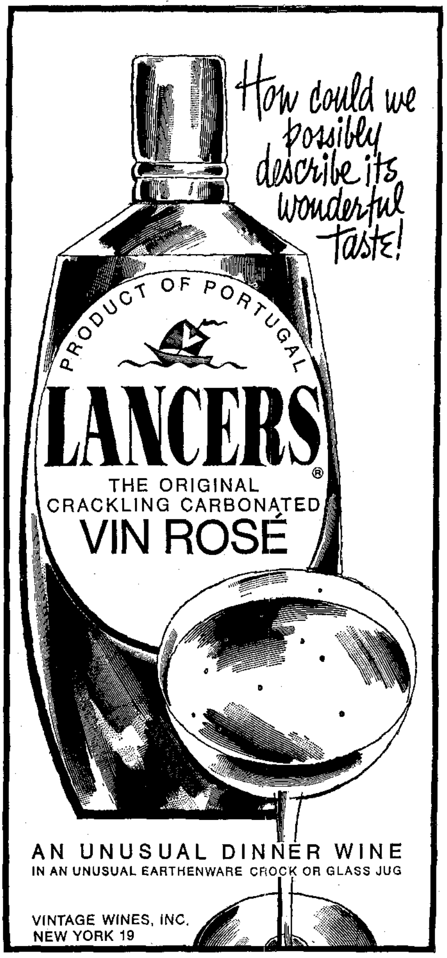
The cable forms were stacked on a sloping counter under the prewar yellow light of a hanging lamp. Sophie leaned on the counter, tore a page from one of the blocks of forms, and wrote her name in the space reserved for the sender's address. There were several people at the counter beside her. Every few minutes the street door swung open and the stuffy, stove-heated room was swept by night air. One or two crumpled forms lay about in admission of defeat, and the row of people concentrated on their scraps of paper as if this were an examination room. Sophie too stared at the trenchant little form and idly embellished with her pen the letters she had already written.

But her mind wandered, and in a little while she found she had written "Dear" at the left of the page, as though she were beginning a letter. She tore this sheet off and threw it in the wastebasket, but did not begin another. After a moment, she put the pen back on the desk and went out.

Claudio's car was parked outside the post office. Sophie saw it at once—it was so much what she had been expecting that she glanced at the number to be sure it was his. Standing still on the post-office steps, she could see possessions of his scattered on the back seat, things she had never seen before because they belonged to the winter: a woollen scarf, a pair of brown leather gloves, a green felt hat—little clues to a daily life that she did not wish to imagine. Moved by the pain of seeing these things, she came slowly down the steps and stood beside the car. He must be very near, and she must go away before he came. For a second she closed her eyes trying to reconcile those two things. The knowledge of his proximity, the sight of his possessions compelled her to remember his face, his person, and the sound of his voice. Even the gloves on the seat of the car were shaped to his gesture.

She pushed back her cuff once more and looked at her watch—it was as if he had, at last, been late for their appointment. She put her cold hands back in her pockets and went on her way toward the station.

THE rear coach of the train was filled by thirty or forty young soldiers, being moved from one military encampment to another. They, and their ungainly equipment, were in the charge of an officer, a pink and



How could we possibly describe its wonderful taste!

PRODUCT OF PORTUGAL
LANCERS®
THE ORIGINAL CRACKLING CARBONATED VIN ROSÉ

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE
IN AN UNUSUAL EARTHENWARE CROCK OR GLASS JUG

VINTAGE WINES, INC. NEW YORK 19

Cafe Pierre
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER

BEN CUTLER MUSIC under direction of STANLEY WORTH featuring DEBBIE BROWN

Dancing from six to closing
No Cover, No Minimum until 10 P.M.
TEMPLETON 8-8000

Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET

Yacht haven
ROBERT F. REY, MGR.
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

Miramar
MICHAEL HIGGINS, MGR. Barbados, W.I.

OWNER-OPERATED & REPRESENTED BY
I. OLIVER ENGEBRETSON, INC.
See your travel agent or call TN 7-0720

FRANK REHN GALLERY
36 E. 61 ST. NEW YORK
HENRY STRATER
New Paintings
April 19 - May 1

portly man who left the train at each stop in order to stride importantly up and down the platform. (At one such stop, owing to the complicity of the guard, this *maresciallo* came near to missing the train, which started without warning.) The soldiers, like all soldiers on the move, were loud, ribald, and fairly cheerful—but they were also shabby, shy, and ignorant, their callow wrists and necks squirming in the ill-fitting clutch of their uniforms, their pale faces occasionally puzzled and humiliated like those of prisoners. From time to time one of the group would escape from the *maresciallo* and find his way into the other coaches. But having made this intrepid journey would find himself too timid to speak to the passengers and, after loitering in the first-class corridor for a few minutes, would return to the fold smiling foolishly.

They were forbidden to leave the train, but at every station they pushed the windows down so that they could call to girls on the platform or buy chocolate bars from a barrowman or jeer in transparent asides at the striding *maresciallo*. When the train was still for a few minutes in this way, the bugler would begin to play—always the same air, an antiquated sentimental tune that belonged, perhaps, to a regional song. This wistful music filled the train and floated out on the cold dark stations of every town they stopped at. The song never reached its conclusion, for the train would always start up again with the last refrain and the instrument would be violently shaken in the musician's mouth and grasp. But after each such departure, for a little while, the bugler tried to keep playing, to reach the end of the song; and these last notes, wobbling and swaying, persisted out of the station and into the countryside until the train, gathering speed, made it impossible to play any longer. —SHIRLEY HAZZARD

•

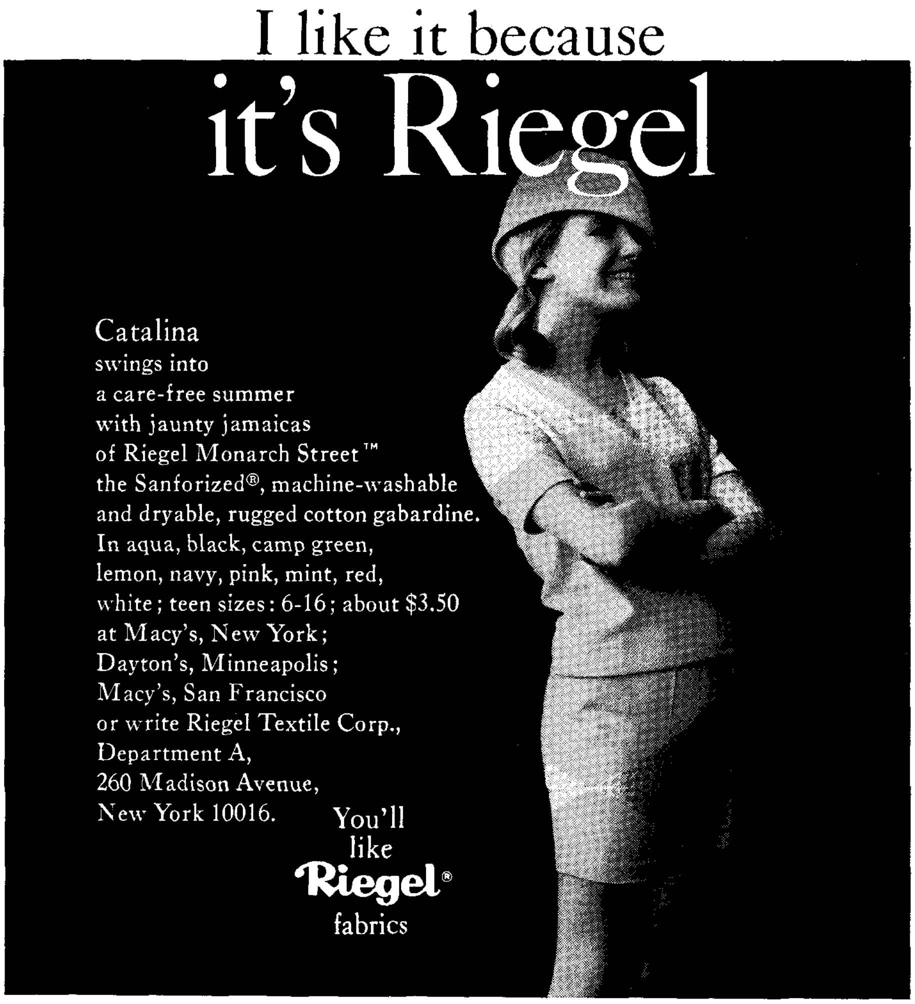
I have heard the people of my State vilified and sullied and the name of our proud State drug through the mud by some of the members of this House till it gets nauseating.—*Mr. Dickinson, the gentleman from Alabama, in the Congressional Record.*

Must have been the Poor Food and Drug crowd.

•

SIX NEW TEACHERS
HIRED BY BOARD,
ONE IS RESIGNED
—*Headline in the New Haven Register.*

And the others?



I like it because
it's Riegel

Catalina
swings into
a care-free summer
with jaunty jamaicas
of Riegel Monarch Street™
the Sanforized®, machine-washable
and dryable, rugged cotton gabardine.
In aqua, black, camp green,
lemon, navy, pink, mint, red,
white; teen sizes: 6-16; about $3.50
at Macy's, New York;
Dayton's, Minneapolis;
Macy's, San Francisco
or write Riegel Textile Corp.,
Department A,
260 Madison Avenue,
New York 10016.

You'll
like
Riegel®
fabrics

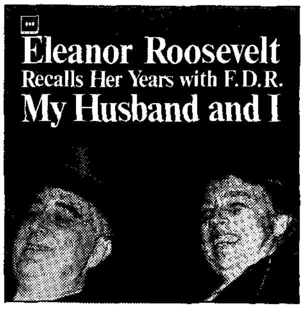
Participate in a new kind of Autobiography

This album contains Eleanor Roosevelt's own words in her own voice, as she spontaneously remembers her life. As she speaks, we participate in a new kind of autobiography, more intimate—in a way, truer—than the most careful and sincere writing.

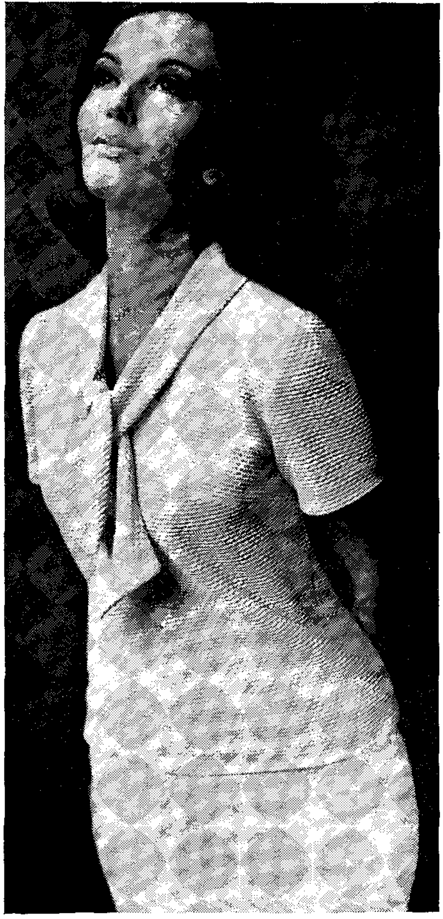
Here we have the first meeting with Franklin Roosevelt when she was thirteen; that famous summer day at Campobello; the eggs she cooked, with great concentration, in the early morning of her husband's nomination in 1932; reflections on the problem of raising children in the White House; and reasons for the admittedly terrible cuisine there. In these reminiscences, parts of which were recorded only a few weeks before her death in 1962, she ranges over the whole of her life, including the day before the day in 1945.

Pleasure in her candid recollections deepens on each rehearing. We have, in sum, a living Eleanor Roosevelt—to supplement (and perhaps correct, as only a voice can) the endless biographies to come.

A DELUXE 2-RECORD ALBUM INCLUDING ARTICLES BY ADLAI STEVENSON AND DAVID T. BAZELON. ON COLUMBIA RECORDS 02L 314



There is only one Arnel.
It makes knits easy to wash!

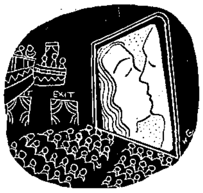


Around the town or around the world, Arnel keeps you cool, calm and carefree. Just dip in the suds and touch with the iron. Pavelle's slender two-piece traveler in Cohama's knit of Arnel triacetate and nylon. Blue, pink, white, black. Sizes 12½-22½. About $25.†
At Lord & Taylor, New York; Goldwater's, Phoenix & Scottsdale; Robinson's, Los Angeles.
†Slightly higher on the West Coast. Celanese® Arnel®
Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Death and Glory

OTTO PREMINGER'S "In Harm's Way" is a tale that begins with the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and ends with its hero's having set us firmly on the road to victory, at the cost of a leg and the lives of a dozen or so gallant officers, including his own son. The picture lasts two hours and forty-five minutes, nearly every one of which is filled to the final second with storm and stress, both literal and figurative, and it's an honest measure of its success as a melodrama that I, who am usually irritated by long movies, never once bent forward in my seat to consult my watch—something I could easily have done by the light of the gunfire that constantly filled the screen and threatened more than once, by volume of sound alone, to shiver the bulkheads of the theatre and send a tidal wave of South Sea water and Hollywood extras pouring headlong into Times Square. I've been a persistent watch-consulter at other Preminger pictures (I think I saw more of my watch at "The Cardinal" than I saw of the cardinal), but here the master builder has found a story big enough to display his undoubted gifts to their best advantage and foolish enough to render his faults of little importance. The things that Mr. Preminger can do well (the suave convincingness of settings and technical backgrounds, the zestful, hard-driving elucidation of complicated plots) he has never done better than in "In Harm's Way," and the things he does badly (the manipulation of characters who feel things about as deeply as the Rover Boys, the immediate vulgarization of any idea that happens to smuggle its way into a script) have never mattered less, and if this is a muted hurrah, it is still a hurrah; having purged our minds of thought as well as of doubt, he hurries us on into a fantasy of incessantly jostling opposites: men strong and weak, brave and craven, good and evil, and women virtuous and debauched, silly and sensible, blond and brunette. So easy is it for us to consent to this doll's-house world that it seems ungrateful to ask how a man of Mr. Preminger's intelligence can bear to devote it to materials that, by their rigorous infidelity to real life, leave every emotion save that of curiosity disengaged. The answer to the question may well be that Mr. Preminger enjoys making immensely profitable pictures. There are worse answers.



The cast of "In Harm's Way" is sensationally star-studded and apt for its purpose; I noticed that the audience in which I sat hummed with pleasure as there came into sight the familiar faces of John Wayne, Kirk Douglas, Patricia Neal, Franchot Tone, Henry Fonda, Burgess Meredith, Brandon deWilde, Stanley Holloway, and Dana Andrews. There are also some comparatively new faces to be seen—Tom Tryon, Paula Prentiss, Jill Haworth—and the, to me, altogether new face of Patrick O'Neal, who performs splendidly as a sneaky ex-congressman out to snatch a little comfortable glory in the service. The camerawork, directed by Loyal Griggs, is especially fine.

IF I were to be accused of tardiness in singing the praises of the Spanish comedy "Not on Your Life," I'd offer the conventional plea of guilty with explanation. I'd heard that the picture concerned a young undertaker who, marrying the daughter of the official executioner of Spain, is cajoled into taking his father-in-law's place and, in the grisly climax of the picture, is dispatched to Majorca to garrotte a condemned man there. (Strangulation by means of an iron collar is the accepted mode of capital punishment in Spain.) Now, I confess that the subject didn't strike me as being particularly rich in comic possibilities, but, having seen the picture, I must also confess that I was wrong. "Not on Your Life" *is* funny, and for this I guess we have to thank the celebrated Spanish preoccupation with death, which manages, in some uncanny fashion, to purify and elevate the squalid-sounding plot; what we laugh at remains gallows humor, but it's not at all the morbid business that it would have to be on this side of the water. Furthermore, the director, Luis Berlanga, has taken care to embellish his beautifully photographed picture with scenes of flirtation and domesticity that have nothing to do with undertakers and condemned men and are often charming, and he has kept his actors up to a high standard. I admired above all José Isbert as the retiring executioner—a sly, proud, self-important little busybody of a pariah, enjoying his venal old age to the hilt. —BRENDAN GILL

THE MERCEDES-BENZ 220 S. PURE AUTOMOTIVE DESIGN—FROM THE INSIDE OUT.

You ride a little higher. In spirit and in fact.

One of the first things you'll notice when you step into a Mercedes: it puts you an inch or two above the "see-level" of ordinary cars.

Elevates your whole outlook on life. And traffic. And driving.

Could be the enormous windscreen in front of you looking out on the low and lovely lines of that classic Mercedes hood and radiator.

Could be the seats. They do make you sit up straighter. (This is precisely what was intended by the physicians who designed them.)

Correct posture in the long run (400 miles, for instance) is liable to be the most comfortable posture. And the most efficient (from the viewpoint of safety).

Mercedes' engineers, you know, start from a simple viewpoint: a car is to carry people. And people come first. Their comfort and safety.

If you're feeling like riding a little higher, it may be time you stepped up and into a Mercedes-Benz.

You can take that step for just $3,844. Or up to $23,500 (New York Port of Entry).

Could be the most rewarding step of your adult life. If you think you deserve one, you do.

MERCEDES-BENZ

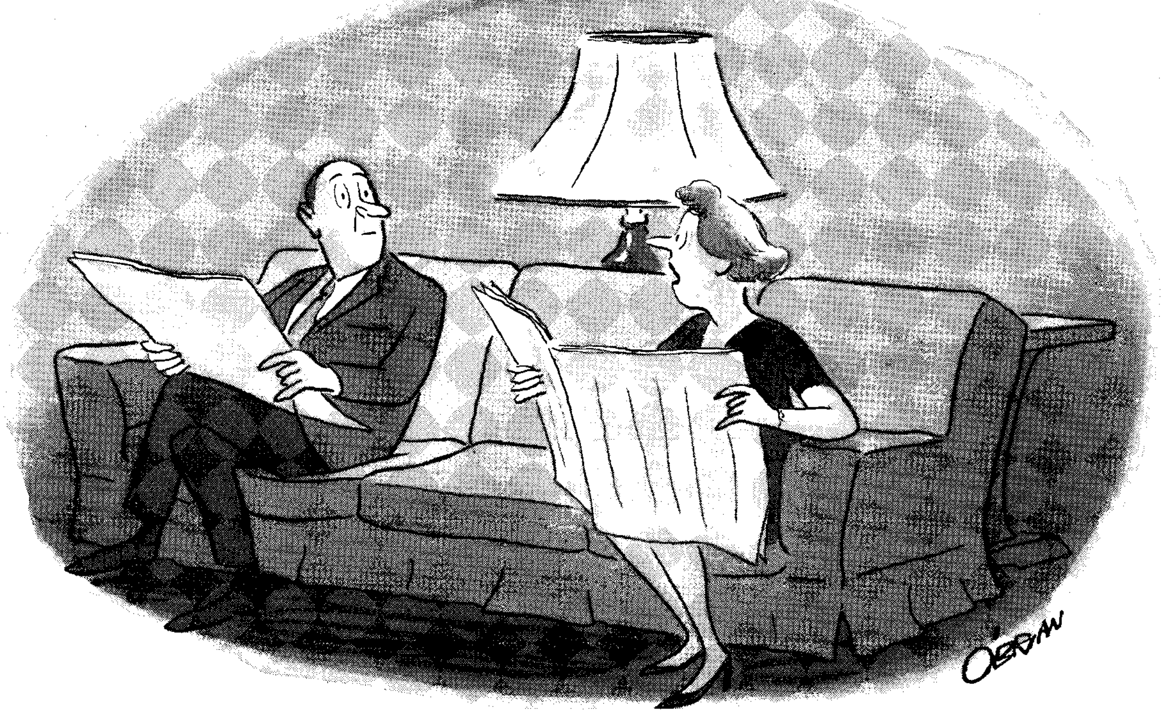
GOING TO EUROPE? FOR TRAVEL GUIDE, WRITE HANS VON BROCKHUSEN, MERCEDES-BENZ OF NORTH AMERICA, INC., 158 LINWOOD PLAZA, FORT LEE, N. J., 07024
MERCEDES-BENZ OF NORTH AMERICA, INC. A SUBSIDIARY OF DAIMLER-BENZ A. G., GERMANY

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

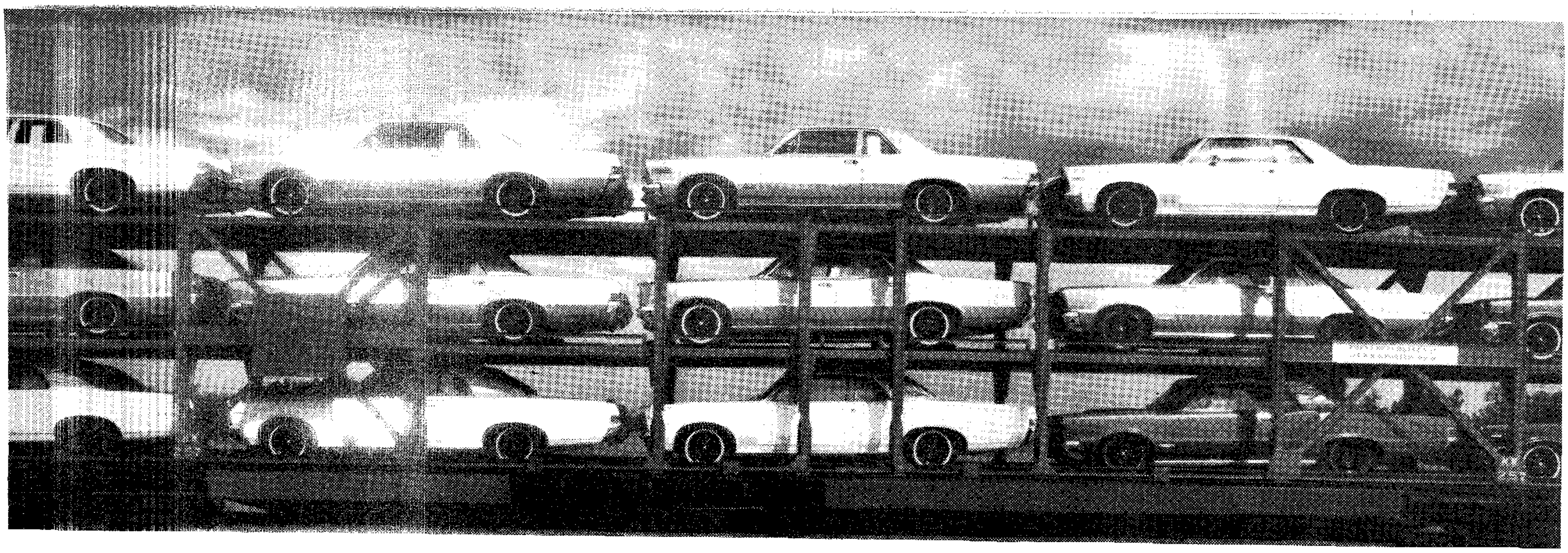
April 12

NOTHING in the several statements that the President has made on Vietnam this week seems more significant than the fact that he has said nothing at all about Communism. The word is nowhere to be found in any of the official texts. In his Baltimore speech last Wednesday evening, the word "Communist" appears just once—as an adjective modifying the proper noun "China." In a second mention of China, no political or ideological identification is made, though it is clear that the reference is to the territory whose rulers govern from Peking. Thus we have come to a point at which our President gives a kind of *de-facto* recognition to one regime while the government he heads gives *de-jure* recognition to another. This is not a matter of any great importance. It is clear that the President's verbal recognition has not promoted any spirit of accommodation in Peking; its only consequence could be an increased uneasiness of spirit among the exiles in Taipei. In this capital, however, it is a matter of considerable importance that a major statement of policy toward a Communist adversary fails to identify the adversary in terms of ideology. Only two weeks ago the President said, "The United States will never be second in seeking a settlement in Vietnam that is based on an end of Communist aggression." Wednesday night at Johns Hopkins University, he said, "We will never be second in the search for a peaceful settlement in Vietnam." The Cold War rhetoric of March has been replaced in April with a diplomatic language that sounds as if it might have come out of Geneva thirty years ago: "The first reality is that North Vietnam has attacked the independent nation of South Vietnam. . . . We will always oppose the effort of one nation to conquer another nation. . . . For centuries nations have struggled among each other. But we dream of a world where disputes are settled by law and reason."

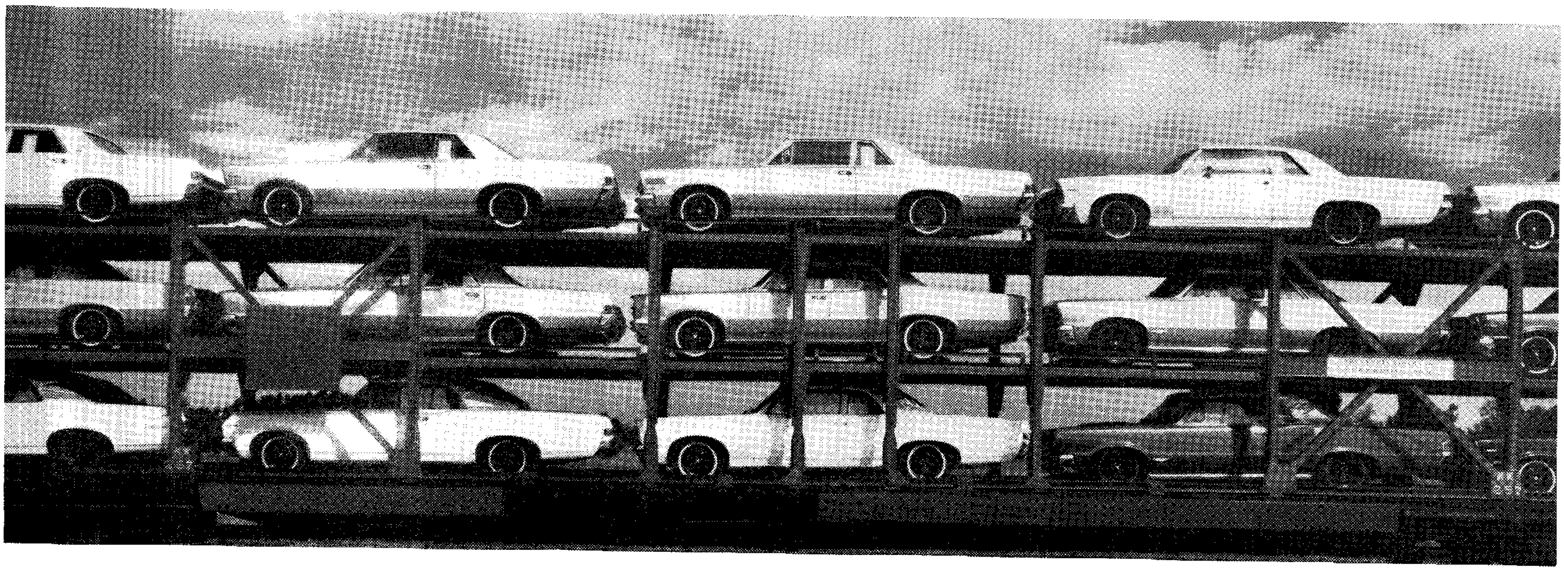
The language, of course, was chosen for its strategic impact. The President would like to do business with North Vietnam, and no man knows better than he that it is wise to set aside doctrinal differences when deals are in the making. At this point, it would be a mistake to assume that we no longer oppose Communism as such, and are interested only in enforcing laws and conventions against international trespass and poaching. It is hardly likely that if the tables were turned in Vietnam—if guerrilla bands from the South were threatening the destruction of the Communist government in the North—we would honor the principle of self-determination by bombing *below* the Seventeenth Parallel. In such a case, no doubt, we would find ourselves talking, as Communists now do, of the justice of "wars of national liberation." Still, there is, and for some time has been, a conscious effort here to comb out of our foreign policy the simplistic anti-Communist ideology, or counter-ideology, on which so much of it—or at least so much of our talk about it—has been based. To a degree, this reflects some real changes in our foreign policy, which, in turn, reflect changes in the world and in our assessment of our national interests; to a greater degree, though, it reflects a recognition of the fact that the kind of anti-Communism that has so long been part of the official dogma has served us badly both in carrying out our policies and in defending them before the world. It has served us badly even in South Vietnam, where we have often measured the ability and trustworthiness of a political leader by the stridency of his anti-Communist professions, and where our anti-Communist propaganda has sometimes merely advertised Communism and certain of its attractions to people who had never been aware that there was any such thing. Furthermore, the theological rhetoric in which the dogma was framed tended to confuse us, our allies, and our adversaries, and also tended to reveal rather than to conceal the gap between our pretensions and our performance. Our principal pretension has been that our purpose was to oppose and "contain" a force we called "international Communism." Actually, we have recognized—since at least as far back as 1948, when Marshal Tito broke with Marshal Stalin in an exercise of Yugoslav sovereignty—that international Communism was largely a myth and that what we were really opposing was the expansionist drives of particular national states under Communist control. When Communist governments like Tito's seemed to stand in the way of the expansionism of others, we supported and strengthened them. When we convinced ourselves that the expansionist urge of a Communist nation had subsided or could not, for geographical or other reasons, be satisfied, as in the case of the Soviet Union, we sought normal relations with it



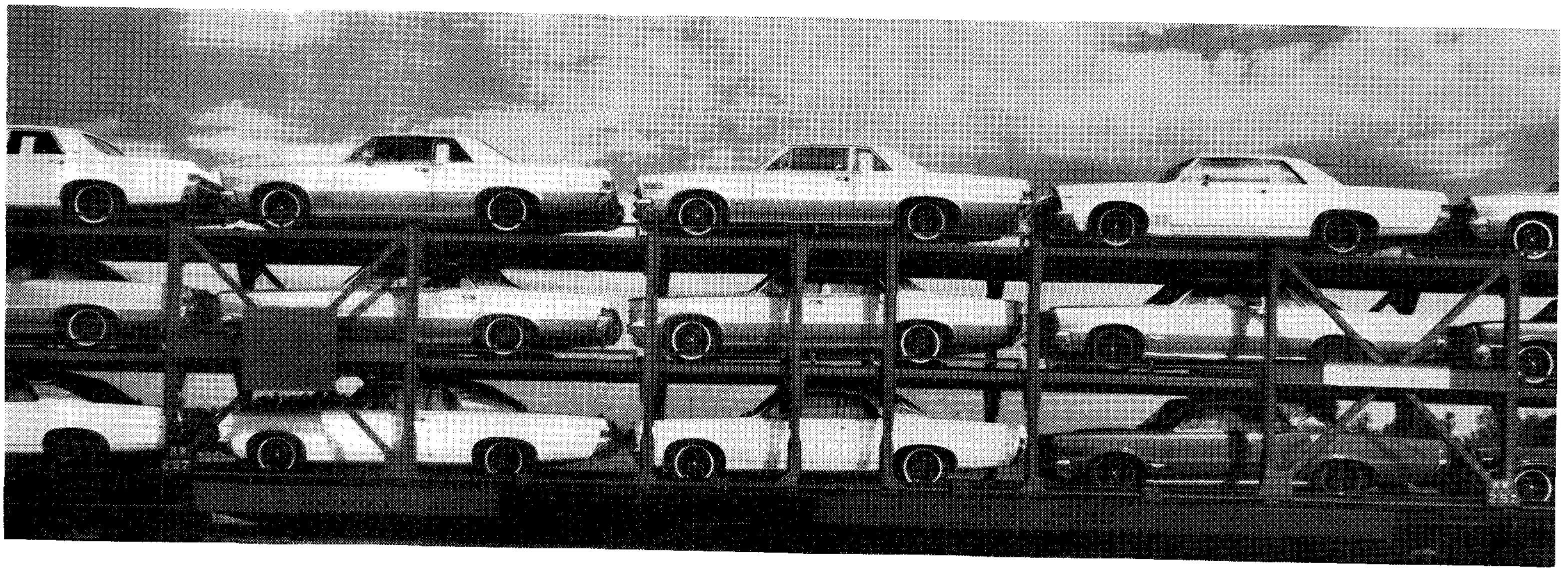
"Henry, just how much is one hundred billion dollars?"



RACK 'EM UP 3,000,000 NEW AUTOMOBILES A YEAR

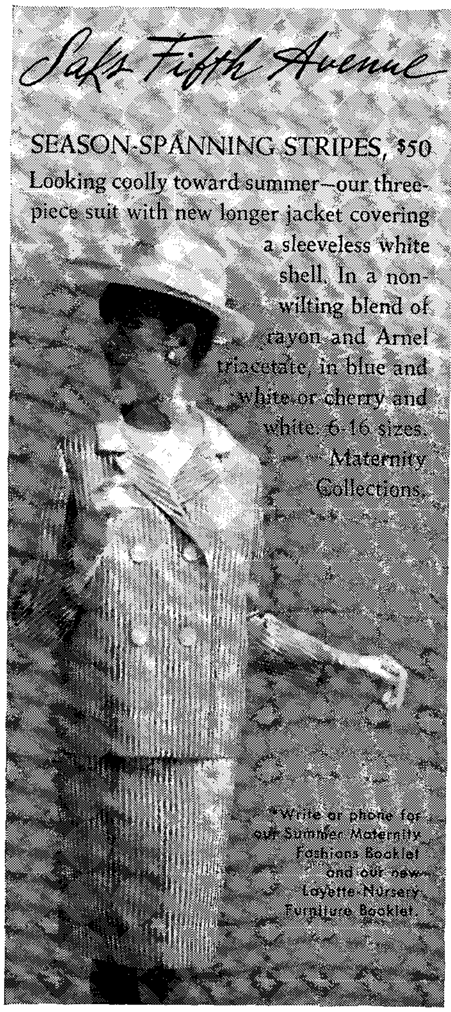


RIDE FASTER AND CHEAPER ON THE RAILS



More than 3 million new automobiles rode to market last year on "rack car" freight trains, arriving swiftly, safely, at far less cost. Each of these trains can carry as many as 1,800 new autos. (If moved over highways, one such shipment would require 300 trucks.) The rack car train is an example of how the taxpaying railroads are shaping the transportation future, how they are winning new business with new and better ideas, and how they are giving you better service and lower costs.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS



Saks Fifth Avenue

SEASON-SPANNING STRIPES, $50

Looking coolly toward summer—our three-piece suit with new longer jacket covering a sleeveless white shell. In a non-wilting blend of rayon and Arnel triacetate, in blue and white or cherry and white. 6-16 sizes. Maternity Collections.

*Write or phone for our Summer Maternity Fashions Booklet and our new Layette-Nursery Furniture Booklet.

A friendly welcome waits... "at the end of the road"

This is the secluded Basin Harbor Club on the lovely shores of Lake Champlain. Snug rooms in the Lodge, Homestead and 65 separate cottages. 18-hole golf course, tennis, water sports in lake and new pool with temperature control. Great lake fishing. Supervised children's programs. Private 3200-foot airstrip. Festivities begin in mid-June, with an always-hearty welcome from the Beach family, owners since 1909.

For reservations and information: New York Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza West, Telephone LT 1-6595.

BASIN HARBOR CLUB

ROBERT H. BEACH, MANAGER

VERGENNES • VERMONT

and pursued a search for mutual interests that could be expressed and furthered in treaties. The President has now announced that we are willing to do the same thing with North Vietnam.

The myth of international Communism did not arise from any effort of ours to justify our ways before the world. It arose from Communist doctrine and propaganda, and if any anti-Communist ever challenged the myth, he made no noticeable impression. Communists and anti-Communists alike took it for granted that ideology—Marxist-Leninist ideology, anyway—was a powerful enough force to override national interests. Right up through the end of the last war, Communists and anti-Communists alike assumed that when other countries—or at least those contiguous to the U.S.S.R.—went Communist, they would simply surrender their national sovereignty (a bourgeois principle, in the Marxist view) and join the Soviet Union, enlarging the territory governed from Moscow in much the same way that our westward expansion in the last century expanded the territory of which this city is the capital. In this view, every square mile dominated by Communists would increase Soviet power and diminish the power of the "free world." All history argued against this view, but we clung to it long after Titoism had proved it false and long after we had ceased to base policy on it. It was never more powerful than in the middle fifties, when developments in Eastern Europe were exposing its inadequacy and John Foster Dulles was reluctantly endorsing "peaceful coexistence."

It no longer has much effect on our diplomacy in Europe or most other parts of the world, and the President can make a long speech without even paying it lip service, but it continues to bedevil us in Southeast Asia, a part of the world where it seems almost spectacularly irrelevant. Though the President explained our presence in South Vietnam and our purposes there without any mention of the myth, the fact is that the myth is of major importance in any assessment of our present position. We are not fighting in South Vietnam because "we always oppose the effort of one nation to conquer another nation." We disapprove of aggression, but even when it is undertaken by Communists we do not invariably go to the aid of the victims. We did nothing about Tibet, and when, over a decade ago, the French tried to sell us on the notion that Indo-China offered a splendid opportunity to resist "Com-

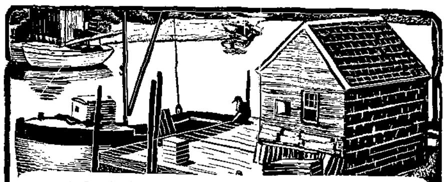
Larry Rivers *Mr. Art*

Larry Rivers

represented exclusively by

Marlborough

Marlborough-Gerson Gallery Inc.
41 East 57th Street, N.Y. PL 2-5353



MENEMSHA BAR

The salty tang and romance of Martha's Vineyard and this snug fisherman's harbor —New York's most fascinating bar and cocktail lounge. Excellent Dining Facilities

130 East 57th St., New York

OLD·DROVERS· INN
DOVER·PLAINS·N.Y.

LUXURY COUNTRY DINING
Overnight Accommodations
Res.: (914) Temple 2-3811 • CLOSED WED.

FRENCH CUISINE 112 EAST 52 ST / PL 3-1447

Le Manoir

When you fly alone to Europe, you could take Sabena (or any of the other 17 fine airlines).

With friends, you should take Sabena.

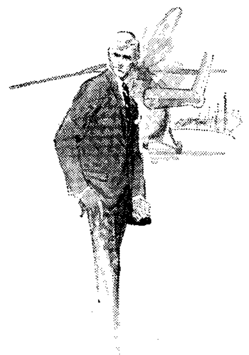
I love Paris

Why does so much of Sabena's transatlantic business consist of four or more friends flying together? For two good reasons: First, Sabena offers you and your travel agent unlimited flexibility in planning tours and itineraries by flying to 68 cities in Europe, Africa and the Middle East. And more important, by specializing in families and friends, Sabena has become expert in knowing their needs. That's why so many travel agents book families and friends on Sabena. Why 4306 U.S. travel agents and their clients call Sabena Europe's most helpful airline. Come to think of it though, there's nothing we would do for a few friends that we wouldn't do for you. Even if you're all alone.

SABENA

BELGIAN *World* AIRLINES
EUROPE'S MOST HELPFUL AIRLINE

Chipp
Clothiers Furnishers



GOLD CHIPP SUITS
ENGLISH TROPICAL WORSTED
A leader in its field, our all wool tropical worsted attributes its success to its proven value—ventilated comfort and admirable tailoring qualities.
Coat and trousers........**$155.00**
SOLID SHADES: navy, oxford grey, dark oxford
HAIRLINE STRIPES: dark oxford, oxford blue
CHALK STRIPES: navy, dark oxford
GLEN PLAIDS: blue, gray
Sample swatches sent on request
14 E. 44th Street
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

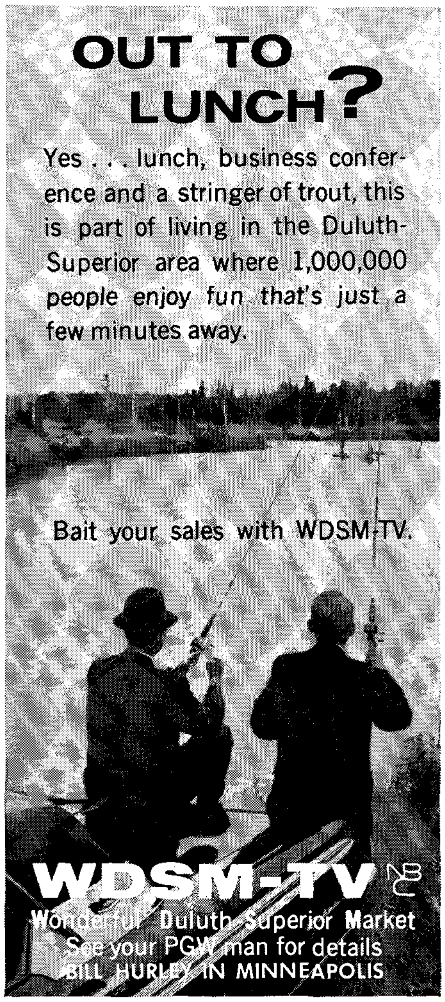
BRITISH WALKERS
MADE IN U.S.A.
WITH
SYNCHRO-FLEX
CONSTRUCTION

IMPECCABLE A masterfully crafted plain toe calfskin shoe. Synchro-Flex construction. Fully lined. Style 1667 Brown. Style 1567 Black. About $27.

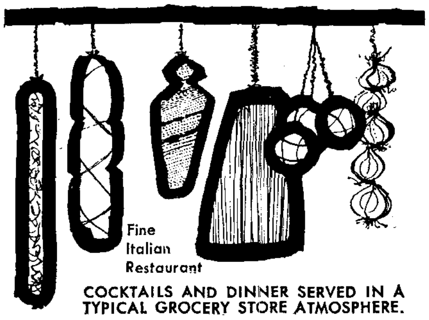
BRITISH WALKERS
Dept. W-25, Freeport, Maine
Also makers of Taylor-Made Shoes for Men

munist aggression" we let the opportunity go by. Nor are we in South Vietnam because we feel that things have changed greatly since 1954 and that the independence of this particular quarter of the peninsula has become essential to the security of the United States. Its independence is desirable, and is certainly more in our interest than its subjugation would be, but no one here has seriously maintained that we would be threatened if South Vietnam were annexed by North Vietnam. What is maintained is that if South Vietnam fell, the rest of the peninsula would be vulnerable to early conquest, and that in time Thailand, Malaysia, the Philippines—all Southeast Asia—would be lost. This is the "domino theory," which President Eisenhower could never decide whether to accept or reject, and while there are some cogent arguments in its favor, most of them rest on the international-Communism hypothesis. If a Communist Eastern Europe is, in and of itself, no threat to us, why should a Communist Southeast Asia be seen as one? When this question is asked, there is always someone to point out that in Asia we are confronted by Communist China, a more bumptious and hostile power than the Soviet Union. Indeed we are, but this does not mean that ideology has in Asia a power to override national interests that in Europe it so conspicuously lacks.

Eisenhower never fully accepted the domino theory, but his Secretary of State based our Southeast Asia policy on it, and in doing so gave it a certain validity. He put together the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, and he gave assurances of American protection to non-Communist nations throughout the whole vast area. Thus, there is no doubt that if we left South Vietnam now or accepted a settlement that would put its independence in jeopardy, the governments that have relied on us for their security (in many cases their internal as well as their external security) would be discouraged and greatly weakened. It is not, however, the domino theory that explains our original involvement in South Vietnam or our military presence there today. We are fighting there now because we happened already to be there when the shooting began. We are somewhat in the position of a house guest who becomes a volunteer fireman when arsonists set his host's home ablaze. We went into South Vietnam after the Geneva conferees had partitioned the peninsula because we thought it afforded us a good opportunity to demonstrate that



OUT TO LUNCH?
Yes . . . lunch, business conference and a stringer of trout, this is part of living in the Duluth-Superior area where 1,000,000 people enjoy fun that's just a few minutes away.
Bait your sales with WDSM-TV.
WDSM-TV
Wonderful Duluth-Superior Market
See your PGW man for details
BILL HURLEY IN MINNEAPOLIS

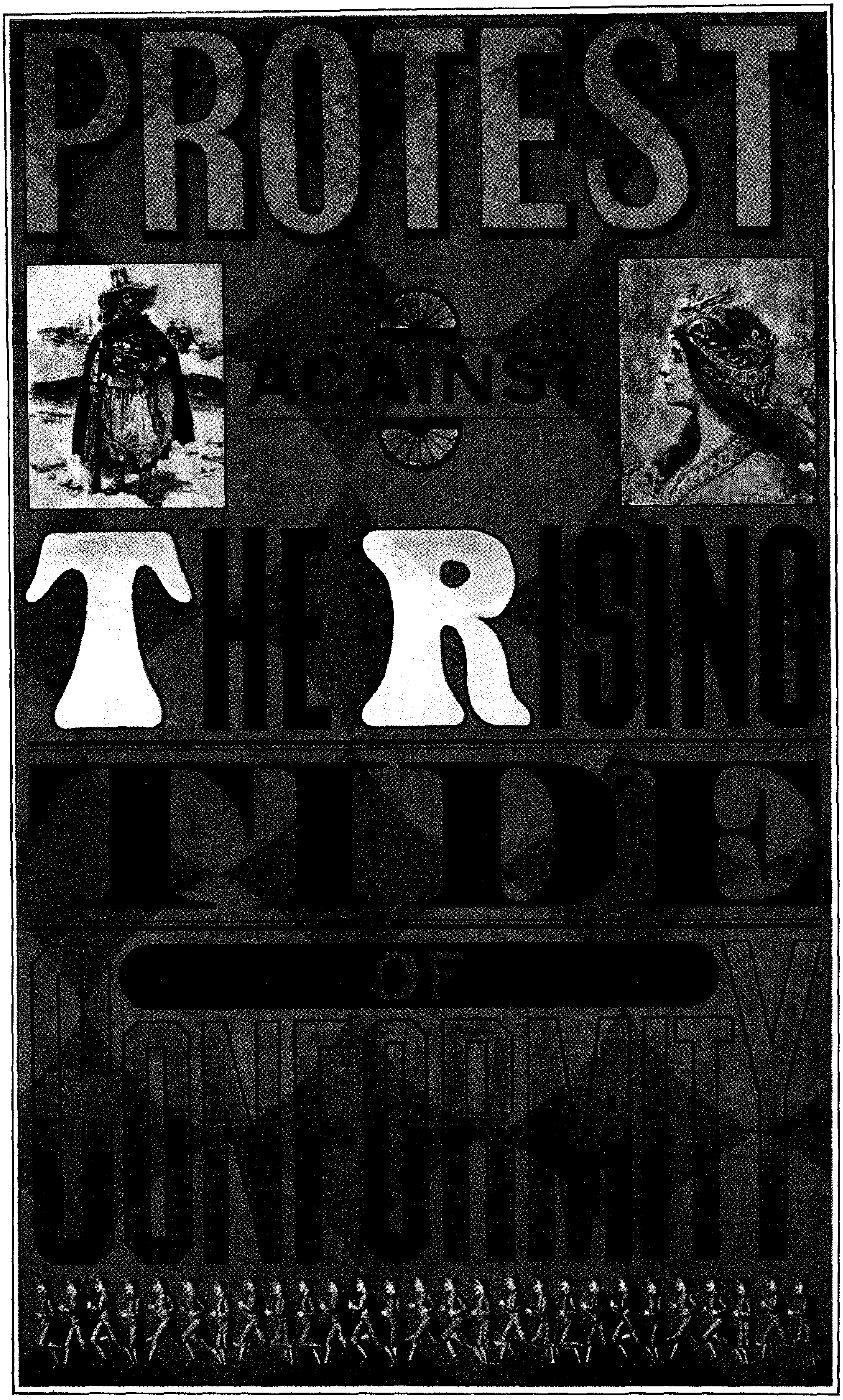


Fine Italian Restaurant
COCKTAILS AND DINNER SERVED IN A TYPICAL GROCERY STORE ATMOSPHERE.
LA "GROCERIA"
WEST 4th STREET and 6th AVENUE • CH 2-3200

900 NORTH MICHIGAN
Jacques
FRENCH RESTAURANT
Delightful dining in a Continental atmosphere. Outstanding wine cellar. Facilities for parties. Parking at Delaware Street entrance. For reservations: WH 4-4795
CHICAGO
OPEN DAILY 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.

SEND TO DEPT. 202 FOR COLORFUL BROCHURE
Deer park Lodge
MANITOWISH WATERS, WISCONSIN
In the heart of Wisconsin's beautiful Vilas County
HONEYMOON OR SECOND HONEYMOON
AAA

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY AND BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. FOR W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N.Y.


PROTEST
AGAINST
THE RISING
TIDE
OF
CONFORMITY

BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
DISTILLED DRY GIN
LONDON

Serve Booth's House of Lords, the non-conformist gin from England.

Then declare yourself. Get a laminated copy of our poster's message. Ready to frame, hang or stand. Send request (and one dollar to cover the usual) to "Protest," Dept. A, P. O. Box 74, Lindenhurst, New York. Offer good only where legal.

SUN GOLD IS THE COLOR FOR SPRING

Elizabeth Arden's golden plunder from the sun—as new as tomorrow's sunrise. It is a ray of sun-filtered pink to light up your lips . . . illumine your fingers . . . shine sweetly on your face (all so perfect with a suntan skin). And over the eyelids, Sun Gold casts beguiling shadows of purest, palest gold; for the Elizabeth Arden Eye Shado is a true sun color.

Here is the Sun Gold Makeup:

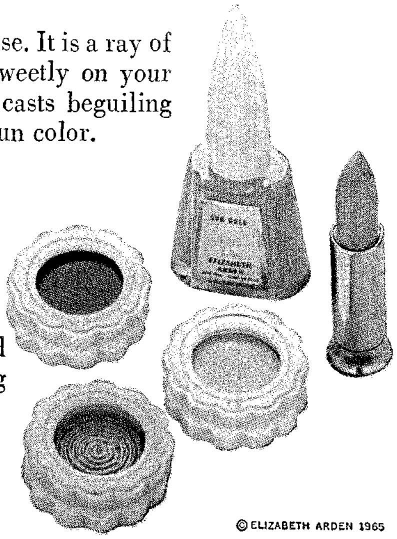
Sun Gold Lipstick
Sun Gold Nail Lacquer
Sun Gold Creme Rouge
(the filtered orangy pinks)

Sun Gold Eye Shado
(a pale gold pressed powder)
to use over Cardo Eye Shado,
(a leafy bronze green).

And, of course, a touch of Invisible Veil Face Powder No. 3 dusted once over lightly. Finally, Color Veil fluffed on gently with blending brush over complete makeup.

Elizabeth Arden

© ELIZABETH ARDEN 1965



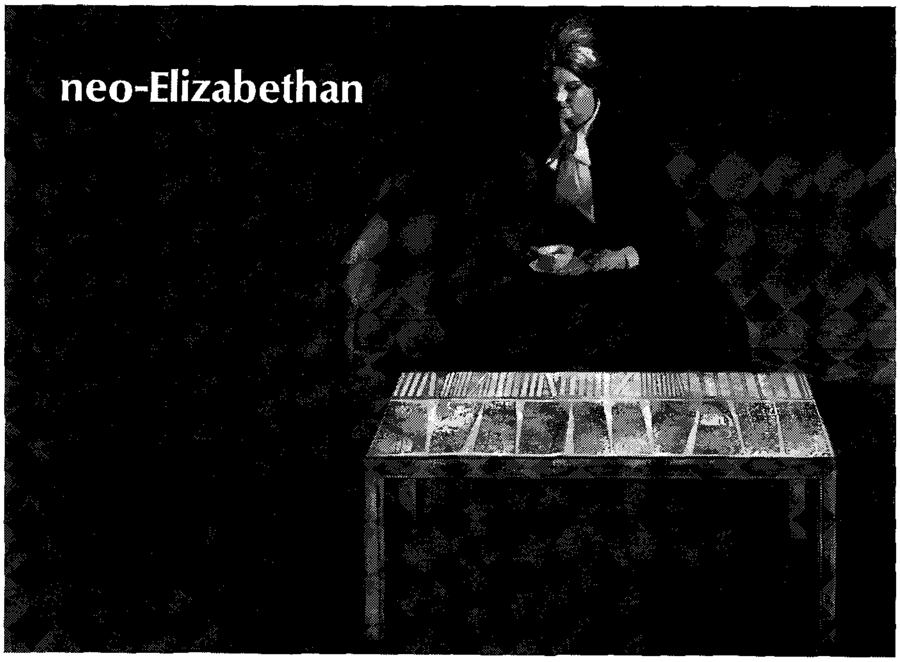
we know a better way to modernization than the Communist way. The value of this kind of demonstration, which we have not yet had a chance to make anywhere but in our own country, seemed greater then than it does today. In any case, we went in to build, not to fight, and we did so partly because the Diem government seemed reasonably enlightened and reliable. Under siege, it turned out to be hopelessly corrupt and incompetent, as perhaps it would have become in the absence of siege. But we were there when the siege was laid, and we had an interest to protect that was similar in kind to the interest the Communists would have if we assaulted one of their client states.

Today, of course, the President could not possibly explain or justify our presence in these terms. It has long since become clear that if there are stable and popular politicians in South Vietnam, either we can't find them or they won't work with us. "Free elections" are unthinkable where all contenders apparently seek power with terror. Nor could we, even if we chose to do so, refurbish the anti-Communism of the mid-fifties. No one here or anywhere else takes it seriously, and it would expose us to charges of hypocrisy not unlike those of which Peking accuses Moscow. The Chinese are saying that the Russians indulge in big talk about revolution while doing shameful business with the enemies of the revolution; loud professions of anti-Communism by this government today would lay us open to questions about how we could square them with our traffic with the Soviet Union and other Communist enemies of our institutions. And, even apart from that, we must, if we are to have a settlement on any possible terms, assure Hanoi that we mean it no harm and, as the President said, "have no desire to devastate that which the people of North Vietnam have built with toil and sacrifice." Thus, the administration,

FLORIST
FLOWERS
R Davidson

rose marie reid

Snazzy.
Now tear off the
label from
your favorite
summer, and
send it to us.



Surrounded by contented maple and placid chintz, New England matron Elizabeth Burns one day became enamoured of this Metropolitan table, imported from San Francisco. Metropolitan's A.I.D. award-winning designer, Jules Heumann, commissioned some fine Italian hands to etch original designs on its burnished silver surface, then mounted it on legs of walnut. "Indeed a work of art, it doth deserve a fitting frame," thought Elizabeth. Casting off her maple, milk glass, and chintz, she framed her silver table with Metropolitan chairs and sofas, all neo, all illustrated in our 102-page catalog. All 102 pages are yours for $2, or send for our free brochure. Metropolitan Furniture Corporation, 1355 Market Street, San Francisco.

Decorator Showrooms:
New York, (Trendage), 232 E. 59th St.
Dallas, 450 Decorative Center
Chicago, 621 Merchandise Mart
San Francisco, S. Christian of Copenhagen, 700 Sansome

METROPOLITAN M

Florence Eiseman makes flounces light as a kite for me, in a polka dot knitted dress with a daisy applique.
Pink, blue or gold polka dots, fully lined.
Sizes 2-4 and 4-6x, 9.00 Sizes 7-12, 12.00

Jeane Greene, inc.
SANSOM AT EIGHTEENTH, PHILADELPHIA

ENGLISH
DOESKIN GLOVES
$3.48 *postage included*
Full-finger gussets add an extra touch of flexibility to these handsomely styled gloves, made in England for us and mailed directly to you from Bermuda. Your choice of popular shorty with pearl wrist button, or tailored 10" pull-on. White only, sizes 6, 6½, 7, 7½. Treat for your own wardrobe, a find for gifts! Please send check or money order to us—Front St., Bermuda.

A. S. Cooper & Sons, ltd.
BERMUDA • LONDON
Bermuda's Exclusive Wedgwood Representative

since it has no intention of acting on the advice of those who sign newspaper advertisements insisting that we admit our past follies and decamp tomorrow, has little choice but to defend its position in the rather musty Wilsonian language of self-determination that the President and Dean Rusk have lately been using. If it does not altogether fit the facts of the case in Vietnam, at least it does little violence to them. It is objected that the war is primarily civil in character, and that—not at the moment, perhaps, but over the years of fighting—the Vietcong has been recruited mainly from among South Vietnamese. But this objection is not altogether relevant, for what the Vietcong has stated to be its goal is the destruction of South Vietnam as a sovereign power and the elimination of the Seventeenth Parallel as a national boundary. A Vietcong fighter recruited in South Vietnam is nevertheless a man taking orders from an alien power bent on conquest and subjugation. American patriots in 1776 would not have been impressed by the argument that the Crown was finding a lot of support out in the countryside.

NO Communist state has so far expressed anything but contempt for the President's offer of "unconditional discussions." The administration was prepared for this, and it has slight hope that things will be changed by more extensive bombings or more conciliatory proposals. There are some military men and a few fearless congressmen who think there would be little danger to us in laying waste North Vietnam and in bombing Chinese installations near the border. But the White House thinks there would be danger, and it doesn't think that American opinion would favor this approach. Militarily, though, it has no other cards to play. And it seems that at present it has only one more diplomatic card to play—an offer to negotiate with the Vietcong itself, rather than with Ho Chi Minh's government in Hanoi. Such an offer may at some point be made. It has been accepted here for quite a while that any attainable settlement would have to provide for some measure of Vietcong participation in the South Vietnamese government. An acknowledgment of this by the President might trigger a round of coups in Saigon and thus get in the way of negotiations. Conceivably, the administration may do it anyway—and if the response in Saigon should be a request for our withdrawal, that might be accepted with a certain amount of relief. But there will be no withdrawal

Lord & Taylor

Tilt your head

a drop. Let spring see a Persian matrix turquoise and cultured pearl in 14-kt. gold by Hattie Carnegie. Earring with screw back or for pierced ears, 15.00 plus tax. At all Lord & Taylor stores

"RED CARPET" at SUMMER RATES
800' PRIVATE BEACH
2 POOLS • TENNIS
3-PAR GOLF • GUEST PRIVILEGES GOLF CLUBS
CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND
ENTERTAINMENT • GUEST ROOMS • EFFICIENCIES
APARTMENTS • VILLAS
YOUR INQUIRY IS INVITED.
Lago Mar
RESORT CLUB FT. LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA
Under Ownership-Direction of Sidney Banks

GLOUCESTER
is fascinating!
... it's America's *first* and most *historic* fishing port. . . . brimming with all-around vacation activities.
For illustrated folder write: **Cape Ann Trail, Box** N . . . . , **Gloucester Massachusetts**

MONSIGNORE
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
Strolling Violinists
Open Daily • Closed Sun. • Charge Clubs

that is unrequested or that does not follow a settlement. The President has no more enthusiasm for this war than Bertrand Russell has. He is no less eager than Linus Pauling to be out of it and getting on with unfinished business in this country. He feels himself a victim of John Foster Dulles's overreaching diplomacy and of the miscalculations that went along with it. But he sees no way of retrieving past American mistakes except at the expense of others, who are also their victims. To pull up stakes and leave tomorrow or next week would be to invite a great butchery of those who have accepted our help and leadership. And while a few more Communist governments in Southeast Asia might be no threat to us and might, in fact, dilute some of Peking's power, an abandonment of South Vietnam because we had wearied of the effort or had accepted the proposition that we had no business being there would be read as evidence of the instability of our own government. To uphold the present and future value of its pledges, a government must often fulfill—or show a willingness to fulfill—unwise commitments made by its predecessors.

If the President has not yet got the results he sought by his words of last week, he has at least created more sympathy in other capitals for both our predicament and our policies. The old anti-Communist rhetoric will be missed by almost no one—though it will doubtless be pressed into service now and then, particularly by officials seeking congressional approval or appropriations. It has almost always proved a hindrance to clear thinking, and it has often, as in Vietnam, got in the way of carrying out anti-Communist policies. There is some danger of this in the new rhetoric. "We will always," the President said in Baltimore, "oppose the effort of one nation to conquer another nation." He could not have wished to be understood as saying that we will always intervene as we have in South Vietnam when aggression seems to be taking place. This is, as he said, a "disorderly planet," and if anything seems surely in the cards in the coming decades, it is that a good many national boundaries will be changed in Asia, in Africa, and even perhaps in this hemisphere by aggression in one of its several forms. The experience of Vietnam has been that "aggression" is not the most precise of political concepts and that we have yet to find any way of preventing it.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

• •

INSIDE OUT

I walk the purple carpet into your eye,
carrying the silver butter server,
but a truck rumbles by,
        leaving its black tire prints on my foot,
and old images—
    the sound of banging screen doors on hot afternoons
    and a fly buzzing over Kool-Aid spilled on the sink—
flicker, as reflections on the metal surface.

Come in, you said,
inside your paintings, inside the blood factory, inside the
old songs that line your hands, inside
eyes that change like a snowflake every second,

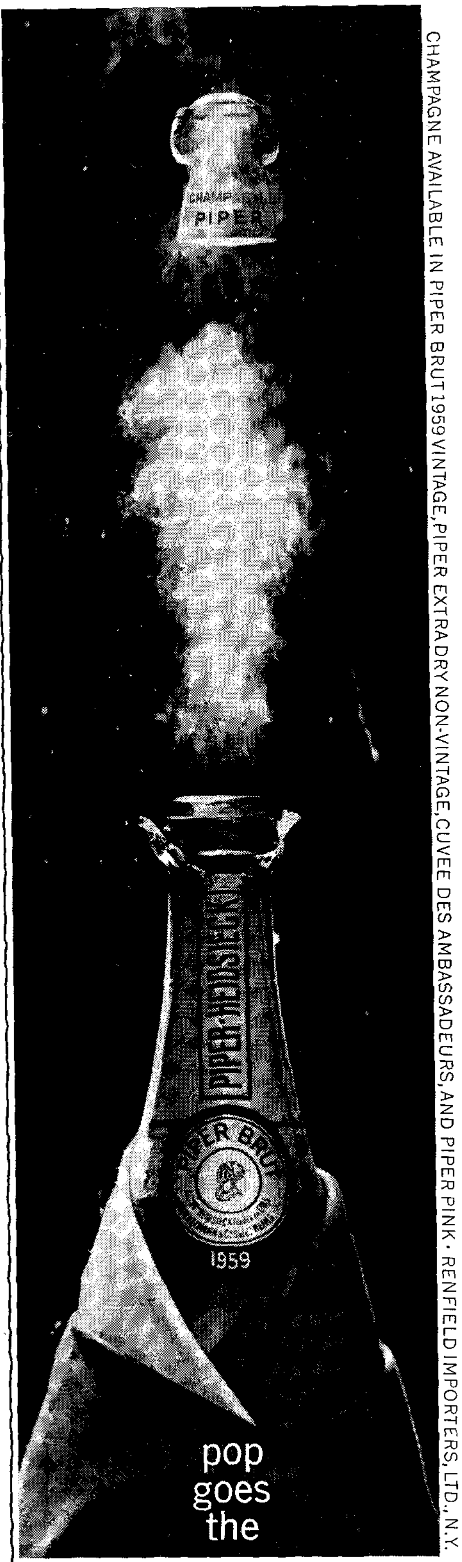
inside spinach leaves holding that one piece of gravel,

inside the whiskers of a cat,

inside your old hat, and most of all inside your mouth where you
grind the pigments with your teeth, painting
with a broken bottle on the floor, and painting
with an ostrich feather on the moon that rolls out of my mouth.

You cannot let me walk inside you too long
inside the veins where my small feet touch
bottom.
You must reach inside and pull me
like a silver bullet
from your arm.

—DIANE WAKOSKI



pop goes the
PIPER
PIPER-HEIDSIECK
CHAMPAGNE
CHAMPAGNE AVAILABLE IN PIPER BRUT 1959 VINTAGE, PIPER EXTRA DRY NON-VINTAGE, CUVEE DES AMBASSADEURS, AND PIPER PINK · RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

The great Japanese hotel in Tokyo is the OKURA

Where else can you dine internationally in 7 great restaurants and pay only $10.60 for an air conditioned room with easy access to the Ginza.

Be adventuresome and choose a Japanese tatami room or a more conventional Western style accommodation. TV, radio, air conditioning, lovely Japanese garden setting.

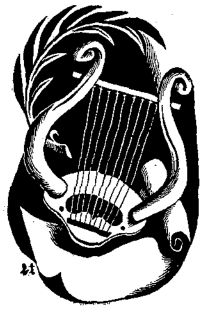
Iwajiro Noda, Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR
ROBERT F. WARNER, INC., in New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, Miami, Toronto
GLEN W. FAWCETT, INC., in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Dallas. OR INTERCONTINENTAL.

Hotel Okura

MEMBER OF DISTINGUISHED HOTELS AND INTERCONTINENTAL HOTELS

MUSICAL EVENTS

The Old Pro



THE performance of Mahler's Second Symphony by the American Symphony Orchestra, under Leopold Stokowski, that took place on Monday evening of last week in Carnegie Hall showed that the Old Maestro has lost none of his instinctive taste. The Second is, of course, the "Resurrection" symphony—the one with the big chorus and the soprano and contralto soloists. It has become fashionable hereabouts to give it a sort of Technicolor production, with a maximum of thunder and lightning, and many a conductor reaches such a climax in the growling cello passages that come in the second or third measure that everything following, up to the final peals of the chorus, is a letdown. Mr. Stokowski did not do this. He got those cello passages into proper proportion, and the whole work had an intelligible curve of excitement, with the final chorus gradually built up to, and arriving with special majesty just because of what he had done previously. This was conducting of a sensitive type that I wish we heard more often. The soloists were Helen Boatwright, soprano, and Betty Allen, contralto, and both sang beautifully, Miss Allen making the more persuasive impression, perhaps because it is the contralto who has the more touching lines to sing. The chorus was the Westminster Choir, whose regular conductor is Dr. George Lynn, and it performed very effectively.

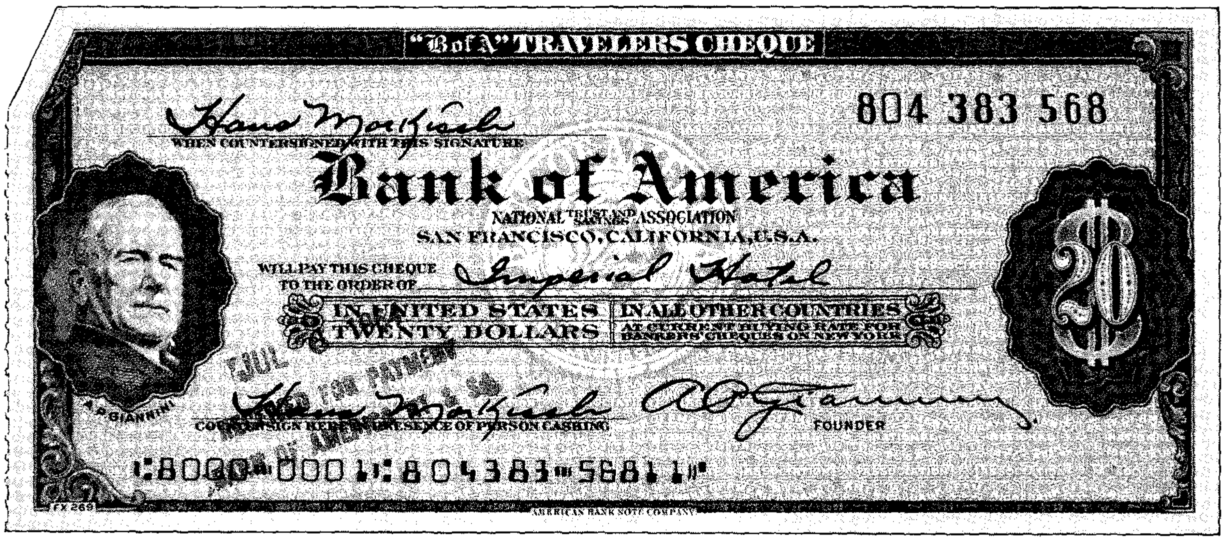
The symphony was preceded by Paul Creston's "Corinthians: XII," Opus 82, an altogether pleasing tone poem inspired by the indicated quotation from the Epistles of Paul, which deals with charity (or love, as Mr. Creston has interpreted it). Now, not many composers write about love any more. They are too busy hating something or other. So Mr. Creston's work may be regarded as not very typical of its time—a point that in my opinion is to its advantage. It is unfashionably serene. I suppose you could classify its musical idiom as impressionist at the start and Romantic later on. It moves to a fine climax, and its general effect is to soothe the listener. When it was over, the composer rose in one of the boxes to acknowledge some sincere applause, and then—in a gesture almost unprecedented among contemporary composers—sat through the rest of the concert listening to a composition by somebody else.

LORIN MAAZEL again conducted the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall on Thursday evening, and made an even better impression on me than he did the week before. Perhaps here, at last, is the younger conductor who is equally at home in eighteenth-century classics and nineteenth-century romantics—or at least in some of each. The concert began with the overture to Mozart's "The Impresario" and continued with the same composer's Concerto for Flute and Orchestra in D Major (K. 314), and it would be difficult to fault in any way Mr. Maazel's sense of proper emphasis in either of these works, or his gift of communicating meaningfully with the orchestra. Later, there was another concerto—Schumann's for Violoncello and Orchestra—and Mr. Maazel this time showed quite a lot of the elasticity of temperament and the capacity for emotional abandon, without hamminess, that are the mark of a good Romantic conductor. The soloists were the Philharmonic's admirable flutist, John Wummer, and a cellist named Leslie Parnas, whom I was hearing for the first time. Mr. Wummer played his solo part fastidiously and with a quality of tone that was always lovely and often powerful, as flute tone goes. Mr. Parnas, who is thirty-two years old, is not exactly a rugged player, which is to say that his tone in the lower register is not overwhelmingly large. But he has a magnificently accurate left-hand technique, extending to unusual assurance in what cello players refer to as "thumb positions," and he has both a silken tone and the sort of temperament that can understand and convey Schumann's impassioned phrasing to perfection.

There was also another virtue that both these soloists possessed, which I should like to enlarge on for a moment, and that is immaculate intonation. I have previously mentioned the matter of pure intonation in this column, and explained how it differs from that of the piano keyboard, whose keys are all (except one) deliberately "tempered" so that music which should require about thirty-five keys to the

The yen is local currency in Japan.

So is this.



"B of A" TRAVELERS CHEQUE

804 383 568

WHEN COUNTERSIGNED WITH THIS SIGNATURE

Bank of America

NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

WILL PAY THIS CHEQUE TO THE ORDER OF Imperial Hotel

IN UNITED STATES TWENTY DOLLARS

IN ALL OTHER COUNTRIES AT CURRENT BUYING RATE FOR BANKERS' CHEQUES ON NEW YORK

COUNTERSIGN HERE IN PRESENCE OF PERSON CASHING

FOUNDER

A P GIANNINI

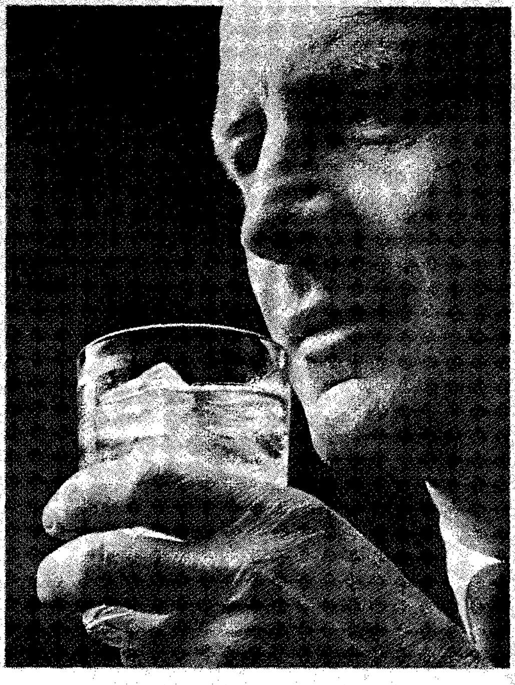
8000 0001 804383 56811

FX 269

AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY

From Kamakura to Kansas City—wherever you travel, Bank of America Travelers Cheques have been there before. They're known and accepted the world over. And they come with a money-back guarantee. Lost or stolen cheques are replaced anywhere. Carry money only you can spend—**BANK OF AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES.**

BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION • MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION



More people drink
Seagram's V.O. Canadian than
any other imported whisky
(including Scotch).
Does that surprise you?

Seagram's
SINCE 1857
IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND

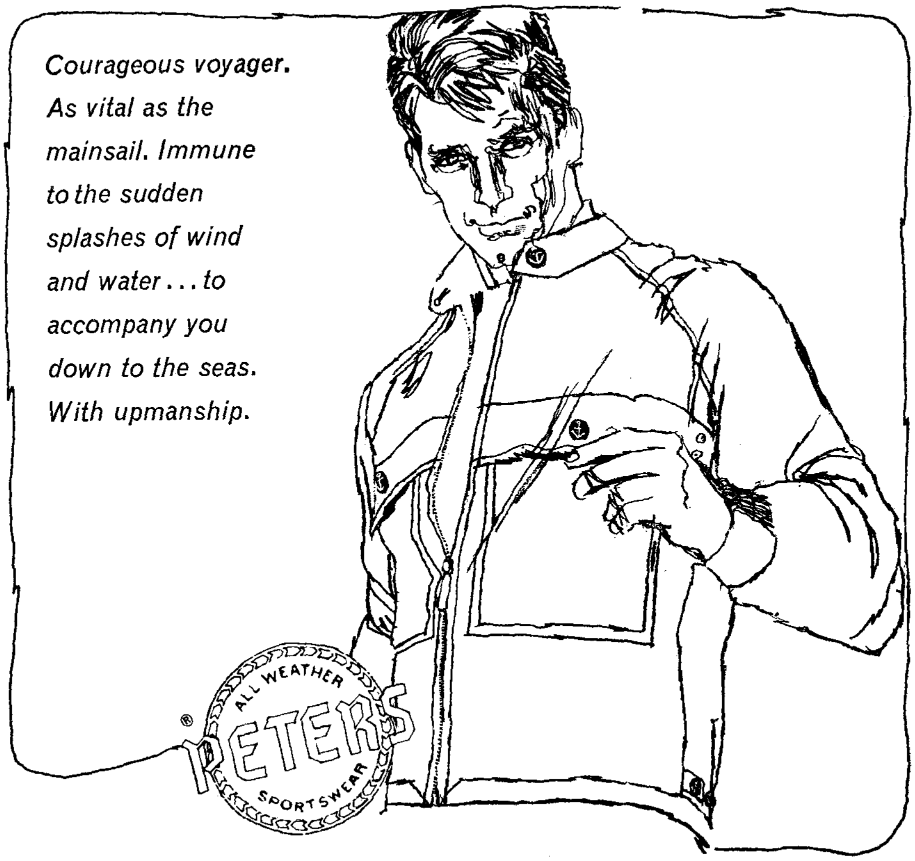
Could be they know something you don't know! One sip of Seagram's V.O. will tell you that it does what no other whisky can. It defines smooth once and for all. Light? Of course. Have you an inquiring mind and a taste for good whisky? Investigate.

Known by the company it keeps.
Seagram's
Canadian V.O.

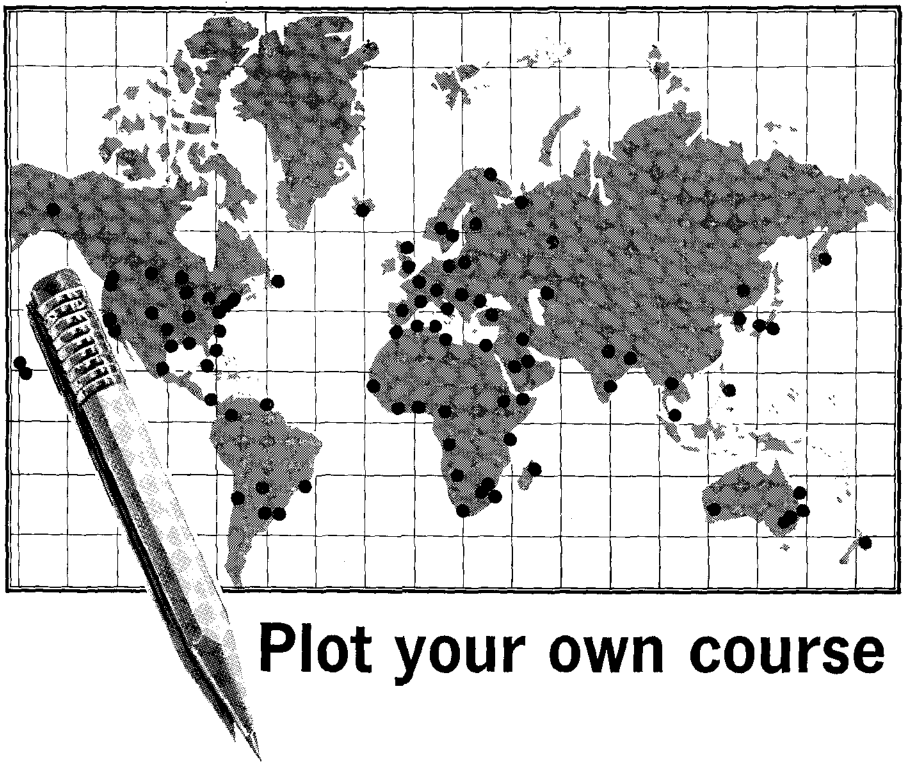
CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. SIX YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

octave can be played on twelve. I have also mentioned the special pleasure of listening to the brilliant effect produced by playing everything in perfect intonation—something that can be done only on non-keyboard instruments, where there is a difference between F sharp and G flat, the G flat being considerably lower in pitch. This subtle distinction has long been a part of the aural training of string and other players. Recently, however, a great deal of scientific light has been thrown on this whole problem by a one-time composer and acoustical specialist named Charles Shackford, who is connected with Wilson College and whose data have been published in the *Journal of Music Theory* (Yale). Mr. Shackford has evolved a highly sensitive method of measuring the precise pitches of notes as they pass in the course of a performance. He accomplishes this by attaching special electronic gadgets to violins, violas, and cellos—gadgets that are capable of recording the exact pitches used by the performers. These recorded pitches tend to differ for a given note at different times moving in different directions. But he has, not altogether surprisingly, determined that string players, left to their own instincts, will nearly always play a sharp higher than its corresponding flat, and that, for example, the third and seventh degrees of the major scale are always played higher than the piano keyboard plays them. There is a certain relativity about all this. The sharps, flats, major thirds, major sevenths, and so on are not always exactly consistent in pitch. There is a variation, according to the player's predilections or the context in which the note occurs in a composition. But the degree of variation has been carefully calculated, and there is no doubt whatever about the difference between sharps and flats. Beyond this, Mr. Shackford has made equally careful measurements of pitches used in playing atonal, or serial, music of the Schoenberg type, and, curiously, he has found that string players play a given note differently in different contexts in this music, too. The implications of this discovery are extremely interesting. It is possible that something analogous to the resolution of dissonances occurs in so-called twelve-tone music, and it seems evident that Schoenberg was, without knowing it, writing in a system of far more than twelve tones to the octave—all of which will undoubtedly affect some contemporary theories of composition.

—Winthrop Sargeant



THE SEAFARER . . . weather-proofed, wet look sailing coat of 65% Fortrel polyester and 35% cotton chambray, with Henley collar, out-size patch pockets with yoke flap secured by authentic peacoat buttons. Workshirt Blue. Sizes 34 to 44. About $13.00. Hughes-Hatcher-Suffrin, Detroit & Pittsburgh • Sibley Lindsay & Curr Co., Rochester • May - D & F, Denver . . . or write **THE PETERS SPORTSWEAR CO.**, Philadelphia 19132.



Plot your own course

That's the way Cook's Independent Travel works. You decide where you want to go, when, with whom, and exactly how much or how little you want to spend. Cook's, the world's largest and most experienced travel organization—with over 400 offices in 60 countries—will take care of the rest . . . transportation, reservations, accommodations, every detail is pre-confirmed. Travelling the Cook's Independent way, you're on your own — yet completely free of the uncertainties of unplanned travel. For information, stop by your nearest Thos. Cook & Son office.

COOK'S

LETTER FROM LONDON

APRIL 9

THE new budget had been expected to be a tough one, and it was, though in the first babble of opinions it seems that a good many British are relieved that it was not even worse, and a few questioning voices have suggested that it was not stiff enough. It had been put about that Mr. James Callaghan would introduce a set of measures more stringent than those of any Chancellor of the Exchequer since Lloyd George's historic budgets first clobbered the landed rich and started up the nation's social conscience in the dewy, unsurtaxed dawn of the century. Mr. Callaghan's measures turned out to be a dose of internal deflations sharp enough, the experts think, to satisfy critical European neighbors looking for visible proof that the Labour Government is not out only to win votes and shower welfare-state benefits it cannot afford. There are already heartening, if cautious, signs in the money markets that Tuesday's new sewing up of British pockets has reinforced the stout warning-off of international speculators given by Mr. Wilson when he stated during the startling amiabilities of last week's Paris visit—from which he returned with much kudos and the grippe—that the pound would not be devalued.

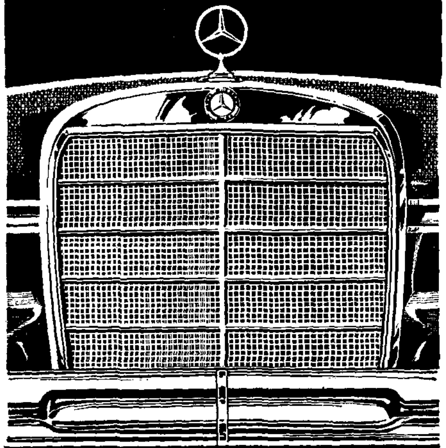
To spectators in the packed, tensely listening House of Commons on Budget Afternoon, the Chancellor's presentation of his long brief was undoubtedly a brilliantly impressive tour de force. For two hours practically to the tick, with an air of imperturbable good cheer and in a strong voice, helped along by only one pause for the customary swig of refreshment (identified by craning journalists in the gallery as tonic water), he held the House with his rapid, lucid exposition of the great mass of facts and figures brought out of the modern dispatch case that this year (as the press also carefully noted) has replaced Gladstone's famous battered old box. Among the day-to-day adjustments in their future personal budgets which first caught the eye of the rush-hour crowds snatching up their evening papers on their way home was that the gin to put in their tonic water, as well as their favorite brands of whiskey, will cost them four shillings a bottle more after the liquor shops' pre-budget stocks have run out. A pint of beer and a bottle of wine have gone up, as have cigarettes, with sixpence added to every four-shilling-and-elevenpenny pack to discourage smokers. Though Mr. Callaghan, doubtless with prudent political thoughts of repercussions in the motor industry, did not, as had been gloomily rumored, increase the purchase tax on new cars, motorists learned without joy that the yearly registration rates for everyone will be bumped up. The capital-gains tax had been expected, but apparently its stiffness was a surprise. The main reforms that the Chancellor brought out of his new-style box were designed to plug various holes, such as deeds of covenant by which wealthy taxpayers have been able to ease some of the burden, and he also bore down sharply on businessmen's cars and expense-account entertaining. These will now be disallowed for tax purposes except for the "moderate" entertainment of overseas buyers and clients, which doubtless will not be interpreted as smoked salmon and double brandies at the Savoy. The expensive, high-class restaurants and hotels, whose shares instantly fell, uttered cries of pain. Though, as the *Guardian's* correspondent drily remarked on the day after the ruling, "few London businessmen left the table feeling hungry today," the psychological effect of the new legislation will probably be approved by millions of ordinary Britons, who, rightly or wrongly, picture the chap in the office Jaguar as being given the run of his teeth every lunchtime at the taxpayers' expense.

The Chancellor also closed the obvious currency leak that permitted a British traveller and his wife to take two hundred and fifty pounds apiece with them (provided their checkbooks could stand it) every time they went abroad. In theory, this meant that anyone could make an unlimited number of Continental trips every year, with no questions asked if some or all of the money was left there each time with a pal—possibly as a convenient nest egg for the little place in the sun that has increasingly, it seems, become the desire and dream of well-to-do escapees from the British climate. (The foreign currency for the purchase of a flat or for the building of a little villa in Spain—the most favored because the cheapest spot—or on the French Riviera had previously been legally obtained by buying so-called "property dollars" at a dourly discouraging rate of interest

Buy your beautiful Mercedes-Benz in Europe & travel "first class" all the way–abroad and at home.

Save plenty of money, too.

Free exciting new booklet.



Please send me without cost or obligation copy of new, exciting full-color guide, "European Vacation."

Name
Address
City
State Zip Code

Mail this coupon to: Mr. Hans von Brockhusen, Mercedes-Benz of North America, Inc., 158 Linwood Plaza, Fort Lee, N. J.

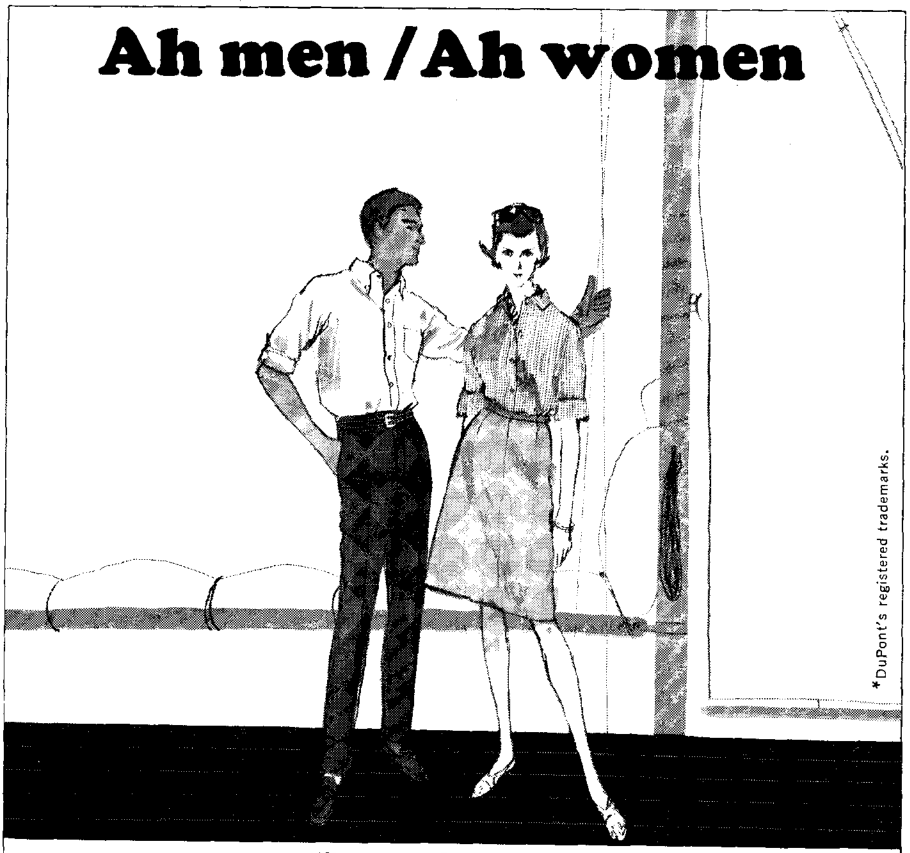
MERCEDES-BENZ

from the Bank of England.) Mr. Callaghan announced that this currency drain would no longer be permitted, though holidaymakers will still be free to head anywhere they fancy, taking with them a strictly annual allowance of the old tourist sum.

On the whole, the budget seemed to most unbiassed observers to be a pretty well-balanced measure of austerity—probably as far as a Labour Chancellor could go at one swoop, and too far, indeed, for the Tory popular press, which, appearing to ignore the pound and its reasons, lambasted the Government angrily for producing a purely Socialist budget. The Opposition's attack in Parliament took the line that nothing in Mr. Callaghan's program would encourage industry to export more or make British goods more competitive in a hard world. But its loudest, most furious outcry was against the Government's final decision, after months of rumor, to scrap the enormously costly supersonic aircraft TSR-2 as being another luxury that Britain cannot afford in her present economic state, and to buy the American F-111A. Very many Britons in all parties fear that this will deal the British aircraft industry a knockout blow. The Government's action in sneaking—so the Tories charged—this highly important defense statement in as part of the budget proceedings caused a violent explosion of Opposition rage following the quietly received budget. The Conservatives immediately slapped down an angry censure motion, which will be debated, undoubtedly with great bitterness, in the Commons next week.

At the moment, it seems that Conservative spirits could do with a spring booster. In spite of all denials, including one from Sir Alec Douglas-Home himself, who observed cheerfully that no problem existed, because he intended to be on hand himself to lead the Party to victory in the next election, many of his supporters, especially among the younger Conservatives, appear to feel that in such a case they would inevitably be heading for another term of Opposition. Outspoken criticism of Sir Alec's leadership has appeared in the press, as it did of Mr. Macmillan's when he was being urged to resign and loftily took no notice. An event that started up the present mood of anxious Tory stocktaking was the Party's recent shattering, unexpected defeat in the by-election at Roxburgh—a Tory-held Scottish seat in the heart of the true-blue laird country of Sir Alec himself—which was most resoundingly won by the Liberal candidate, with the Labour

WHEN YOU
DINE ITALIAN • WINE ITALIAN
RUFFINO
RUFFINO
ITALY'S PRIZE CHIANTI
© Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.


Ah men / Ah women

*DuPont's registered trademarks.

"Dacron"® and linen

The luxury of 35% imported linen and the practicality of 65% "Dacron"* polyester make his well-bred trousers and her A-line skirt (or Bermudas for both, also available from Ah!) essential to care-free wardrobes. An array of colors for each. His sized 29-42. Hers sized 6-18; items shown about $15.00 each. At your favorite shop or write Austin Hill Ltd., 318 N. Front St., Baltimore, Md., or 1407 B'way, N.Y. Ah!

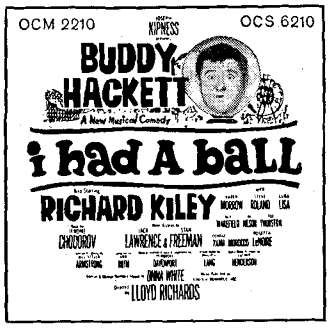
for the
long,
hot
summer:
the
short,
cool
sun-shelter
$4

Ship'n Shore®

Mercury RECORDS

"THE FUNNIEST SHOW I'VE EVER SEEN"
Ed Sullivan

ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST ALBUM



AVAILABLE AT RECORD STORES EVERYWHERE

KNIFE
& FORK
INN...
ATLANTIC CITY'S
FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

man crushed so badly into third place that he lost his deposit. This increased the jubilant Liberal Party's tiny, though newly important, House of Commons quota to double figures at last—ten M.P.s. Since the Liberals were alone among the parties in giving unqualified enthusiastic support to the idea of Britain's entering Europe in the days before the gangplank was pulled up so firmly from across the Channel, it is interesting that the Conservatives now seem to have decided that, whoever leads them at the next election, their platform will be European. In a policy statement just issued by a group of Tory M.P.s calling themselves "One Nation," which has not been signed by the three former Ministers who belong to the group—Mr. Heath, Mr. Macleod, and Mr. Maudling, who would clearly be in the running for the leadership—but has apparently been approved by them and the rest of the Conservative Shadow Cabinet, it is clearly stated that the Tories should declare their intention of trying to join Europe "by whatever means is best" upon any future return to power. The idea of political union, from which so many people shied away before, ought not to frighten the country today, the authors of the pamphlet state, though no doubt a large section of the country would come up with exactly the same doubts and fears as it did three years ago. To judge by the friendly areas of disagreement that Mr. Wilson said he and his host had equably discussed in Paris, the need to take the decision is not likely to arise in the near future. To lots of interested people here, however, this latest indication, together with other recent signs that the Conservatives are indeed changing course in the direction of Brussels, seems important as well as new.

THE most stimulating theatrical evening in London this spring is the always admirable English Stage Company's production of John Osborne's new play "Inadmissible Evidence," which had a short season at the company's own theatre—the Royal Court, in Sloane Square—and has now arrived in the West End, at Wyndham's. To judge by the audience the other night, this is the play that foreign visitors pack into, if they can, to find out what Osborne and the English are up to. The chatter around the bar in the intermission sounded like an enthusiastic session of the Common Market, all members present being presumably blessed with exceptionally sharp ears and a working knowledge of the up-

FOR
GRACIOUS GIVING

. . . a Royal Doulton after-dinner set in famous English Translucent China. Four gold-edged demitasse cups and saucers in the exquisite Larchmont pattern. A perfect gift. Beautifully packaged. $16.00

ROYAL
DOULTON

Send 10¢ for our 24-page full-color brochure of all English Translucent China patterns. Write Doulton & Co., Inc., Dept. 17N, 11 E. 26th St., N.Y.,N.Y. 10010

RENT-A-VILLA
IN EUROPE
TRADEMARK

A Villa in Capri . . . or a Yacht on the Riviera . . . an apartment in Rome . . . a Chalet in St. Moritz, or a *thatched roof house* at Stratford-on-Avon.

Take your choice from over 15,000 deluxe accommodations, from cottages to castles everywhere in Europe, North Africa, the Caribbean, Mexico, Bermuda. Yachts everywhere.

For two of you, as little as $50 a week. A group of 12 for $350. Take a party of fifty — and take over a castle. Yes, the maid comes in every morning. Early reservations suggested, so write for our free catalog that describes 100 typical selections. You'll have it by return mail.

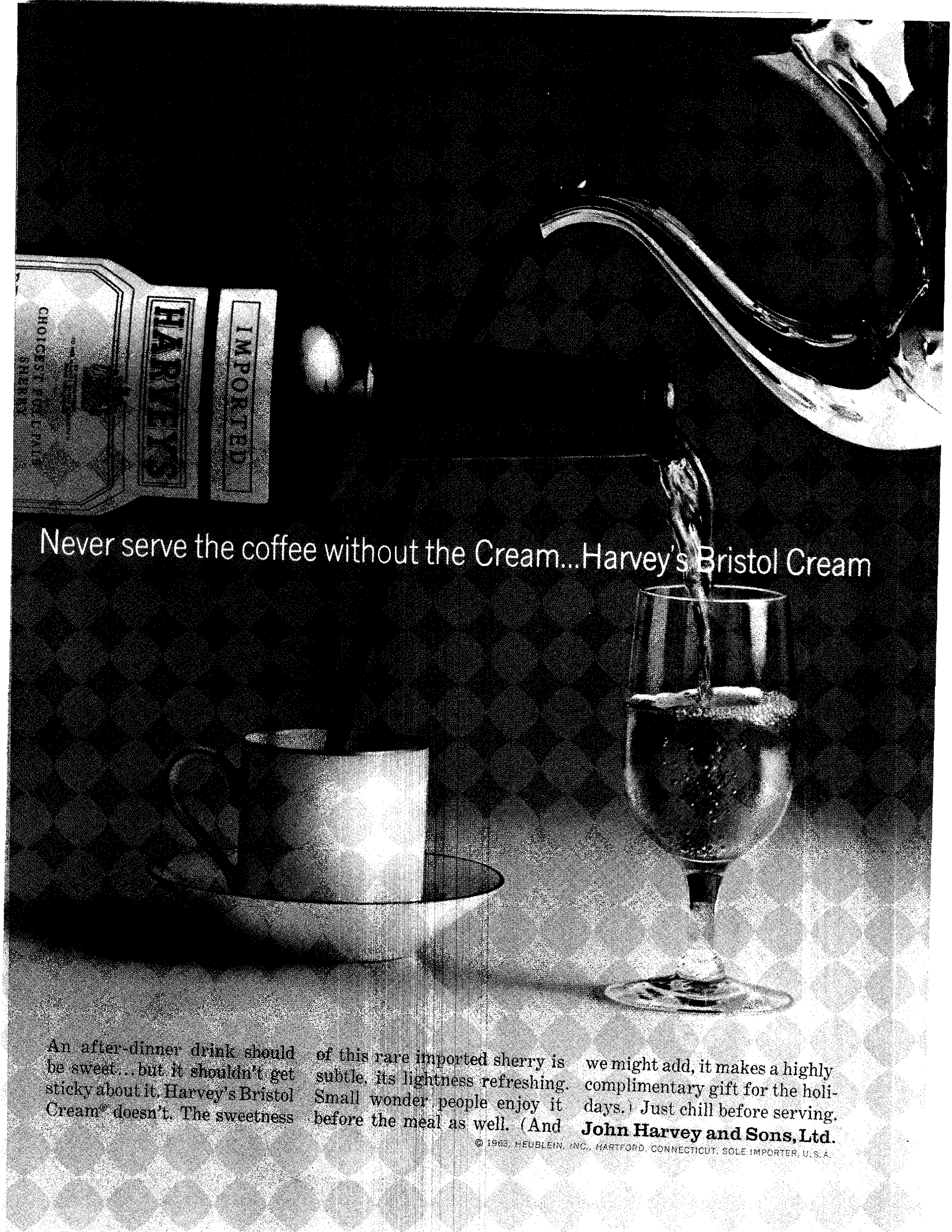
ivy INC.
(International Villas and Yachts)
Dept. 104A 28 Church Street
Cambridge, Mass. 02138
or your Travel Agent

STRAPARAMA®

A fine watch deserves a fine watchstrap—an inexpensive watch needs one. 25 thousand classic watchstraps of precious supple leathers. Exclusively ours, made in Switzerland. All sizes, all colors, for men and women. Attached in one minute. $3.50 to $15.00.

Have you looked at your watchstrap lately?
425 MADISON AVE., NYC 17—Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.

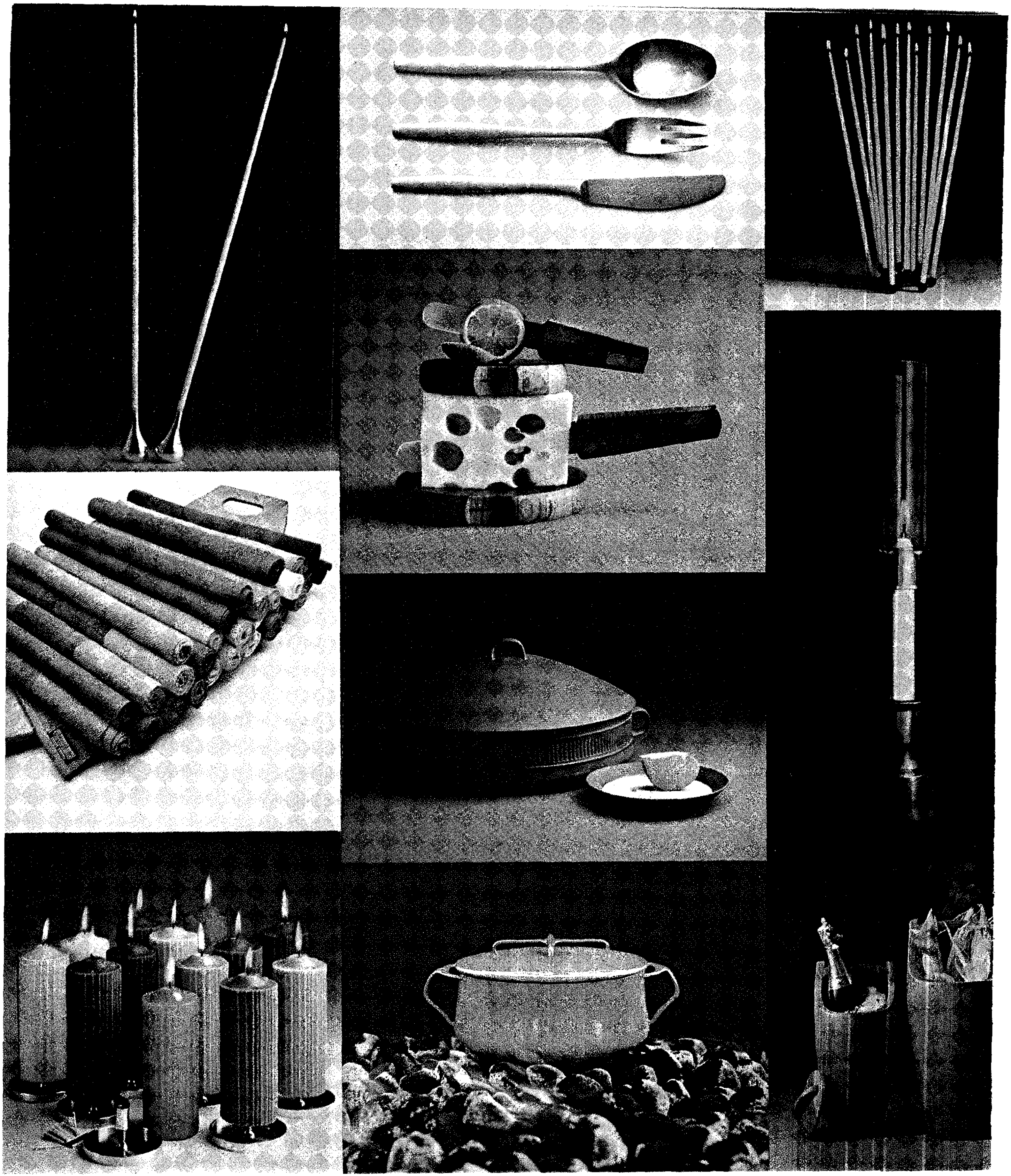
CAPE COD VACATIONING
CHATHAM BARS INN
and Non-Housekeeping Cottages
A fine American Plan hotel of distinction on a 65 acre estate overlooking the ocean. Private beach, tennis, golf, cocktail lounge. Summer theatre, shops, fishing nearby.
May 29 to October 12
E. R. McMullen, Jr., Res. Mgr. Tel 617-945-0096
Chatham 3, Mass.


HARVEYS
IMPORTED
CHOICEST FULL PALE SHERRY
Never serve the coffee without the Cream...Harvey's Bristol Cream

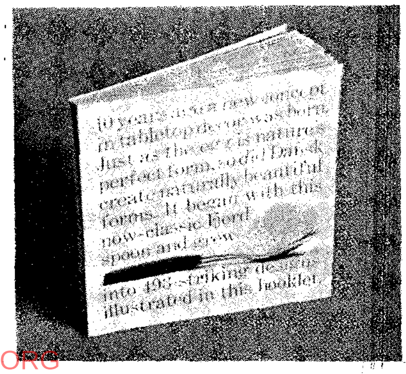
An after-dinner drink should be sweet…but it shouldn't get sticky about it. Harvey's Bristol Cream® doesn't. The sweetness of this rare imported sherry is subtle, its lightness refreshing. Small wonder people enjoy it before the meal as well. (And we might add, it makes a highly complimentary gift for the holidays.) Just chill before serving.

John Harvey and Sons, Ltd.

© 1963, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, SOLE IMPORTER, U.S.A.



You can get the full 81 piece service of Dansk Flamestone china, for $416. You can get a matched trio of Dansk Kobenstyle casseroles, for $52. You can get a Dansk brass candelabra for $3. And you can get this new Dansk catalog showing all 493 Top-of-the-Table items, for free. So start here, and work your way up. Just write Dansk Designs Ltd., Department LD, Mt. Kisco, New York.


10 years ago a new concept in tabletop decor was born. Just as the egg is nature's perfect form, so did Dansk create naturally beautiful forms. It began with this now-classic Fjord spoon and grew into 493 striking designs illustrated in this booklet.

DANSK
DANSK DESIGNS LTD

to-the-minute bawdy slang and topical allusions that are fired off at frenzied top speed by the remarkable actor Nicol Williamson, whose virtual monologue is the play and the talk of the town. In a torrent of savage, hilarious, pungent words, he presents Osborne's unheroic Bill Maitland, a not very reputable solicitor, at the moment of acute pain and truth when his helpless appetite for drink and women has finally bankrupted his life and the lives of several people he did not wish to hurt. As a diagram of moral disintegration, the play has been compared with "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" At the rise of the curtain, Maitland is standing sweating in the dock, a prisoner in a dream trial, trying shakily to find his pep pills and to pull himself together to answer the accusing questions of a shadowy judge, whose features are those of his own managing clerk. Then the vision or dream fades out into reality and his office, where his self-destruction is shown progressing like a sort of leprosy, from which everyone eventually recoils—his honest clerk, the typists he pursues after hours, his clients, and at last even the mistress he really loves and who loves him. As usual with John Osborne's heroes, there is no namby-pamby idea of getting you to like the fellow. The play is too long, with boring patches, but its dramatic power is terrific. Maitland's practically unending verbal barrage contains some brilliantly written set pieces of Osborne invective, including one, almost at the end, to his hostile seventeen-year-old daughter, a bare-kneed, blond-maned "Ban the Bomb" pavement sitter, who remains entirely silent throughout, her face hidden by her hair, while he pours out his jealous diatribe of love-hate against her and her generation. The only thing one can mildly fault in Nicol Williamson's superb performance is his own age, which is twenty-seven. As he plays the already battered thirty-nine-year-old lecher Maitland, his crumpled, fresh-skinned face and his bright hair, not even helpfully grayed at the temples, look occasionally a decade too youthful. Previously little known to London audiences, he has burst upon them in this enormous, gruelling role as though he were living it.

Franco Zeffirelli's new joke production of "Much Ado About Nothing," added to the National Theatre Company's repertory at the Old Vic, is a lively affair, embellished with a multitude of inventions and bits of comic business, which many people think have brought the old play up like new. He

BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., N.Y.C., SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

The wines you loved in Paris are here!

Look for B&G Wines at your wine merchants—and on the Wine List when dining out. They are wines you can enjoy with pride.

B&G

The finest wines of France Barton & Guestier

Welcome spring

with our handsome door mat —sturdy, natural Philippine hemp designed just for us in a bold twill pattern.

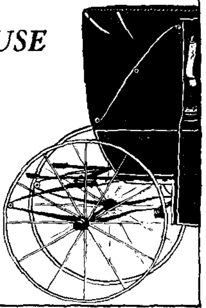
18 x 30 inches, 5.00

Carpet Shop—all Lord & Taylor stores except Manhasset

There is a distinctly new and quietly lavish way to live or visit in Manhattan. You'll remember everything, because we have forgotten nothing that could make a remarkable experience of your stay at the

CARRIAGE HOUSE HOTEL

of New York.



Reservations:

661-2100 200 E. 38 St.

JULES PODELL PRESENTS

THE NEW

CHRISTY MINSTRELS

PETE BARBUTTI

COPACABANA

FULL COURSE DINNERS from $5.00 | SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.

2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12

3 SHOWS FRI. & SAT. 8, 11:30 & 2

10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

COLLECT BOUQUETS *in our freshly sprigged blouson dress by Jeune Leigue . . . printed with blue sky blue or rosy pink posies on fine rayon linen, lined with lawn. 5-15, $20.50 postpaid from Casual Corner 566 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York. Or at Casual Corner stores in: arlington, atlanta, baltimore, boston, charlotte, decatur, lancaster, little rock, memphis, milwaukee, nashville, providence, rochester, silver spring, springfield, syracuse, washington, west hartford, worcester*

CASUAL CORNER

CASUAL CORNER

VIRTUTE NON VERBIS

Internationally Famous
Restaurant
with a tradition
of Elegance

HOTEL Shelburne
BOARDWALK, ATLANTIC CITY
N.Y.C. DIRECT PHONE REctor 2-6586
2½ hours from N.Y.C., via
Garden State Pkway., exit 40

has hit on the idea of setting it in nineteenth-century Sicily, with the plotters in the service of the bad duke as recognizable tin-pot gangsters, finally rounded up by the policeman Dogberry and his simple bullies on bicycles. Robert Stephens as Benedick, with well-oiled black moustachios and tightly upholstered uniforms, and Maggie Smith, the splendidly tousled Beatrice, fight their way toward the marriage bed with great style. Even Zeffirelli's inanimate props cut capers. The valiantly unblinking mermaids supporting a fountain in a garden scene suddenly rock gently on their tails; a martial statue in the town square drops his sword and hoists a citizen's handy umbrella when thunder rumbles. It is all good fun, and only middle-aged ingrates can be heard muttering about the unforgettable production thirteen years ago in which John Gielgud and the late Diana Wynyard appeared, when the scenery stood still but the words were allowed to dance by themselves.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

I AM A COMPUTER

I'd like to introduce myself to everyone
  of you,
Because I'm the newest member of
  Martin's working crew.
The reason I've been hired is—so good a
  job I do
That Martin, Eloise, all the rest will
  have more time for you.

I am a computer; generally I'm right;
I never take a coffee break; I work both
  day and night
I have no children to get sick, and you
  can safely bet
I have no emotions to leave me all upset.

Routine jobs that take much time for ordinary men
I do as fast as if you had a staff of over 10.
Certainly I'm automated; I work with
  numbers—true!
But 'cause I do there's much more time
  for people to help you.

—*Stuffer that came with a bill from a pharmacy in Lake Forest, Ill.*

Unless there are children getting sick, what's a pharmacy for?

•

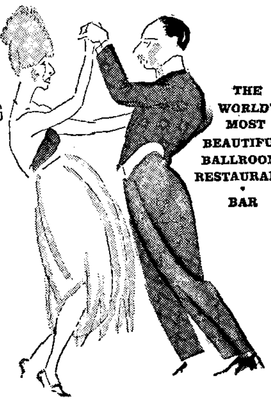
Like to accomplish two feats in one operation? The salad greens are freshly washed and all wet. To remove excess water, a la French chef, place greens in cheese cloth bag and shake. Now for two birds with one salad. Don't just shake. Take this opportunity for exercise, a la American keep-fit program. Stretch arms straight out from shoulders and rotate in wide circles.—*New Brunswick (N.J.) Home News.*

Wait a minute! Put that philodendron plant where it'll catch the drip.

Come
summer,
come
to
Caneel!

Summer is just like winter—only better . . . off-season rates, cool trade winds, peace. In the unspoiled beauty of this famous resort, you'll bask on white sand beaches, explore the Virgin Islands National Park, enjoy snorkeling in crystal waters, swimming, sailing, sport fishing, handsome beachfront rooms. Off-season rates April and Fall from $17.50 per person double; May 1 to November 1 from $16 per person double, including all meals.

CANEEL BAY PLANTATION
VIRGIN ISLANDS NATIONAL PARK
ST. JOHN, U. S. V. I.
See your travel agent or New York, CI 6-4699; Boston, 423-4888; Chicago, 922-4139; Dallas, RI 7-0932; Washington, 347-4951.



CONTINUOUS DANCING
NIGHTLY (EXC. MON.)
MATINEES THURSDAY
AND SATURDAY 1:30
MODEST ADMISSION
CHARGE
NO EXTRAS!
NO TICKETS!
NO HOSTESSES!

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLROOM
RESTAURANT
•
BAR

ROSELAND DANCE CITY
52nd STREET WEST of BROADWAY

"Haute Cuisine" Holiday Mag.
Le Bijou
168 West 4th St.
Greenwich Village, N. Y.
CH 2-9338
Dinner by Candlelight
Cocktails • Superb Wines

ART and the SHELL
Stix
daily & sun.
1-5:30
closed mon.
13 VANDAM ST. N.Y. 13

THE RACE TRACK

Run of the Mill

THOUGH there were plenty of races at Aqueduct last week, there isn't a great deal to be said for or about them. Even the Excelsior Handicap, the pride of the old Jamaica track, wasn't much, with only six runners coming out for the purse of $55,000. Tibaldo, who had galloped off with the Westchester Stakes a fortnight before, led for nearly a mile of the mile and an eighth, and then Tenacle, a five-year-old son of Mark-Ye-Well, ran him down in the stretch and won going away. Tenacle carried eight pounds less than Tibaldo, and this undoubtedly did the trick. Quita Dude was third. As for Knightly Manner, who was sixth, he could do with a rest. Earlier in the week, the Prioress Stakes, for three-year-old fillies, was a stunner for those who thought that Admiring and Adorable, the Jacobs entry, couldn't possibly lose and backed them down to odds-on. What A Treat, showing a high turn of speed, led Admiring home by six lengths and Adorable by nine. Oh, well, as the weather improves—and it was pleasant in the stand last Saturday—so will the racing.

IT is not too soon to suspect that the Wood Memorial Stakes, the big plum for three-year-olds at Aqueduct this weekend, will be a carbon copy of some of the fixture's previous runnings, in which the favorite made his opponents look like hacks. Bold Lad, of course, will be odds-on, and there won't be many other starters. Among them, Flag Raiser, as the winner of the Bay Shore and the Gotham Stakes, has the best form. There's a wild hope, too, in the hearts of Hail to All's supporters that he will cut loose with one of his spectacular runs through the stretch, though I must say that when he made those runs in important races he never finished better than second. Other probable starters are Gallant Lad, who ran well in Florida; Dapper Delegate, who won the Louisiana Derby; and Seaman, who gave a smart performance in a sprint at seven furlongs half an hour before the Excelsior. As you've heard, Bold Lad will not have his regular jockey for the Wood. Baeza, who has ridden him eight times, was set down by the stewards for failing to keep a straight course in a race early last week, and Ycaza has been engaged to take his place. As it happens, Ycaza has just finished a suspension for rough riding, and Colonel Martingale was heard the other day telling someone that Ycaza had better accept no mounts before the Wood or Bill Winfrey might have to get another jockey.

Jacinto won't run for the Wood Memorial, or for the Kentucky Derby. Although there is no more swelling or soreness in the ankle he hurt in a workout the day before the Gotham, William Haggin Perry, who owns him, thinks the setback in the colt's training is enough to keep him from being at his best for the mile and a quarter at Churchill Downs on May Day. It wouldn't surprise me if he skipped the Preakness, too. That's at Baltimore on May 15th. An easier first rattle out of the box for him would be the Withers Mile at Aqueduct on May 8th.

Tom Rolfe, who won the Chesapeake Stakes at Laurel last Saturday, won't run in the Wood, either. He's going direct to Kentucky for the Derby. From all accounts, he ran in the Chesapeake Stakes the way it had been hoped he would run in the Bay Shore, but didn't. Slow to settle into his stride on Saturday, he was last of the eight runners after they'd gone half a mile. Then he began his run and, going around the leaders on the home turn, raced Isle of Greece into submission in the stretch and went on to win by nearly three lengths. Republican Way was third. Golden Joey, who this time last year was being hailed as the season's wonder two-year-old, led for half a mile and then finished last.

MEMORANDUM for the boys with split-second watches: Babington, a six-year-old horse from the Argentine, ran a mile and a sixteenth at Gulfstream Park last Saturday in 1:40⅘, equalling the world's record for the distance. The going must be fast at Gulfstream. —AUDAX MINOR

•

The mayor said today he hasn't decided yet how the official flower ought to be selected. When asked what he thinks the flower ought to be, he just shrubbed his shoulders.—*Hartford Times*.

He's in the spirit of the thing, anyway.

DUFF GORDON SPANISH SHERRY

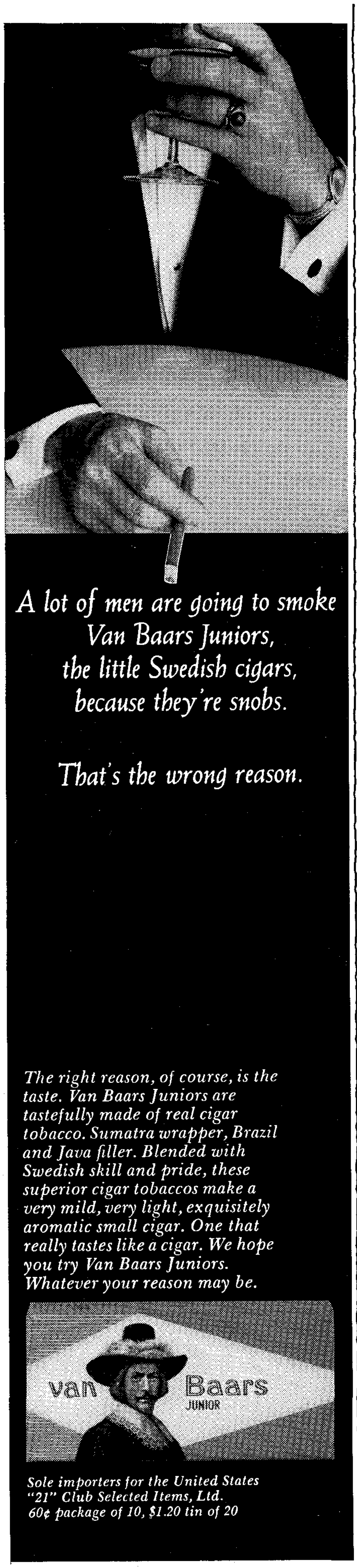
IMPORTED
DUFF GORDON
NIÑA
SHERRY
LIGHT GOLDEN — MEDIUM DRY

EST. 1768

If it isn't Spanish, it isn't true Sherry... if it isn't Duff Gordon, it isn't the best!

Imported, of course!

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U. S. A.:
MUNSON G. SHAW CO., NEW YORK



A lot of men are going to smoke Van Baars Juniors, the little Swedish cigars, because they're snobs.

That's the wrong reason.

The right reason, of course, is the taste. Van Baars Juniors are tastefully made of real cigar tobacco. Sumatra wrapper, Brazil and Java filler. Blended with Swedish skill and pride, these superior cigar tobaccos make a very mild, very light, exquisitely aromatic small cigar. One that really tastes like a cigar. We hope you try Van Baars Juniors. Whatever your reason may be.

van Baars JUNIOR

Sole importers for the United States "21" Club Selected Items, Ltd. 60¢ package of 10, $1.20 tin of 20

LETTER FROM PARIS

April 6

Henri Troyat, by birth and blood a Russian, has since become a cloak-and-dagger Parisian novelist, and even a French Academician, but he is still a loyal Slav in the vastness of his recently published biography "Tolstoy," which runs to eight hundred and eighty-nine pages. It takes almost a week to read digestively, is at last the final, complete portrait of the man as he surely was. And the picture of the writer at work for six years on "War and Peace" (which at first he poorly titled "The Year 1805") is endlessly informative and absorbing. In Troyat's mere quantitative inclusiveness of material on all and everything, it would seem as if he had been patriotically determined not to leave even one small, chaff-enclosed grain from the huge Russian fields of Tolstoyan documentation for any future foreign biographer to glean. The baronial Tolstoys were a clan who, especially when living in the disorderly loneliness of their country estate, Yasnaya Polyana, kept diaries and saved letters like treasures over generations. To these have been added the conjugal diaries (already well known, of course, but never so fully proffered as by Troyat) that were kept over many of their forty-eight years of married life by Count Leo Tolstoy himself and his often wretched, hysterical wife, Sofya—a refined bourgeois Moscow girl of eighteen on her marriage to this countrified, unfastidious intellectual, already toothless at the age of thirty-four. (Cleanliness always meant less to him than godliness.) Because of his autocratic decision that each should write only the truth and that each should have the privilege of reading what the other had written (the first of his many maladroit applications of such primitive Christian principles as truthfulness and faith to the wiping out of artificiality in modern society), these diaries—sometimes psychologically as raw as dog-and-cat fights, at other times oppressively intimate, as when he writes at first of his "terrifying happiness"—have now afforded Paris literary critics the means of making out their first Tolstoyan criticism on the man himself, without the aura of his works. Troyat has deliberately written without bias. But in the material he has oversupplied, in the contemporary French mode, Tolstoy has now been analyzed in terms of his intellectual and spiritual commitments, of his stated high-flown liberal, humanitarian, and Christlike beliefs, and of how little he practiced them.

A brief mélange of what the Paris critics have just written from this point of view after reading Troyat's volume follows: "Tolstoy the man is not of the same stature as Tolstoy the writer. By his contradictions, fluctuations, inconsequentialities, and Phariseeism, this false prophet often reaches the outer limits of the despicable and the odious. His senile sexuality is not the most agreeable aspect." . . . "In his makeup, the barbarian cohabited with the saint. He had to possess everything, beginning with the lands he inherited on up to the universal glory he openly demanded. He adored his family, yet he reduced them to slaves." . . . "Tolstoy was unstable, violent, full of sidesteppings and backslidings, of poisonous false sanctity, which was at the core of the rot in his great destiny. Never has a man sobbed with such conviction about being a cheat, never has eloquence been so generous and so little realistic. It is no longer the diary of his life that is suspect but his life itself, which is suspected of being a lie." . . . "He gave his wife thirteen children without giving her any physical emotion except revulsion, according to her own diaries, which, after all, he read. He seemed to want everybody to kneel down before him for his ostentatious acts, such as his pilgrimages (with his servants behind him carrying his baggage) and his shoemaking for the poor." According to the ultra-Catholic critic François Mauriac, the volunteer Paris authority on sanctity, "Leo Tolstoy succeeded in his novels but not in his life. It was neither good nor bad to live on oaten porridge like his peasants, to perform manual labor, to dress as a *moujik*. Beneath these disguises he remained the contrary of the saint he aspired to be. This false *moujik* irritates us; we hate the pseudo-saint. The falsity of his sentiments poisons everything, darkens all—even the idea of the Revolution on the very eve of its opening in Russia. It was not Tolstoy but Dostoevski who, in 'The Possessed,' described a Stalin."

It may be recalled that in 1910, only seven years before the Revolution broke out, Leo Tolstoy died at the age of eighty-two on his final ostentatious pilgrimage (this time accompanied by his private physician)—a flight from his frantic wife that ended in the railway station of a little village, Astapovo, where he drew his last breath before crowds of admirers, police, a detachment of soldiers to keep order, journalists, and a Pathé movie photographer. Nine years later, digging a grave for Sofya in the Tolstoy family plot near Yasnaya Polyana, the gravediggers disturbed the skeleton of an officer still in uniform, bearing the buttons of the time of Czar Alexander I—"one of those," Troyat writes, "whose memory Tolstoy had celebrated in 'War and Peace,' " which was, after all, the literary masterpiece of the nineteenth century.

THE popularity of Euripides' tragedy "The Trojan Women" in a modern-worded translation by Jean-Paul Sartre has made it the most difficult play in Paris to get seats for, although it is given in one of the city's biggest theatres, the state-supported Théâtre National Populaire. Were these woes of the conquered Trojan women offered in the noble French strophes of those Racinian Greek classics popular at the court of Louis XIV, the T.N.P. would be empty. What attracts today's French public is the salty Sartrian language, his known anti-war frame of reference, and the skill with which he reanimates the old text by his contemporary vocabulary and his implications, so that in the imagination of the audience the Trojan War is an early filthy colonial struggle like that of France in Algeria, and the deporting of Hecuba and Cassandra and all the female chorus to Greece is like the Nazi deportation of the Jews to the slave camps. Behind all these identifiable references in the Sartre play is that woeful background sense of "imbecile man's" historical rise to civilization through its destruction in wars, which has been going on steadily over the thousands and hundreds of years past, including the twenty years in the middle of the fifth century B.C. when Euripides vainly wrote his great warning plays. To Hecuba, fallen Queen of Troy, Sartre gives the only lines fashioned with the poetry of bitter female grief, such as "Weep? I have no more tears. I must throw my body upon the earth so it may mourn silently,

Ask the helicopter pilot to drop you off at our hotel.

Get him to put you down at the Pan-Am heliport and 7 blocks away you'll find our little hotel. It's a somewhat unusual place, because we've just spent a small fortune de-modernizing it. Example: we've put in a brand-new, old-fashioned lounge simply because we think it's a nice spot to serve afternoon tea. And we've just brought in a European-style concierge; a cheerful man who can get you things like plane tickets, flowers and theater seats. In fact, we've gone so far backwards that you'll even find wood-burning fireplaces in most of our remodelled rooms. Perhaps the best way to describe the atmosphere is to say that it's like a little bit of Mayfair in Murray Hill. Which is an interesting thought, considering the way you arrive. Helicopter service starts early this summer, subject to Government approval.

Sheraton-Russell
37th and Park. Phone 685-7676

coming on fast!

WORLD'S LIGHTEST SCOTCH
Ambassador
Deluxe Scotch
Blended Scotch Whiskies
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY Taylor & Ferguson Ltd.
SCOTLAND

the world's lightest scotch!

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES • 86 PROOF • QUALITY IMPORTERS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

No knives needed with Omaha Steaks?

They are so tender a knife becomes merely a social gesture. Tender because our experts pick the choicest cuts from the largest selection of corn-fed beef in Omaha—BEEF CAPITAL OF THE WORLD. Delivered to your door by REA Express (we pay the freight) in GUARANTEED PERFECT CONDITION.

OMAHA STEAKS ARE SERVED IN THE WORLD'S FINEST RESTAURANTS

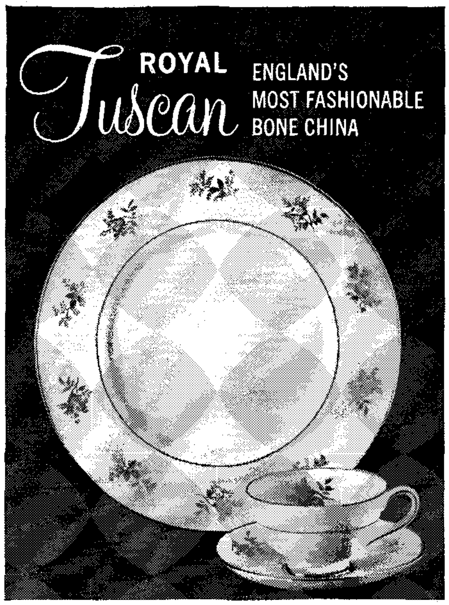
18 (6-OZ.) FILET MIGNONS: boneless center cuts, approx. 1¾" thick, from choicest tenderloins........................**$33.75**

SHIPPED IN A LARGE PLASTIC PICNIC COOLER

Write for our beautiful FREE catalogue of choice Omaha meats. Full information included. *TO ORDER: Please send check and shipping instructions. If you wish we will insert your card for gift orders.*

Omaha Steaks International

Division of TABLE SUPPLY MEAT COMPANY
Dept. E-4, 1209 Howard St., Omaha, Nebraska 68102



Royal Tuscan ENGLAND'S MOST FASHIONABLE BONE CHINA

DUCHESS — 5 piece place setting, about $22
Send 25¢ for complete Tuscan pattern color brochure to:
EBELING & REUSS CO.
Dept. NY, 23rd & Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103

PETER'S BACKYARD RESTAURANT

STEAKS • CHOPS
SEAFOOD
Charcoal Broiled before your eyes.
Open Every Day
DINNER • SUPPER
Daily 4 pm - Midnite
Sun & Hol from 2 pm
64 W. 10th St., N.Y.C.
GR 3-4476

tossing from side to side like a bark in a tempest." To the flippant Helen in her reconciliation scene with her *cocu magnifique*, the cuckolded Menelaus, he gives rather faded gag lines, such as "I am all alone in the world. Nobody understands me," which make the T.N.P. gallery guffaw with joy. The chorus, commenting on her going scot-free despite her bloody crime in starting the war by adulterously eloping with handsome young Paris, keeps repeating the up-to-date maxim "Crime pays! Crime pays!" Cassandra has one fine scalding speech on international morality, saying, "Glory to those who defend their country! But those others, the conquerors—those who wage a filthy war and die of it—their death is even stupider than their lives." However, it is to Andromache, Hector's widow, that there falls the speech of most explicit modern insult, obtained by Sartre's probably permissible use of today's geographical names rather than those of Euripides' time. She says in excoriation, "Men of Europe, you despise Africa and Asia and call us barbarians, I believe. But when vainglory and cupidity throw you upon us, you pillage, you torture, you massacre. Which are the barbarians then? And you, you Greeks, so proud of your humanities, where are you?" Poseidon speaks the tragedy's great, terrifying tag line: "Make war, mortal imbeciles! Ravage the fields and the cities, and torture the conquered. You will all die of it." Sartre's text, on sale for only one franc fifty, or thirty cents, in accordance with the T.N.P.'s popular policy, is possibly best appreciated after the performance, when you can read it undisturbed in your own room. Declaiming in the stentorian outdoor fashion of the Euripideans, the T.N.P. cast shouts and groans, and the choruses chant and countermarch in their multicolored togas like sound-equipped, dressed-up, animated statuary on the move. There always tends to be something collegiate about even professional actors dressed like archaics.

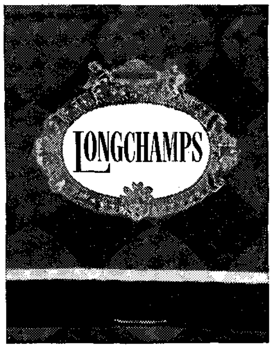
THE *concert d'adieu* recently given by Doda Conrad at the Salle Gaveau as the fifth of the season's Eremurus concerts, which he founded last year and which will continue to function, marks the Paris retirement of this singer, who, more than any other vocal musician here, possesses an encyclopedic knowledge of *la chanson*—of song per se, that personal musical voice of Europe that began with the revolutionary inventions of Monteverdi. Conrad's final program was like a testament to the broad range

FRESCOBALDI
Italy's Proudest Chianti

FRESCOBALDI
1955
CHIANTI SUPERIORE

Sole U.S. Distributors: Fontana Hollywood Corp., N.Y.C.

Nine of New York's great restaurants are named



Pine Tree Point Club, 1000 Islands

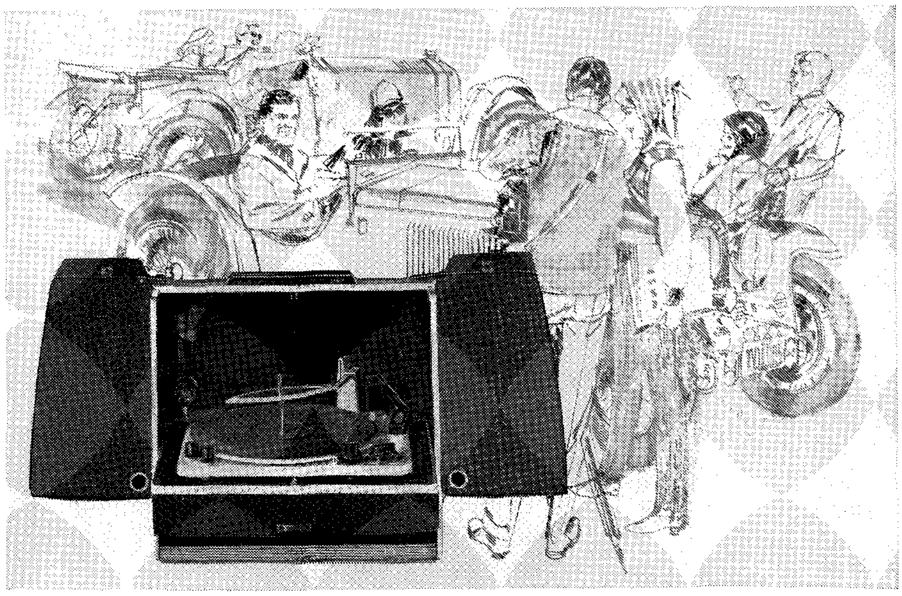
Delightful luxury vacation accommodations in a picturesque setting overlooking the majestic St. Lawrence. Carefree and informal yet dignified, club-like atmosphere. Heated pool. Choice of four golf courses, tennis, sight seeing by boat, famed 1000 Islands fishing. Dock facilities. Dancing and entertainment evenings. Gracious service. Sumptuous meals include Starlite Buffets. May to Mid-October. Write for Color Folders.

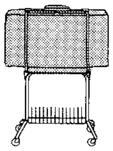
A.C. Thomson, Prop., Box 62, Alexandria Bay, N.Y.

Chateau Madrid
Presents an
EXCITING NEW REVUE
Shows 9 & 12 • Also 2 A.M. Sats.
42 W. 58 • PL 3-3773

of his musical culture, interpretation, and eclectic taste. He began and ended with his preferred selections among the classics, starting (as few singers would) with Brahms' "Vier Ernste Gesänge," on texts from the Bible; continuing with certain favorite, infrequently sung Schubert lieder, including the rarely heard, astonishing "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus," to a poem by Schiller; and ending in true farewell with "Ich Habe Genug," from Bach's luminous Cantata No. 82, which he sang with perfect style. Because there is little modern music for a bass voice, Conrad's friends among the Paris composers have written it for him over the years. The concert featured "Hymne," by Francis Poulenc, with words taken from Racine—a first Paris hearing, as were the Montherlant poems "Mère Nuit" and "Iphigénie," set to music by Georges Auric, much in his glittering original manner of Les Six. There was the sophisticated "Cantate de Méphisto," taken from Paul Valéry's "Mon Faust," by Jean Françaix, who, as an added generosity, accompanied Conrad for the first half of the program. The most unusual item was the creation by Henri Sauguet of "Trois Chants pour Voix de Basse Solo," inspired by three of Henri Michaux's mystical poems from "L'Espace du Dedans." Sung without accompaniment, so that voice and words shared dominance, it was midway between recitation and melody, was nothing like Schoenbergian *Sprechgesang*, was both strange and appealing compositionally, and has already been repeated several times on the French radio. In dramatic quality, it compares with Sauguet's memorable setting for the Rilke "Chant du Cornette," which he wrote for Conrad five or six years ago.

THERE is one new French film that is highly original, since its theme is happiness, and—even odder—elderly female happiness. The film is called "La Vieille Dame Indigne" ("The Shocking Old Party") and stars a once famous actress now eighty-three years old—Mme. Sylvie, the only name she was ever known by in the theatre. She was the original "Prisonnière" in the notorious Lesbian play by Édouard Bourdet, which shook Paris back in the twenties. (It was called "The Captive" in New York, you may remember, where it starred Helen Menken and also shook Broadway.) The theme of the film, directed on a two-*sou* budget by a newcomer, René Allio, is touching and comic, because it is a one-woman rebellion against the tightfisted financial tradition so ad-





New RCA Victor Solid State Stereo
built to take it – wherever you take it!

It's for the Action Crowd . . . the sleek new *Skyjet* portable stereo with new Duralite case that's scratch- and scuff-resistant. Rugged because it's Solid State—transistors have replaced tubes for instant sound, big new power. Rugged because RCA Solid Copper Circuits replace old-fashioned hand wiring. Studiomatic changer with Feather Action Tone Arm that locks in place for travel. Complete with smart Roll-about stand.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

RCA The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

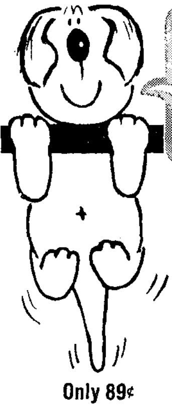
Tmk(s)®

It goes with you...everywhere!

Why carry a heavy camera when the fully automatic Yashica 16EE fits pocket or purse, takes brilliant slides and prints. Full range of drop-in black & white, color film with mailing bag for processing. 16EE under $65. Case extra. For full details, write:

YASHICA INC., 50-17 QUEENS BOULEVARD, WOODSIDE, NEW YORK 11377 DEPT. Y

YASHICA®



"I couldn't even chin myself once till I got

VIONATE for PETS"

21 vitamins and minerals, appetizing taste

Take a tip from professional breeders – use Vionate® to help promote stamina; strong muscles, bones and teeth; healthy skin and lustrous coat. The Guaranteed Analysis on the label is your proof of high potency. Get from your pharmacist or pet supply dealer.

Only 89¢ for 8-oz. can

SQUIBB – A NAME YOU CAN TRUST

90 Proof

Gin and Vodka's new rival...

GAVILAN TEQUILA!

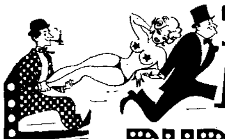
Meet this spirited new challenger in the Tequini
(Gavilan Martini)
Margharita
Tequila Collins

Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y. Sole U.S.A Distributors

Très Chic

AQUEDUCT'S CLUB HOUSE NOW INCLUDES THREE INTIMATE, EXCLUSIVE DINING ROOMS AND ONE ELEGANTLY POSH BAR. FOR HIGH-BROW RACING FANS WHO WANT TO WINE AND DINE (AND WATCH THE THOROUGHBRED ACTION) IN LUXURY—C'EST MAGNIFIQUE! AND WHILE YOU'RE HERE, DON'T MISS OUR HIGHLY SELECTIVE ART GALLERY. IT'S WELL WORTH YOUR HIGH-BROWSING.

Big A



Hello BURLESQUE

TOP PRICE $4.95

'ONE WANTS TO TELL ANN CORIO AS 'DOLLY' WAS TOLD: 'IT'S SO NICE TO HAVE YOU BACK WHERE YOU BELONG!' Daily News

'YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF LAUGHING YOURSELF SILLY!' Herald Tribune

'A LOT OF FUN!' World Tel. & Sun

ANN CORIO IN THIS WAS BURLESQUE

MIDNIGHT SHOWS FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

MAIL ORDERS NOW THRU 1966

EVES. 8:30—Tues., Wed., Thurs., & Sun. $3.95, 3.45, 2.50; Fri. & Sat. 8:30 & Midnight, $4.95, 4.45, 3.50 · MATS. 2:30 —Wed. Sat. & Sun. $3.00, 2.50, 2.00. Tax Included.

HUDSON Thea 44th St. E. of B'way 757-9570

NOON TO 2:30 · 6:30 TO 11:00

The Leopard RESTAURANT

RESERVATIONS ONLY

253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735

mired and strictly followed by the very petty French bourgeoisie. Mme. Sylvie plays the role of this old rebel, a belatedly widowed humble soul named Berthe, who lives in a big town near Marseille, who has obediently slaved in the kitchen all her marital existence for her husband and her lazy sons, saving every crust and penny, and who, after his death, suddenly decides to shoot the works with the little fortune he left behind. In a way, Berthe has been shut off all her life from the modern world, which as a spry ancient she now explores. For the first time, she goes to a department store, takes her first ride on its escalators, takes her second ride—her fifth, even—riding up and down in ascensions of bliss, pride marking her elderly face with the new dignity of pleasure as she stares about her on the trips down. At the beauty counter, she grandly accepts a free dab of perfume on her wrist; then she buys a pretty frock for her young daughter-in-law (who is deceiving her eldest, meanest son), and, at the sidewalk café outside, sits in the shade and treats herself to a giant double ice-cream sundae, looped high with whipped cream. Afterward, she hires a horse cab and takes the first drive of her life through town, in style. A month later, as the habit of hedonism grows on her, we see her buying a second-hand jalopy, in which she and the daughter-in-law, as chauffeur, go gallivanting along the lovely Mediterranean coast. From time to time, her sons can be seen gathering angrily over their drinks in the corner café near their once cozy kitchen, watching their mother and sister-in-law drive by and waste their filial inheritance on costly French gasoline. There are nice lunches in restaurants to be paid for by the two women. And for the viewer of this film there is a real exhilaration in watching old Berthe in her active revolution to obtain pleasure and leisure at last. As the old hedonist, Mme. Sylvie is tiptop—the trained actress to her worn fingertips, her intelligent eyes as black as those of a lively magpie. It is not long before the meanest son is called to the telephone in the corner café. As he listens, his face lightens. His wife is crying. Old Berthe's heart has stopped. She died happy. —GENÊT

•

He said he couldn't see how D.C. Transit could operate if the subway system "skims the cream off the milk and takes the gravy."—*Washington Post.*

We can't see how the *cow* can operate.

"A BROADWAY HIT!" —Life Magazine

SAMMY DAVIS IN GOLDEN BOY

"AMERICAN POPULAR MUSICAL THEATRE AT ITS BEST." —Taubman, Times

ORDER NOW—AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT

PRICES: Mon. thru Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $9.90; Mezz. $8.60; Balc. $7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $5.75; Mezz. $5.40; Balc. $4.80, 4.30, 360, 2.90. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $6.25; Mezz. $5.75; Balc. $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope, suggest several alternate dates.

MAJESTIC THEA. 245 W. 44 St., N.Y.C. Cir 6-0730

"ONE OF THE GREAT WORKS OF THE AMERICAN MUSICAL THEATRE" —John Chapman, N.Y. News

Zero Mostel IN Fiddler on the Roof

a new hit musical

IMPERIAL THEATRE

249 W. 45 Street, New York 10036

The Aristocrat of Sea Food Restaurants

Sea Fare

Newest Branch 25 West 56th St. Near Fifth Ave.

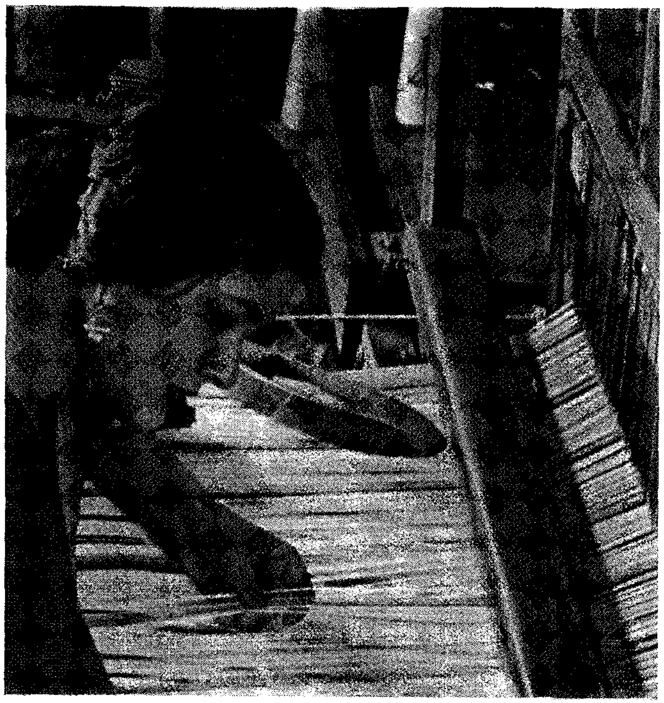
1033 First Ave. at 57th St. Sutton Place

44 West 8th St. Greenwich Village

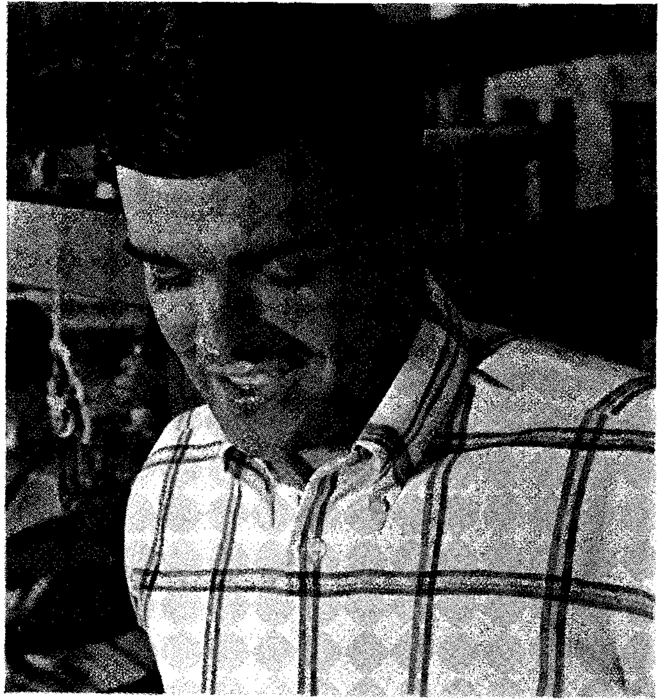
Diner's Club • American Exp.

In Cannanore, India:

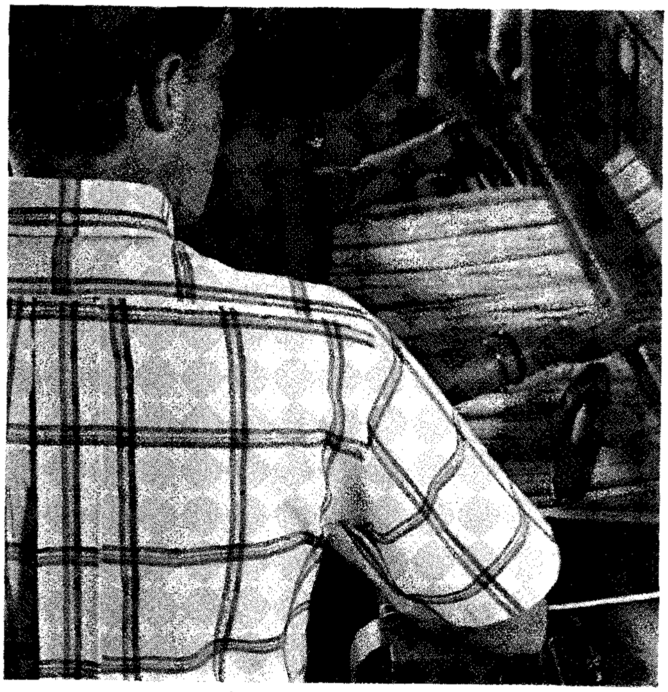
© 1965 GANT SHIRTMAKERS



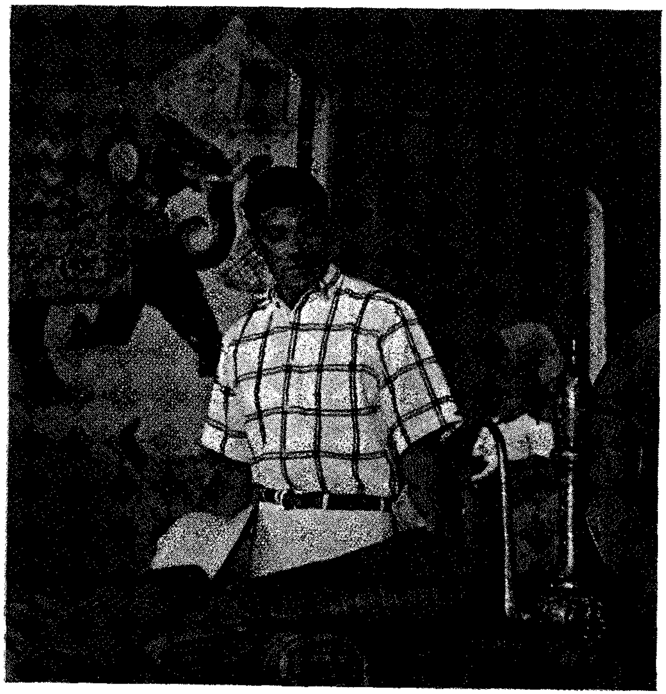
it takes a day...



to handloom 3 yards...



of this Gant...



India Village cotton

This is native "air-conditioning" in the tropical belt of India. Colorful as a maharajah's turban, cool as a gin-sling, India Village™ cotton weaves a handsome new expression into sport shirts. And it's Gant's exclusively. In rajah-rich stripings. About $9 at discerning stores. For one nearest you, write Gant Shirtmakers, New Haven, Connecticut.

GANT
SHIRTMAKERS

Who knows as much about scotch as the Scots?*

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF • BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE GRENADIER, LONDON, ENGLAND.

*We English.

The Scots distill **Haig**—
we jolly well drink **Haig**.
Of hundreds of scotches,
Britain's largest seller is **Haig**.
You'll find **Haig**
to your taste, too.

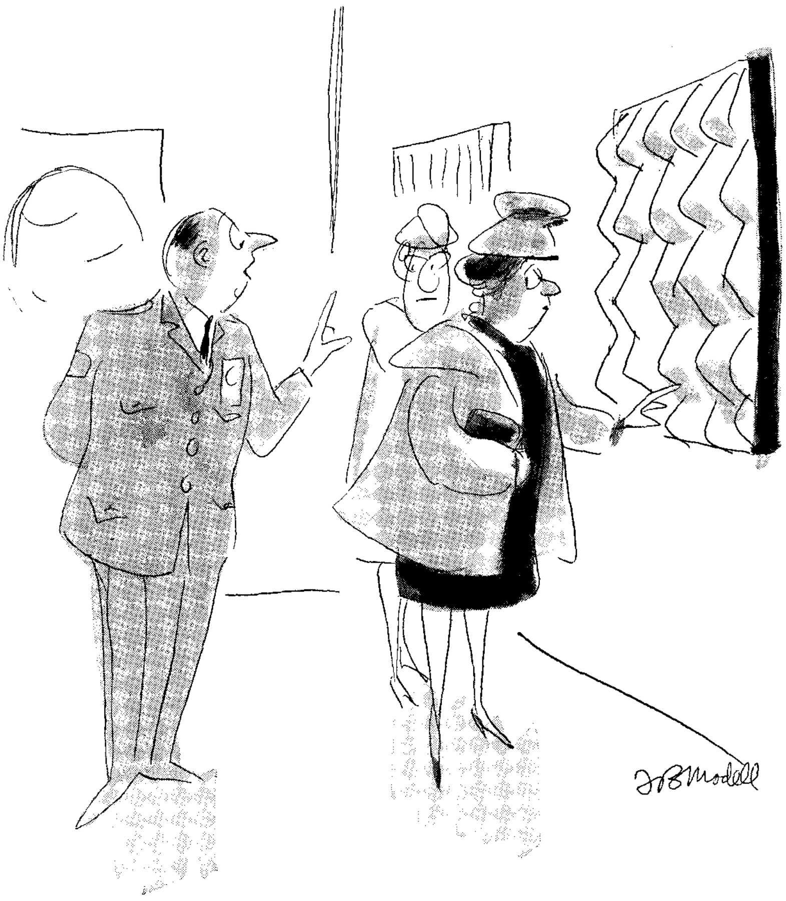
BOOKS

Have Piano, Will Travel

Louis Moreau Gottschalk was one of the celebrated pianists of the nineteenth century, and a man who led a remarkable life—even for a pianist. He was born in New Orleans in 1829, to an English father who was half-Jewish and a mother with a French title whose parents had fled Santo Domingo during a slave rebellion. Veritably an infant prodigy, he was sent to study in Paris at the age of thirteen, and not very many years afterward he became the rage of the *salons*, playing his own compositions, which had a distinctly American or Caribbean flavor and which delighted the French taste for exoticism. He became a friend of Berlioz, Chopin, Hugo, Gautier, Lamartine, Dumas *père*, Offenbach, Bizet, and Saint-Saëns, and he was for a long time affectionately known in Paris as *le pianiste compositeur louisianais.* As a performer, he seems to have ranked high among his contemporaries and to have had a brilliant technique and a delicate touch. As a composer, he was one of America's first nationalists, and many of his works contained the germs of jazz. He was, at any rate, the first American artist to achieve international renown.

His programs, in the easygoing style of the period, tended toward operatic fantasies, ensemble numbers, and interludes for vocal soloists and violinists. But they always contained works by Gottschalk, and many of these—"The Banjo," "Bamboula," "Ojos Criollos," "The Last Hope," and "The Dying Poet" among them (he wrote more than a hundred compositions in all)—became world-wide best-sellers. By the time he was twenty-four, he was back in the Western Hemisphere, playing here at Niblo's Theatre, revisiting New Orleans briefly, and then embarking on a number of herculean tours that took him over virtually every accessible part of North, Central, and South America. During his North American tours, the Civil War was raging, and Gottschalk, though a Southerner, cast his lot with the North, often playing close to the front lines and even for Lincoln. He later got to the Isthmus of Panama by sidewheeler, crossed it by railroad, toured the Pacific coast from San Francisco to Santiago, went through the Strait of Magellan, became a public idol in Montevideo and Buenos Aires, and finally settled in Rio de Janeiro, where he died in 1869, at the age of forty, after weathering yellow fever and exhausting his energies conducting a monster concert with six hundred and fifty performers from the Brazilian Army, the Navy and National Guard bands, and the ranks of the local professional and amateur musicians. His funeral, in Rio, brought about mourning all over the world, and it was a splendid affair, with a torchlight procession. His body now reposes in Greenwood Cemetery, in Brooklyn. During most of the sixteen years he toured the Western Hemisphere, Gottschalk kept a journal. Parts of it were published in French, then an English translation, called "Notes of a Pianist," appeared in 1881, and this is now made available once again, under the same title, in a carefully edited and annotated version by the contemporary pianist Jeanne Behrend (Knopf).

"Notes of a Pianist," as the few possessors of the original American edition know, is one of the most delightful travel journals of a century that produced a great many of them. Gottschalk was a lean, pale, mustachioed gentleman of great charm and with a considerable thirst for adventure. His peculiar background as a New Orleans prodigy and a European man of the world gave him rather an outsider's view of the Americas. He was, by training, exceedingly urbane, and he viewed the struggling societies of the mid-nineteenth-century Western Hemisphere with a detachment in which admiration usually overcame distaste because of the indestructible gallantry of his nature. He was extremely inquisitive, and he made notes on everything, supplementing them with philosophical insights that were often acute.



"Please don't touch the er . . . ah . . ."

Gottschalk spoke all his life with a slight French accent, and his enthusiasms and the clarity of his observations were typically French. He was as much of a *bon vivant* as some often pretty bleak circumstances permitted. "The art of cooking," he wrote in San Francisco, "is more closely connected than is thought with intellectual civilization." Later, in Panama, he wrote, in what every gourmet will recognize as a heroic will to cheeriness under extreme martyrdom, "The dinner is passable, although I found many flies in my soup and omelet." During his first sojourn in Cuba, he developed a predilection for Havana cigars, and smoked them continuously ever after. The Connecticut town of Norwalk ap-

Our lovely Island has a place in your Pleasure

The kids will love it and so will you. Our staff entertains them from 9 to 9! There's so much to do . . . two pools and a gentle surf, miles of white beach for sand castles and games, deer to spot. All this leaves the parents free to enjoy golfing at the Sea Pines course . . . just lazing in the sun . . . relaxing under the stars at our poolside patio. Lovely homesites are available.

For information on The Inn, Cottage Rentals or Homesites write:

WILLIAM HILTON INN
SEA PINES PLANTATION
BOX 72 ▪ HILTON HEAD ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA

CAVALRY SERVICE.
D. F. TAFT
RAISE A COMPANY
22D CAVALRY REGIMENT.

old-time posters

Handsomely Framed

Here is an unique collection of the outstanding examples of early American poster and billboard art. Faithfully reproduced in color on fine papers. Approximate size 10″ x 15″. In keeping with their tradition, the posters are framed in simple maple and gold molding (no glass).

The posters make very interesting and decorative groupings. Handsome in your home, summer house and office or as an imaginative gift.

Framed posters—$3.25 each; Any 3—$9.00
The complete set of 6—$17.00

Posters in the collection are:

1. **Seamen Wanted, 1777**—1st Navy Recruitment
2. **Gold Rush**—Sidewheeler to Idaho Gold Fields
3. **$100,000** *reward for* ***Murderers of Lincoln***
4. **Civil War Recruitment**—Officer astride stallion
5. **Jesse James & Horse**—Theatrical Poster
6. **Rice's Seeds**—Interesting man & large cabbage

The posters are also available without frames.
Set of 6 unframed posters $3.00; 2 sets $5.50.

• Prices include shipping • Illustrated catalog 25¢

ART FAIR Dept. N, 112—4th Ave. N.Y. 10003
Showroom hours (M-F) 12–5 P.M.

"Serving Chinese Food as you like it."
BILL CHAN'S GOLD COIN
994 2nd Ave. at 53rd St. • PL 8-1251

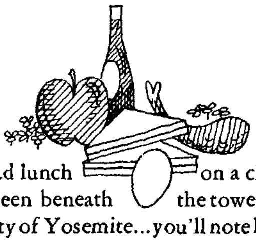
plauded him vociferously, and he loved the place, but "Norwalk (it is with regret that I state this) has no good cigars." He always was able to find, in his travels, some Frenchman or other who could direct him to better-than-average food and lodgings. He was appalled by the way the French Canadians spoke French. He was a bachelor and a pronounced ladies' man, and he complained repeatedly that the presence of beautiful women, especially in the front row, made him strike wrong notes. There are other continuing motifs: the difficulties of the touring artist's life—bad weather, bad hotels, bad food, rigid schedules, trains that were always running off the track ("The devil take the poets who sing the joys of an artist's life"), the small audiences to whom he was grateful for showing up at all, even though they didn't bring in much at the box office. Gottschalk disliked drunkards, men who brandished revolvers, and men who stepped on toes and then stared one down in order to emphasize their masculinity. He considered most critics hypocrites who really loved "Yankee Doodle" and "Carnival of Venice" (both of which he frequently played, with his own variations) but who loftily deplored them in print. His *bête noire* among critics was John Sullivan Dwight, the influential editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music* (published in Boston), who, perhaps in anticipation of the more solemn and orderly piano recitals of a later day, persisted in giving Gottschalk bad reviews and considered him a trivial pianist.

Gottschalk's acquaintance with towns all over North and South America was encyclopedic, and he had definite observations on nearly all of them. He admired New York, Chicago, and even Boston (despite Dwight's reviews and its vestiges of Puritanism, which prevented him from smoking cigars in public on Sunday). He considered Rochester "one of the . . . most civilized [towns] of the West [sic]" and greatly admired the beauty of its women. He became an admirer of San Francisco, complaining only of the clouds of dust that blew through its streets every day. On the difference between American and Latin-American cities he made a sage comment: "A church and a theater are the two prime necessities of a Spanish-American city. In the United States, when they found a new city, they commence building a hotel, afterward a church, and finally the newspaper office. Given the hotel, church, and political discussions, you have the existence of

GLAMORFINISH YOUR POOL WITH TILE-LIKE RAMUC® ENAMEL
USED ON MORE POOLS THAN ANY OTHER PAINT!

Free! 32-page Handbook on Painting Pools, color chart, specific advice on your pool. Just send us your swimming pool's length and width, tell if it's metal, concrete, fiberglass or plaster and type of paint now on pool. Ramuc is easy to apply, easy to clean, lastingly lovely. Comes in chlorinated natural rubber, epoxy, vinyl and other types—wide choice of smart colors.

Write for name of nearest supplier
INERTOL COMPANY
of Koppers Company, Inc.
487 Frelinghuysen Ave., Newark, N. J. 07114
27-L South Park, San Francisco, Calif. 94107



Spread lunch on a cloth of green beneath the towering beauty of Yosemite...you'll note how nicely chilled the wine is, how freshly baked the bread tastes, how thoughtful the Chef was to give this the same attention he gives every fine meal at

THE AHWAHNEE IN YOSEMITE

Write us at YOSEMITE NAT'L PARK, CALIF. for brochure

WINDJAMMER CRUISE

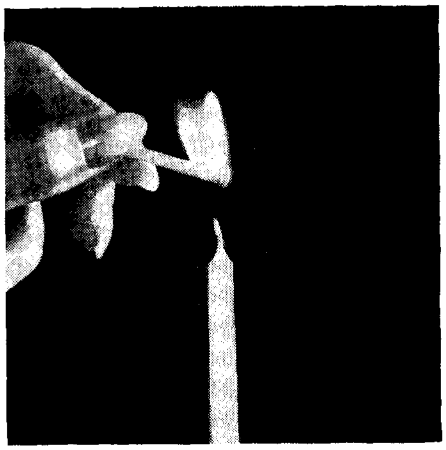
CAPE COD and Southern NEW ENGLAND
Aboard the NEW
TOPSAIL SCHOONER
SHENANDOAH
$150 per week
For illustrated folder, write
THE COASTWISE PACKET CO.
DEPT. 24, VINEYARD HAVEN, MASS.

NSU PRINZ and SPORT
You, too, should know these famous West German cars with modern 2's and 4's and SPORT by Bertone! **EVERYBODY IN EUROPE DOES; MANY IN AMERICA DO! CURIOUS?** Just ask for color brochure & address of nearest dealer and service station. Spare Parts nat'ly. Contact Exclusive **IMPORTER.** Transcontinental Motors, 421 East 91 St., New York, N.Y. 10028. Tel: (212) TR 6-7013. **ACT TODAY!**

the Yankee. Immediately after the newspaper office comes the lecture or concert hall. The lectures, of which French people can have but an imperfect idea, are essentially an American invention, and have become an imperative necessity for a people constantly occupied with popular elections, political or religious discussions, and public discourses on every possible subject." Gottschalk was by temperament anything but a Yankee, and he loved the tropics and the more relaxed atmosphere of Latin America. But he was horrified by Latin-American politics, then conducted mostly by bandit generals. When he was in the southern half of the hemisphere, he was continually recalling with enthusiasm the relative law and order of the North.

"The islands of the Antilles," he wrote in his "Notes," "impart a voluptuous languor that is contagious; it is a poison that slowly infiltrates all the senses and benumbs the soul with a kind of ecstatic torpor. . . . When I became tired of the same horizon, I crossed an arm of the sea and landed on a neighboring island or on the Spanish Main. . . . Sometimes the idol of an ignorant '*pueblo*,' to whom I have played some of their simple ballads, I have stopped for five, six, or eight months among them, putting off my departure from day to day, and have at last resolved seriously to go no farther; or, detained in a village where the piano was still unknown, by the ties of an affection with which my fingers had nothing to do (O rare and blessed affections!), I forgot the world, and lived only for two large black eyes, which veiled themselves with tears whenever I spoke of beginning my vagabond course again. . . . All this is frightfully immoral, I know, but life in the savannas of the tropics, in the midst of a half-civilized and voluptuous race, cannot be that of a London cockney, a Parisian idler, or an American Presbyterian."

During his New England and Midwestern tours, he was not quite as happy. The War Between the States caused him great anguish. (In spite of his abhorrence of slavery and his belief in the equality of all men, he particularly loved Baltimore, most of whose inhabitants he suspected of being secret secessionists.) Near Milwaukee, a blizzard of great violence bogged his train down in snow. He was troubled by the American passion for advertising, and he felt that unless you told Anglo-Saxons *in words* what a piece of music was "about," they usually took no pleasure in it. Toward the



how to impress your guests:

let them discover where you stay in Montreal

Drop a few passing comments about the luxurious, air conditioned accommodations, the convenient, shopping promenade, the 17 gourmet restaurants and lounges and the superb Continental service. And then admit it. You can't hold a candle to it anywhere!

Queen Elizabeth Hotel
MONTREAL, CANADA

Family Plan • Free garage for room guests • Single from $10 • Double from $14 • See Travel Agent or call N.Y. Res. Off. LO 3 6900 • or any Hilton Hotel. A CN Hotel operated by Hilton International. Other Hilton operated Hotels in Canada: Hotel Vancouver, Vancouver, B.C.; Montreal Aéroport Hilton.

SUBSCRIPTION

ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET • NEW YORK, N. Y. 10036

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

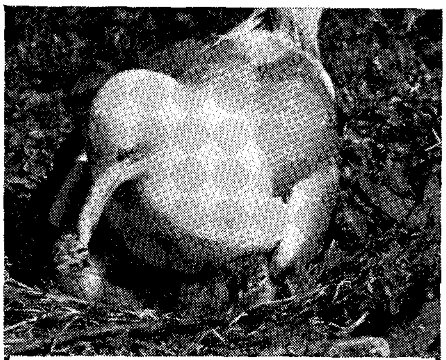
☐ ONE YEAR—$8 ☐ TWO YEARS—$13.50

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America and Spain—$1.00 per year; Other foreign—$3.00 per year.)

NAME

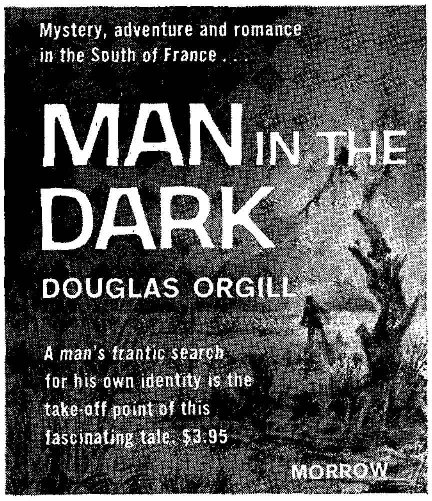
ADDRESS

(Please include ZIP code number)



THE GULL'S WAY
written and illustrated by
LOUIS DARLING
A rare and exciting achievement by a naturalist-artist: an intimate study of the life of the herring gull on the small islands of Maine. With an Introductory Note by Roger Tory Peterson. 11 full pages and 18 partial pages of four-color photos, many photos in black-and-white, and 36 pencil drawings.
At bookstores everywhere, $6.50
MORROW

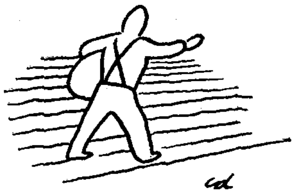
COMING SOON!..
The New
Morris L. West
novel
THE AMBASSADOR
MORROW



Mystery, adventure and romance in the South of France . . .
MAN IN THE DARK
DOUGLAS ORGILL
A man's frantic search for his own identity is the take-off point of this fascinating tale. $3.95
MORROW

end of a tour, he remarked, "I cannot help feeling a pride in having contributed within the modest limits of my powers in extending through our country the knowledge of music. But Cleveland ought to have a better hotel." Nevertheless, leaving New York for the Coast, he was so touched by the fervent farewells that he almost forgave John Sullivan Dwight.

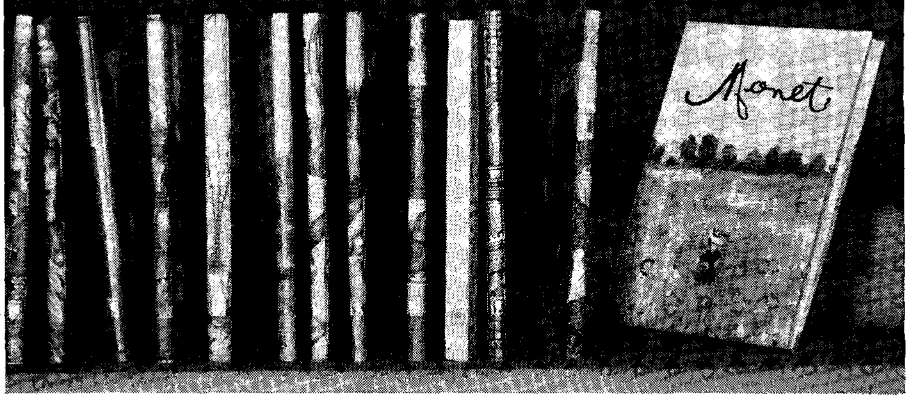
Gottschalk was not a good sailor, and he considered seasickness "the least poetic of ills." Even so, he made it up the coast from Panama to San Francisco, where he found himself in competition with Adah Isaacs Menken, who was appearing in "Mazeppa," a spectacle in which she, seemingly naked, was lashed to a steed that raced up a spiral ramp. But he persevered, putting on his arrangement of the March from "Tannhäuser" for fourteen pianos, and ultimately becoming such a success that the merchants of the city gave him a huge gold medal ornamented with diamonds and rubies. Then he was accused in the newspapers of seducing a local girl, and he fled to the U.S.S. Colorado, which was lying in the harbor, about to sail for Panama. Gottschalk continued on to Lima, where he arrived during a revolution, which he observed, dodging bullets, from behind the shutters of a hotel room on the cathedral square. Food was scarce, bodies were decomposing in the streets, and the priests had all fled, he reported, so there were no last sacraments. Still, he finally gave some concerts, one of which included the Peruvian première of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," arranged (by Gottschalk) for harmonium, two violins, and piano. In Montevideo and Buenos Aires he was a fantastic success, and in Montevideo he became, reluctantly, a friend of a famous gunman and torturer named Fortunato Flores. "What republics!" he wrote of the political environment, but he was too suave to be led into open criticism. In Rio, he received his greatest acclaim, and there he composed "Marcha Solemne Brasileira," which filled his hosts with patriotic as well as musical fervor when he performed it at concerts with hundreds of participants. (The idea for this sort of thing was probably given him by his friend Berlioz, who had done it in Paris.) In Santiago, Gottschalk, attending the funeral of an elderly Frenchman, was deeply touched by the fact that a man should die so far from home. His turn was next, in Rio. Just where "home" was for Gottschalk is, though, left a puzzle in "Notes." By almost every trait of character, by the language in which he wrote, and by his own accented English, one might have guessed it to be Paris. Possibly he still considered himself a *louisianais*, though all of his immediate family had long since either left New Orleans or died. But Gottschalk was indubitably an American. He retained his citizenship, and when he wrote of "our country" he meant the United States. He was probably the most widely loved good-will ambassador the United States ever had.



LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN was a far greater figure than Louis Moreau Gottschalk, and, as will happen with the very great, a man of forcefulness rather than charm. It is to the credit of America that this great musician's first factual, unglamorized, and thorough-going biography was written by an American, Alexander Wheelock Thayer, born in 1817 in South Natick, Massachusetts, who, when the first three of its four volumes were published, was United States Consul in Trieste. Gottschalk's "Notes" has been out of print for a generation or more, but Thayer's biography has been reprinted from time to time, and it is still the definitive study of the Master's life. It has now appeared in an up-to-date scholarly (and uncut) two-volume revision by Elliot Forbes (Princeton). The biography has an interesting history. The first formal life of Beethoven—a highly romanticized affair full of inaccuracies and Germanic hero worship—was written by his friend Anton Schindler in 1840. Thayer, a graduate of Harvard Law School and a Yankee of old American stock, had thought of translating Schindler's work, and he went to Europe in 1849 planning to improve his German and to seek out some of Schindler's sources. He supported himself for a while by becoming a newspaper correspondent, but in two years he ran out of money and had to return to America. Then he decided that Schindler's biography was inadequate and determined to write one of his own, based on scrupulous scientific research and unencumbered by personal interpretations. In 1852, he got himself on the editorial staff of the *Tribune*, but he was apparently not in good health, and from then on he complained of "almost constant suffering with my head." He returned to Europe in 1854 to write the biography. Again he became a newspaper correspondent, but his health failed and he came home once more. By 1857, he had recovered and had saved enough money for a third trip, but he lost it all by entrusting it to a friend who went bankrupt. Then one Mehetabel Adams, of Cambridge, collaborated with the well-known organist and conductor Lowell Mason to raise the funds to send Thayer to Europe. This time (1858) he visited Berlin, Vienna, Bonn, Paris, and London in search of documents, and nothing was too trivial for his notice. He collected newspaper clippings and announcements of concerts, and he studied Beethoven's intimate sketchbooks as well as what was left of his "conversation books," many of which had been destroyed by Schindler lest they damage the public concept of Beethoven. Thayer got a job in the American Legation at Vienna, and continued to write for American publications, including, incidentally, *Dwight's Journal of Music*. He became our consul in Trieste in 1865, and remained there until his death, at the age of seventy-nine, in 1897.

The first volume of his "Life," dedicated to Mrs. Adams and Dr. Mason, was published in 1866 in Germany, and in German, into which it was translated by Thayer's friend Hermann Deiters. (The reason, Forbes explains, was not apathy by English-speaking readers but Thayer's inability to be in America to oversee publication and the fact that volume-by-volume publication was not a habit here.) Thayer died after he had brought the biography up to 1817, ten years before Beethoven's death. Deiters, who survived Thayer by ten years, brought out a revision of Volume I, prepared the rest of Thayer's manuscript for the press, and—having inherited all Thayer's notes and documents—brought the biography up to 1823 and got as far as overseeing the proofs of Volume IV before he, too, died. Then the German publishing house of Breitkopf & Härtel bought the rights to what was already a celebrated work and entrusted its completion to the eminent German musical scholar Hugo Riemann. It was not until 1921, fifty-five years after the first volume of the biography appeared in German, that the work was published in English. Its editor, the well-known New York critic Henry Edward Krehbiel, for the most part used Thayer's original, but he rewrote Riemann's addendum. Not the least among the reasons for the staying

Begin a new adventure in art collecting with any of these superb volumes...



You have seen "art books" before. But until you have owned an edition of **Arti Grafiche Ricordi** you cannot have realized how authentically and beautifully fine art can be reproduced.

You have seen "art surveys" before. But never any as complete in their scholarship and critical **essence** as these.

Listed below are nineteen volumes in the "World Famous Painting Series." Art students and collectors throughout the world have acclaimed them masterpieces both of intelligent "editorial style" and graphic technique. Until you have examined one you can not understand why we state that these are the finest volumes of art available anywhere. They encompass the most important works of the most famous painters of every principal School and significant Period.

Choose any one by mail for $20 and receive our gift of a single illustration, faithfully reproduced on **cloth** by printing methods exclusive with Arti Grafiche Ricordi of Milan...a work of art you will be proud to display in your home.

If the volume you receive is not perfect in every way return it for a full refund —but by all means tell us why. For ours is an organization dedicated to producing the finest art books anywhere. Available at most fine bookstores. Our brochure of publications ranging from $20 to $150 will be sent to you without obligation.

- ☐ **POMPEIAN PAINTING:** G. G. Belloni
- ☐ **FLEMISH PAINTING:** G. Nicodemi
- ☐ **RENAISSANCE PAINTING:** F. Russoli
- ☐ **VENETIAN PAINTING:** M. Muraro
- ☐ **MONET:** M. Valsecchi
- ☐ **RENOIR:** Ugo Nebbia
- ☐ **RAPHAEL:** R. Salvini
- ☐ **COROT:** J. Bouchot-Saupique
- ☐ **VAN GOGH:** P. Bucarelli
- ☐ **FRENCH ART OF THE 18TH CENTURY:** N. Apra
- ☐ **BOTTICELLI:** E. Micheletti
- ☐ **MANTEGNA:** L. Berti
- ☐ **VELAZQUEZ:** E. Battista
- ☐ **CARPACCIO:** F. Valconover
- ☐ **19TH CENTURY ITALIAN PAINTING:** L. Borgese
- ☐ **PERSIAN MINIATURES:** R. Ettinghausen
- ☐ **ROMAN MOSAICS IN SICILY:** G. Gentilli
- ☐ **SIENESE PAINTING:** E. Carli
- ☐ **MINIATURES OF THE VISCONTI BREVIARY:** U. Baldini

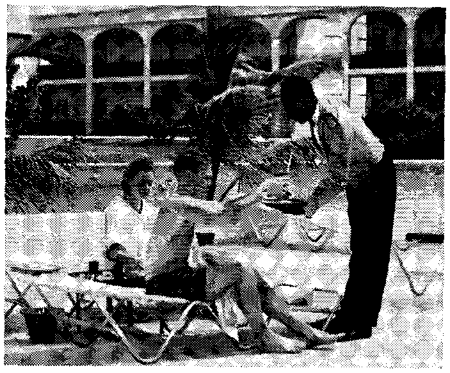
MELDONA, INC., P.O. Box 794, Palisades, New Jersey
Send me the volume checked above for which I enclose $20 (in check or money order).

NAME______________________________

ADDRESS______________________________

CITY_______________STATE_______ZIP CODE_______

MELDONA, INC., P. O. Box 794, Palisades, New Jersey



big summer vacation,
small Caribbean resort.

Summer is beautiful here, thanks to the breezes of the constant trade winds. You'll enjoy complete privacy (there are only 22 rooms and suites at Estate Good Hope), and a chance to really relax.

There's swimming from our magnificent Sandy Point beach, golf, tennis, fabulous free-port shopping, or sightseeing around the entire island with your own car. Good Hope's Cruzan cuisine is an exquisite treat. Take a big summer vacation at tiny Estate Good Hope. Rates as low as $15 per person, double, including breakfast and dinner. May to November.

See travel agent or
N. Y.—CI 6-6820
Chicago—922-4139
Dallas—RI 7-0932
Boston—423-4888
Wash.—347-4951

ESTATE
Good Hope
ST. CROIX
U. S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

The New Face of War
by MALCOLM W. BROWNE
(PULITZER PRIZE WINNER & CHIEF AP CORRESPONDENT IN VIET NAM)
Preface by Henry Cabot Lodge

incisive... timely...
the shocking facts about the war in VIET NAM and the ugly dilemma confronting the U.S.
at all bookstores $5
Bobbs-Merrill

crème SAPHIR
Universal renovator cleans, polishes, re-news the kind of precious leather and reptile found in Lucille de Paris bags, fine shoes, your other leather treasures. At fine stores, $1.25, or SAPHIR SALES, 30 E. 33rd ST., NEW YORK 10016

powers of this colossal and scholarly undertaking are its honesty, its reverence for fact, and the modesty with which Thayer left himself out. It has outlasted many subsequent and more dramatic and "literary" biographies, such as Romain Rolland's and Emil Ludwig's, and it will undoubtedly outlast the interesting, argued-about, and still more recent "Beethoven and His Nephew," by Richard and Editha Sterba, which uses modern psychological theories, indicates that Beethoven was a pretty terrible fellow, and suggests that Thayer's illness began with his dismay at discovering just how terrible Beethoven was. Well, at any rate, in Thayer's account one is at least given the unassailable facts about Beethoven's life, and without interpretation. He was a titanic artist and at the same time disorderly, unmannerly, and mentally disturbed. Thayer tells about him in a plain, unexcited, and factual style, hewing, with practically no exceptions, to a strictly chronological plan. This "Life" is one of the great monuments of biography, documented to the hilt and expressing in every page Thayer's motto, "An ounce of historical accuracy is worth a pound of rhetorical flourish." Thayer's objective, scientific, and unbemused method has been accurately paralleled by Mr. Forbes' writing of the ten years Thayer never got to write, as well as of those small portions of the work to which recent Beethoven research made it necessary to add here and there. Perhaps the scheme of the whole thing started at Harvard Law School. Thayer presents his evidence—and massive evidence it is. The verdict—or all the little verdicts that must come to mind in connection with so complex a personality—is left to the reader. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

UNFINISHED FUNERAL, by Niccolò Tucci (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Tucci has two stories here in this short volume, and although neither of them is brought to a satisfactory conclusion, the clash they make when they touch, and the shooting stars occasioned by Mr. Tucci's celestial flights of fancy, and the generally free, fortunate cast of his prose, make his book diverting to read and to remember. The *première dame* of the piece is Ermelinda, a cold woman of infantile selfishness who does not care what she does, or how she shames herself and her family, if she can establish and maintain her total

zip code helps keep postal costs down
BUT ONLY IF YOU USE IT.

A remarkable souvenir of a bizarre presidential campaign to be read with amazement, amusement and relief.
THE GOLDWATER CAPER
by Richard H. Rovere
with cartoons by Bill Mauldin
$3.95 HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD
Most of the articles in this collection appeared originally in The New Yorker; a number have been revised for this book.

ACADEMIC WOMEN
BY JESSIE BERNARD
A brilliant study of the backgrounds, motivations, conflicts, and career patterns of women in academic life. $6.50 *
* At your local bookstore, or order from:
The Pennsylvania State University Press
University Park, Pennsylvania

TOM'S Shangri-La
Res: MU 3-0996
237 MADISON AVE.
near 37th Street
Cantonese & Mandarin Cooking
3 Private Rooms for meetings & parties
AMPLE PARKING AFTER 6 P.M.

domination over her husband, her children, and all the relatives and friends she can attract. That is Ermelinda, Duchess of Combon de Triton. Mr. Tucci's second character, a pitiable one (pitiable, pretty, and irresistible, she is so charming), is Ermelinda's only daughter, Eloise, an unlucky innocent whose world comes to an end when she is openly betrayed for the first time. Poor Eloise! Her fate is written in the stars, and yet she is so real that we cannot help thinking: She could so easily have been happy. Although the book is short, it meanders carelessly, but its two main lines are perfectly clear until they end by not ending. The scene is Spain, for the most part, and the setting is one of shaky splendor—comic grandeur is the background of this book.

THE NINE-TIGER MAN, by Lesley Blanch (Atheneum). Mrs. Blanch's romantic extravaganza of super-living in the eighteen-fifties begins at a magnificently ceremonial house-party in England and ends in a very smart white house—a palace, really—outside Alexandria. Rosie, the true heroine of the story, lives in the palace, which is surrounded by gardens and apricot orchards and fields of mauve opium poppies. Being as sensible as she is voluptuous, Rosie has no trouble forgetting that she was once an orphaned chambermaid in rural England, but perhaps she sometimes gives a thought to her long-lost young mistress, the beautiful ash-blond Florence, daughter of the Dowager Viscountess Boxhampton. And if Rosie remembers Florence, she must surely remember the man they both loved—Rao Jagnabad, a tall Indian of satanic good looks and incredible magnetism, whose dress consisted mainly of diamonds, pearls, rubies, and other important jewels. Mrs. Blanch writes delightfully, with humor, detachment, and natural ease.

NOTE: "Twelve Chases on West Ninety-ninth Street," a collection of short stories by Roy Bongartz, has been published by Houghton Mifflin. Several of the stories first appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

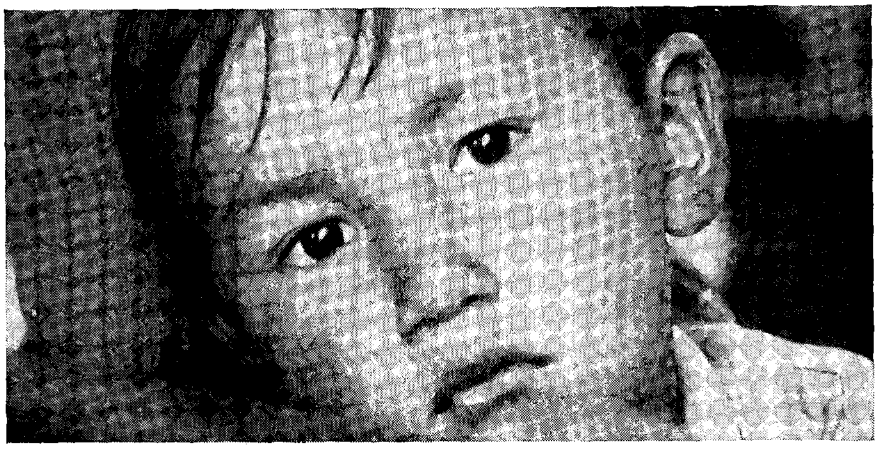
HOSTILE ALLIES: F.D.R. AND CHARLES DE GAULLE, by Milton Viorst (Macmillan). In this entertaining, well-researched, and thoroughly biased history, the author examines the battle between Roosevelt

We're having Company tonight

Marriott Motor Hotels are favorite meeting places. Company comes for dinner, stays the night, often stays the week. What kind of Company? The blue-chip type. The organization type. We'd be happy to send you a list of our recent Company. Ask them about Marriott eager-to-please service, hospitality, rooms, convention equipment, banquet facilities, restaurants, atmosphere. Ask us for our convention brochure. We'd love to have *your* Company, too.

This is living... this is Marriott MOTOR HOTELS

Washington, D.C. • Dallas • Philadelphia • Atlanta (Fall '65) • Saddle Brook, N.J. ('66)
Write: National Sales Office, Marriott Twin Bridges Motor Hotel, Washington, D.C. 20001 or call 202/628-4200



NEEDED: SOMEONE WHO CARES

It would be very easy to give a moment of your interest... or some change from your pocket... to this child. It would be very easy—for us, too—to settle for this kind of help. But it just isn't enough. For a child who has to eat, not just once, but every day. Who needs shoes this month, and six months from now, and next year, too. Who needs books, schooling, shelter. Who needs... most of all ...someone who really cares.

Will you be that someone? Will you care enough NOW to send off your first month's check for $12.50? And help a child by helping his family help itself to a better life?

The child you help will thank you by personal letter (and snapshot). Will write to you regularly. Will let you know how wonderful it feels to have someone who cares.

NY-4-17-5
Founded 1932
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Connecticut 06852
I would like to sponsor a child in: ☐ Italy
☐ Greece ☐ Korea ☐ American Indian
☐ Lebanon ☐ Africa ☐ Latin America
☐ Wherever the need is greatest
Enclosed is my first payment of:
☐ $12.50 monthly ☐ $ 75.00 semi-annually
☐ $37.50 quarterly ☐ $150.00 annually
I can't sponsor a child, but I'm enclosing a contribution of $______
Name______
Address______
City______ State______ Zip #______
Contributions are U.S. income tax deductible.

Cheerfulness

Oliver Edwards, once a fellow-collegian of Dr. Samuel Johnson and in later life a solicitor who turned Hertfordshire farmer, was a man of buoyant temperament. "I have tried in my time to be a philosopher," he declared, "but cheerfulness was always breaking in."

We feel somewhat the same whenever we hear the self-appointed prophets of gloom and doom viewing the future with alarm and moaning about the country's business prospects. Whenever we consider the American economy in general and the stock market in particular, cheerfulness keeps breaking in.

The economy has its ups and downs, of course, and will always have them. But somehow it weathers panics, depressions, and recessions. And in spite of them, its long-term trend has been upward.

Investing in American business has its risks just as the economy has its declines. But investing also has its rewards just as the economy has its advances. And since the long-term trend has been pretty steadily upward, we think the prospects are promising. That's one of the reasons we believe that everyone who can afford to own a share in American business should do so. Do you?

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

and de Gaulle that lasted for practically the whole of the Second World War. The deep division between the two men began with justifiable mutual distrust. It regressed into antipathy, Mr. Viorst believes, because Roosevelt was willful and opinionated and indulged his personal prejudice against de Gaulle. Though an all-out Gaullist, Mr. Viorst concedes that the General, too, was willful, opinionated, and prejudiced, and that Roosevelt usually—if ungraciously or belatedly—yielded to de Gaulle for the sake of Allied unity. The author's poorest argument is his "if"—if F.D.R. had been de Gaulle's friend in the nineteen-forties, de Gaulle would be this country's friend now. The fact that Americans generally still share F.D.R.'s estimate, which de Gaulle still finds unacceptable—that France is a second-rate power—makes this seem unlikely.

I LOST IT AT THE MOVIES, by Pauline Kael (Little, Brown). A collection of essays about movies and reviews of movies by a brilliant Californian *cinéaste*, who gives the impression of having seen every movie ever made and of remembering them all with awful clarity. Miss Kael is an exceedingly lively and—what is rarer and still more welcome—an exceedingly witty writer, with a relish for polemics, and if her wit is often at the expense of her fellow-critics, ranging from the far-out Andrew Sarris to the stately Bosley Crowther, so much the better for the small, sealed world of movie criticism. It is evident that, at bottom, Miss Kael dotes upon movies, and she argues their cause with a zeal much more attractive and urbane than the silly title of her book would lead one to expect.

•

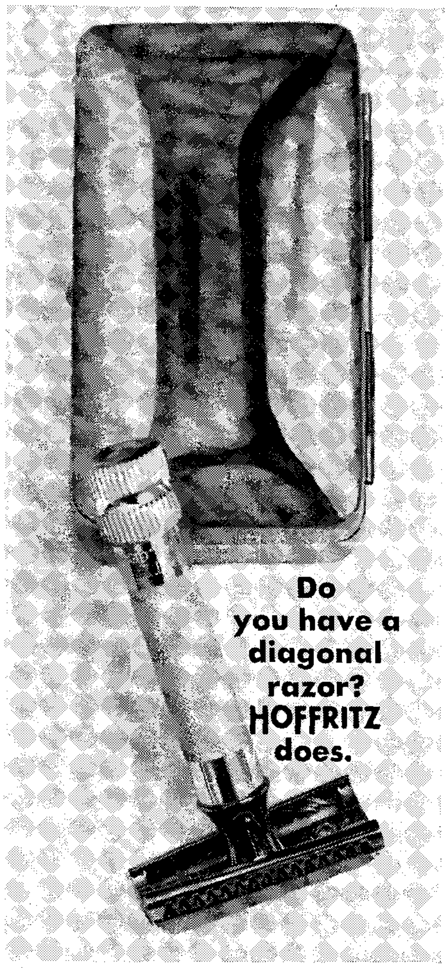
LONDON, March 25—(UPI)—A Rembrandt portrait of Mrs. Axel Wenner-Gren, from the collection of her husband, late Swedish industrialist, was sold at Sotheby's Auction for a disappointing $350,000 yesterday.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

And Sotheby's is such a fine old firm, too.

•

TAURUS (April 20 to May 20) Daytime is fine for improving health, charm, so that later you can make new contacts, accomplish much. Take it easy in p.m. since little progress can be made and you need rest.—*Mamaroneck (N.Y.) Times.*

That's what we keep telling our employer.



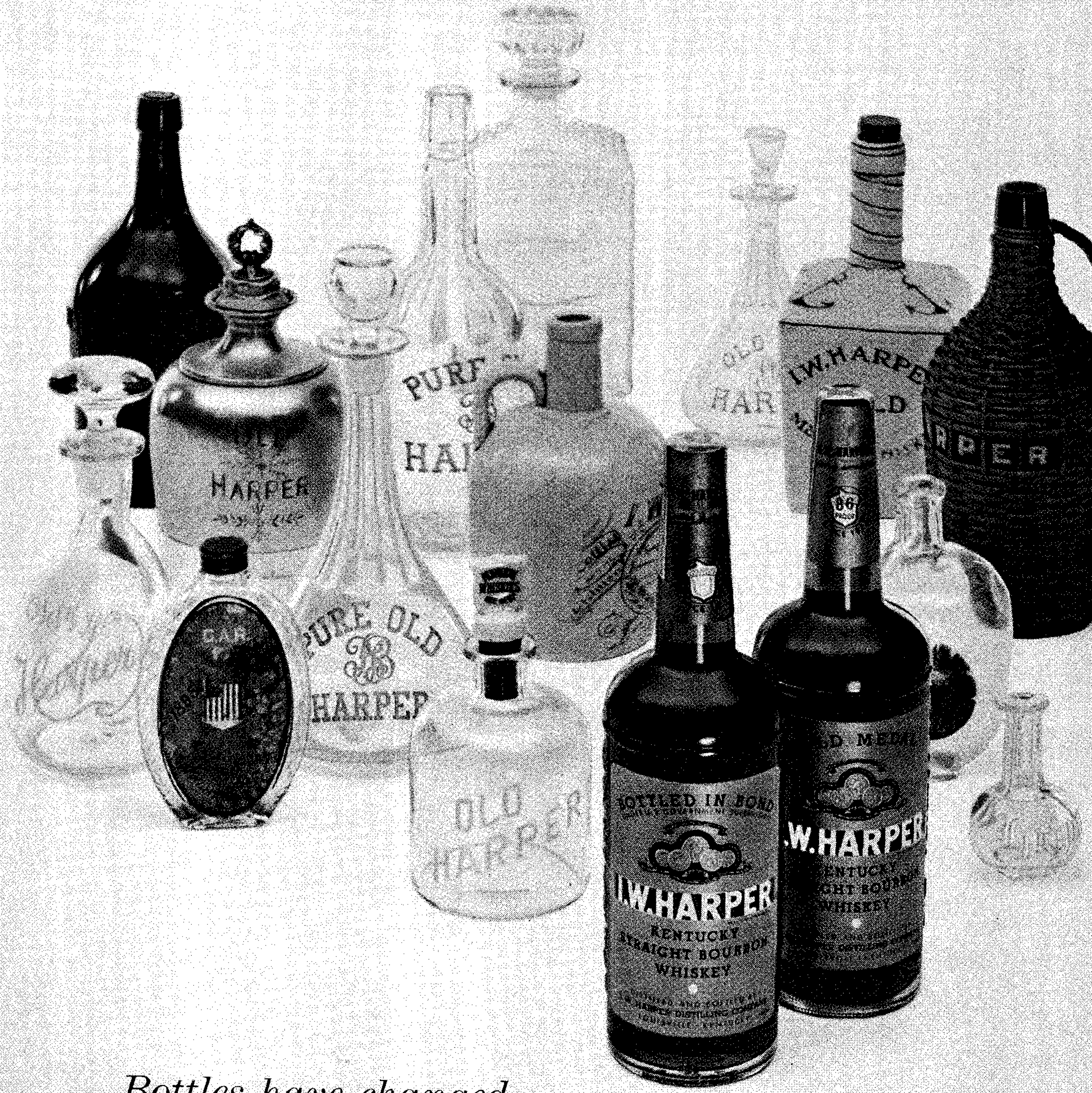
IT SWEEPS AWAY YOUR BEARD INSTEAD OF CHOMPING AT IT. SEND 6.00 PLUS .35 POSTAGE TO 49 E. 34 ST. OR POP BY HOFFRITZ.

"Unless you travel with a man, go by yourself. And always talk to strangers." For the lady voyaging solo—an entertaining guide to travels and trysts abroad. Pack the bare essentials, follow the Baer Method, and have the trip of a lifetime!

FOLLOW ME!
by Jean Baer
$4.95
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Is your child getting good grades —but really failing? Read
HOW CHILDREN FAIL by John Holt
$4.50 at fine stores, or PITMAN, 20 E. 46, N. Y. 17

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.


PURE OLD HARPER
OLD HARPER
HARPER
I.W. HARPER
BOTTLED IN BOND
I.W. HARPER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
GOLD MEDAL
86 PROOF

Bottles have changed . . .

but never the quality of

I.W. HARPER

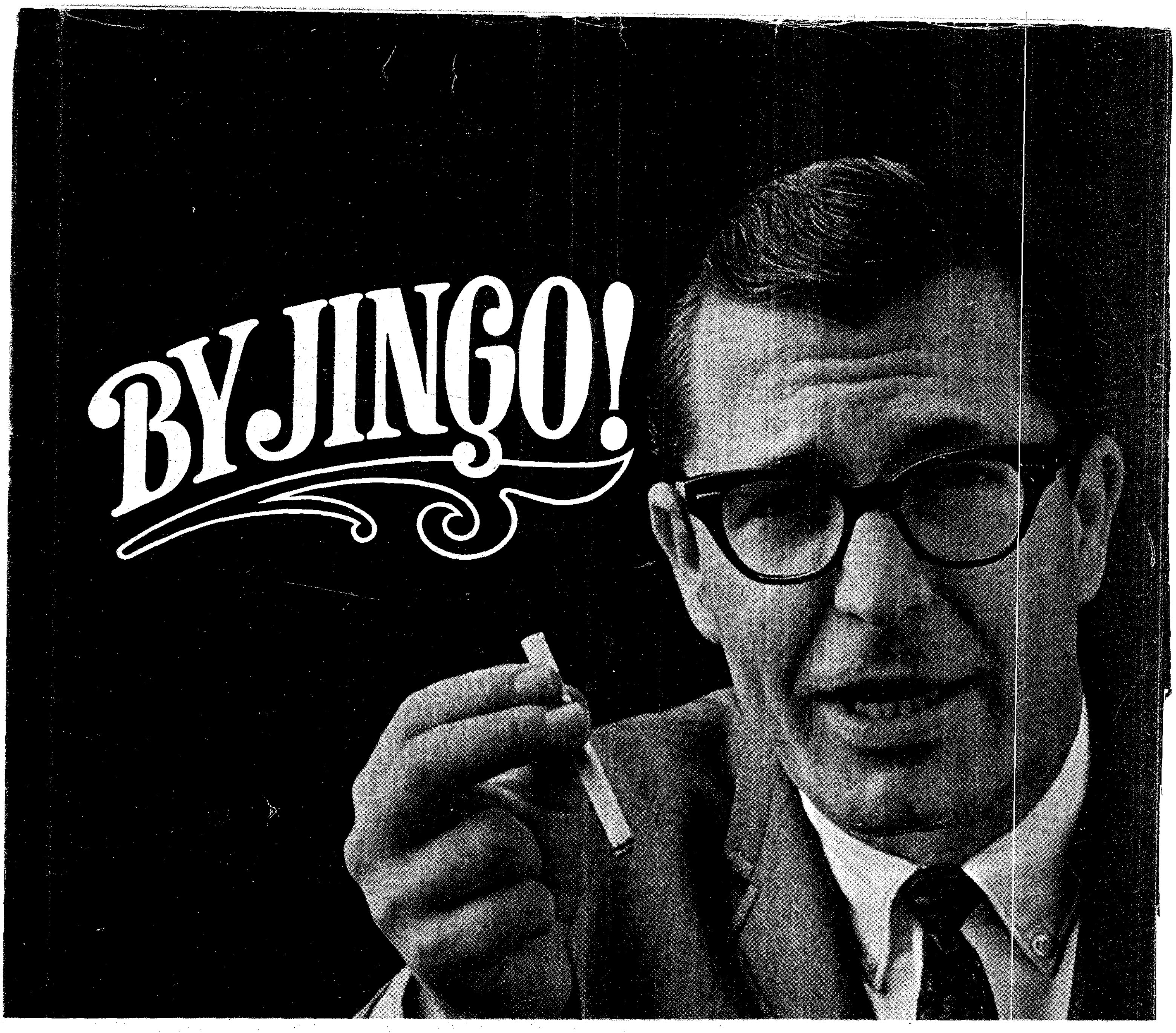
since 1872

PRIZED BOTTLED IN BOND OR
MELLOW GOLD MEDAL BOURBON

. . . it's always
a pleasure

From left to right: "Dandy" Pinch Bottle, **1900;** "Amber" Glass, **1880;** "Canteen G. A. R.," **1895;** "Pewter Pitcher," **1900;** "Companion" Decanter, **1910;** "Bar Bottle" Cut Glass, **1910;** "Dwarf" Decanter, **1885;** "Gold Medal" Decanter, **1949;** "Harper's Own" Ceramic Jug, **1890;** "Little Companion" Cut Glass, **1910;** "Nautical," **1890;** "The American" Flask, **1875;** "Carboy" Wicker-Covered, **1880;** "Cameo" Miniature, **1899.**

86 PROOF AND 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND · ©I. W. HARPER DISTILLING COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KY.



Dave was sure surprised to learn Philip Morris Filter has charcoal in the tip. But it has. Coconut-shell charcoal. Lets natural tobacco flavor come through. You'll like 'em, by jingo!

Philip Morris ★★ **FILTER**

They're new—try 'em!

Philip Morris
FILTER